MARVEL

VOL
3

DEADPOOL

CLASSIC

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HE'S THE MERC WITH A MOUTH, THE ASSASSIN WITH ÉLAN, THE WRYEST WISECRACKER OF THE WEAPON X PROGRAM, NOW IN A COLLECTION OF HIS EARLIEST SAGAS!

Betrayals both real and imagined on all sides set Deadpool up for a grudge match with archenemy T-Ray, one that leaves our horrific hero stabbed in the heart both figuratively and literally! As low as he's ever been, can he really rise to the challenge Landau, Luckman and Lake have set him? But even as he's recovering from defeat by his worst enemy, his oldest enemy is on the way, cutting through Weapon X alumni! Guest-starring Bullseye, Typhoid Mary and the heroes eventually known as the Great Lakes Initiative! Plus: The Merc with a Mouth meddles with a classic Lee/Romita Spider-Man story, with both versions featured here!

Collecting Deadpool #9-17 and *Amazing Spider-Man (1963) #47* - written by JOE KELLY and STAN LEE; and illustrated by ED MCGUINNESS, SHANNON DENTON, PETE WOODS, WALTER MCDANIEL and JOHN ROMITA SR.

Woody 'n' Nam
with the greatest respect to Kirby and Ditko
T+

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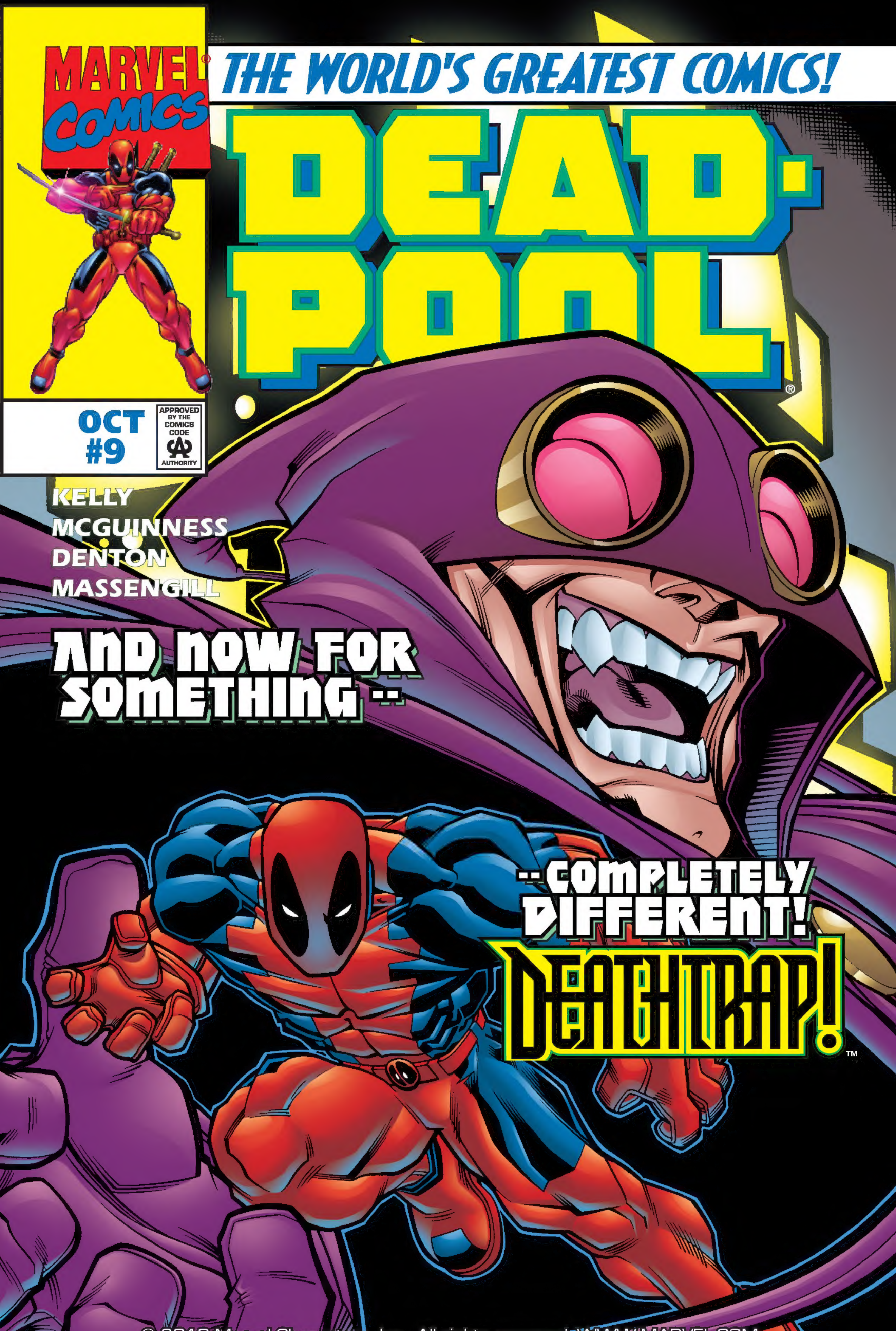
MARVEL COMICS
THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!
DEAD-POOL
OCT
#9
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
KELLY
MCGUINNESS
DENTON
MASSENGILL
AND NOW FOR SOMETHING --
--COMPLETELY DIFFERENT!
DEATHTRAP!

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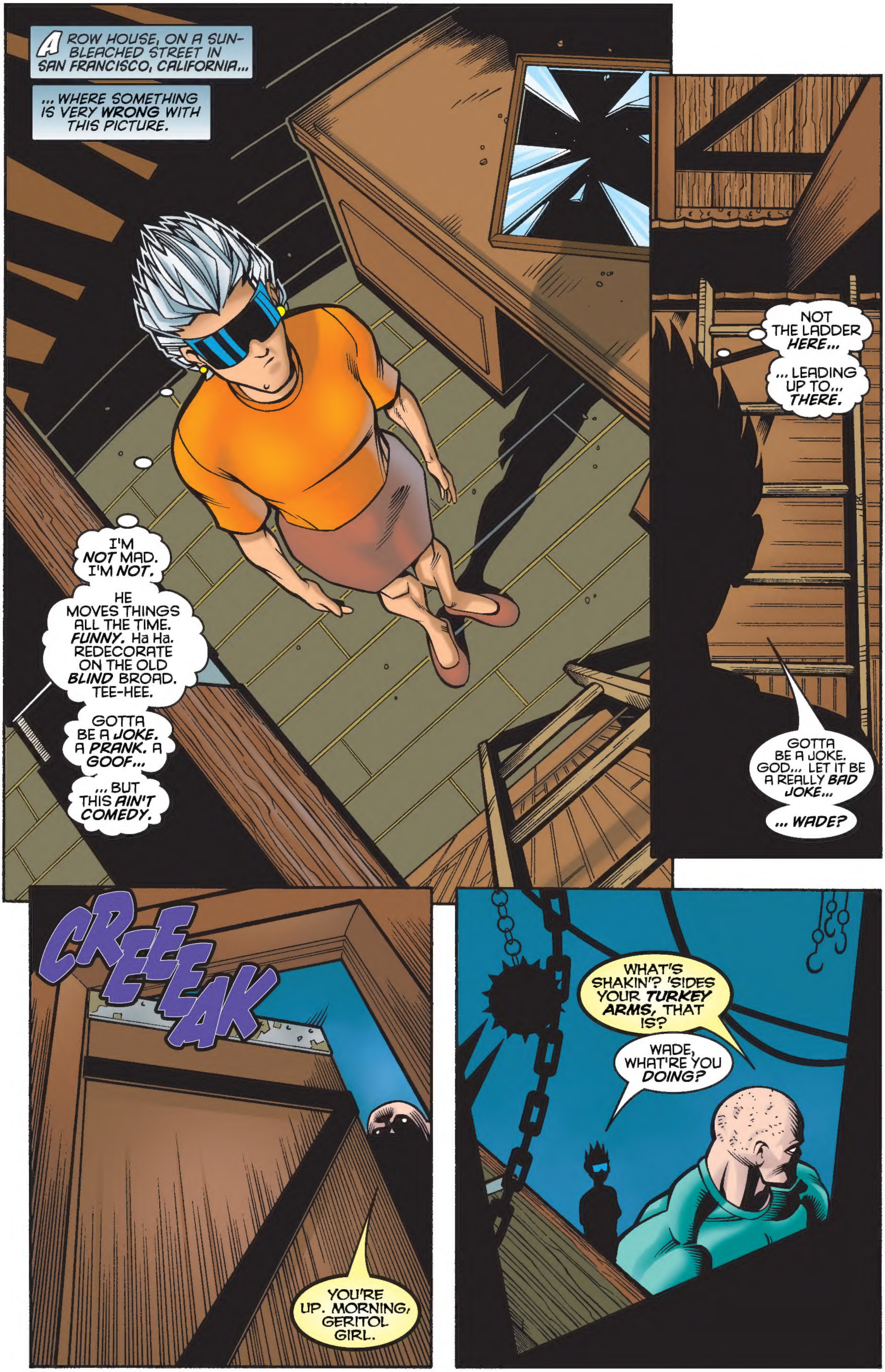
A ROW HOUSE, ON A SUN-BLEACHED STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA...
...WHERE SOMETHING IS VERY *WRONG* WITH THIS PICTURE.
I'M *NOT* MAD. I'M *NOT.*
HE MOVES THINGS ALL THE TIME. *FUNNY.* Ha Ha. REDECORATE ON THE OLD *BLIND* BROAD. TEE-HEE.
GOTTA BE A *JOKE.* A *PRANK.* A *GOOF*...
...BUT THIS *AIN'T COMEDY.*
NOT THE LADDER *HERE*...
...LEADING UP TO... *THERE.*
GOTTA BE A JOKE. GOD... LET IT BE A REALLY *BAD JOKE*...
...WADE?
CREEEAK
YOU'RE UP. MORNING, GERITOL GIRL.
WHAT'S SHAKIN'? 'SIDES YOUR *TURKEY ARMS,* THAT IS?
WADE, WHAT'RE YOU *DOING?*

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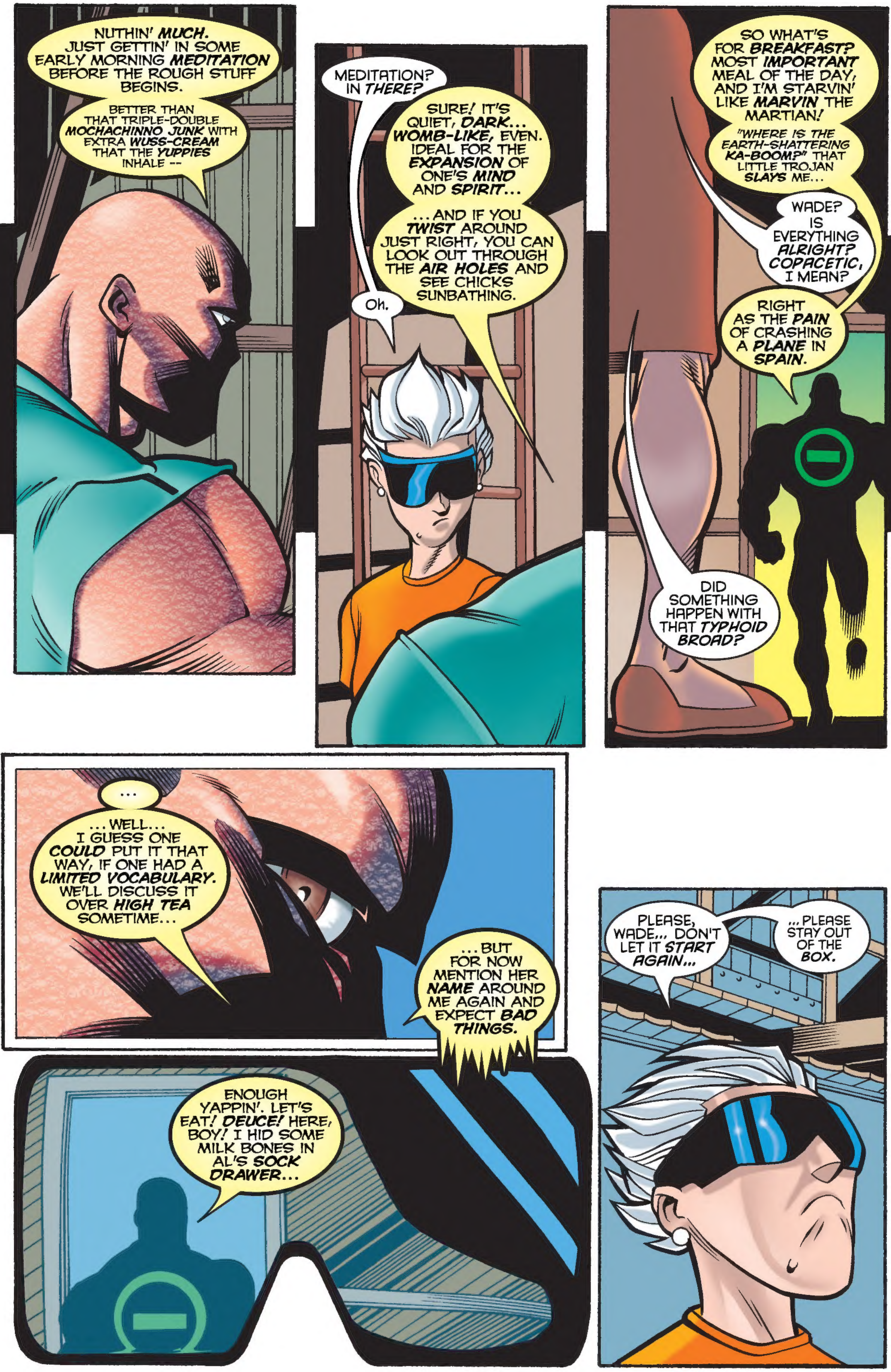
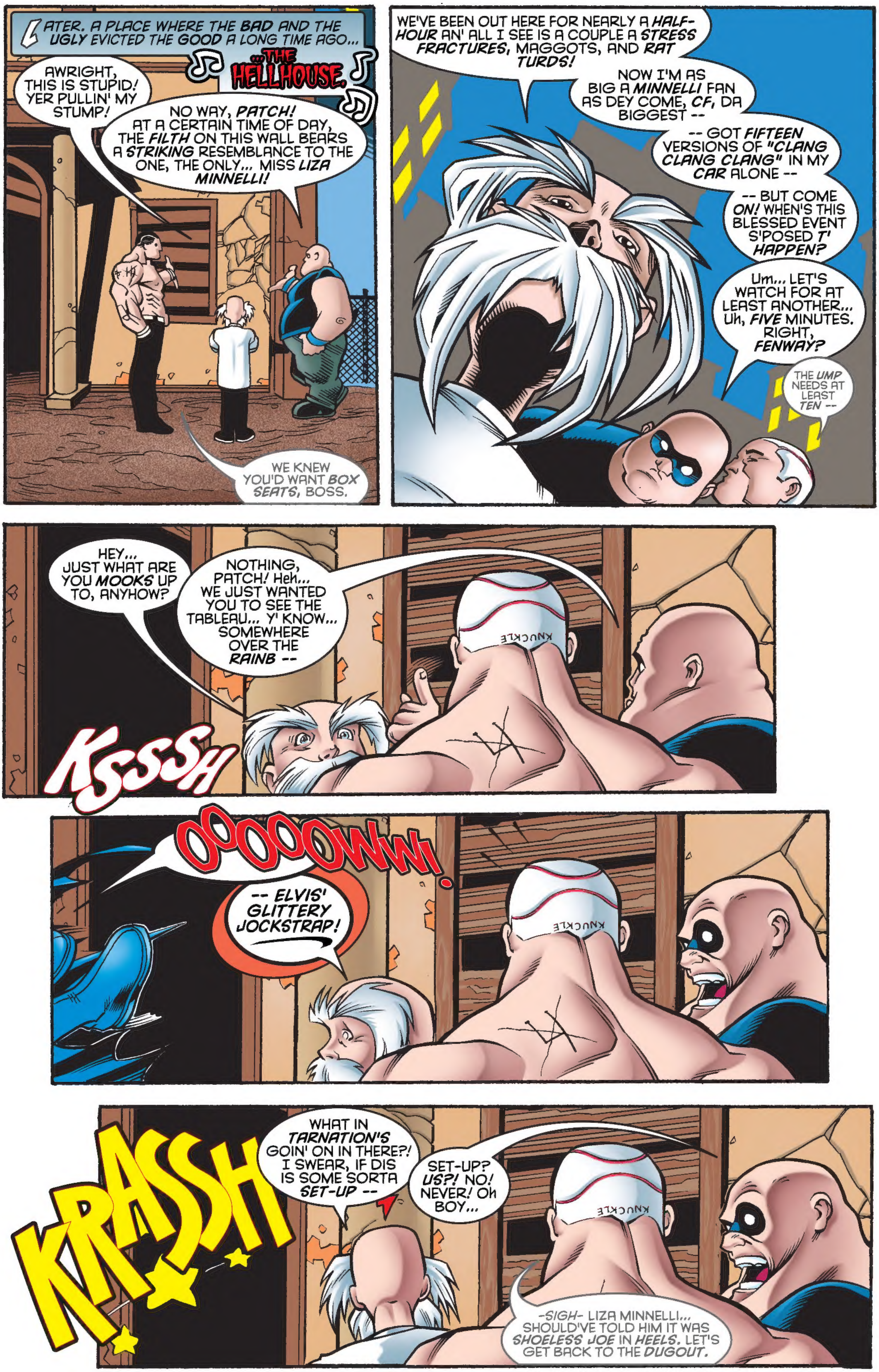
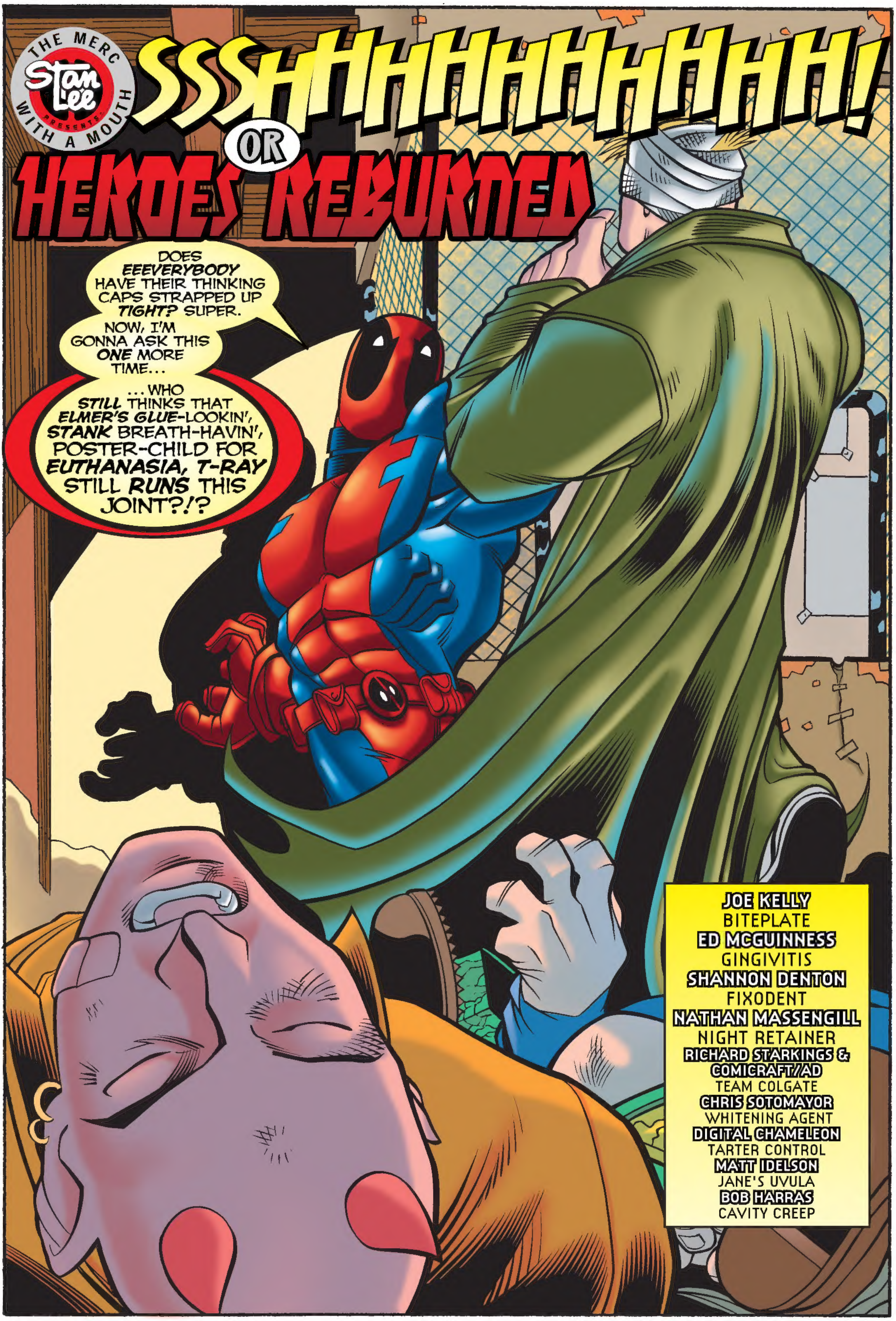
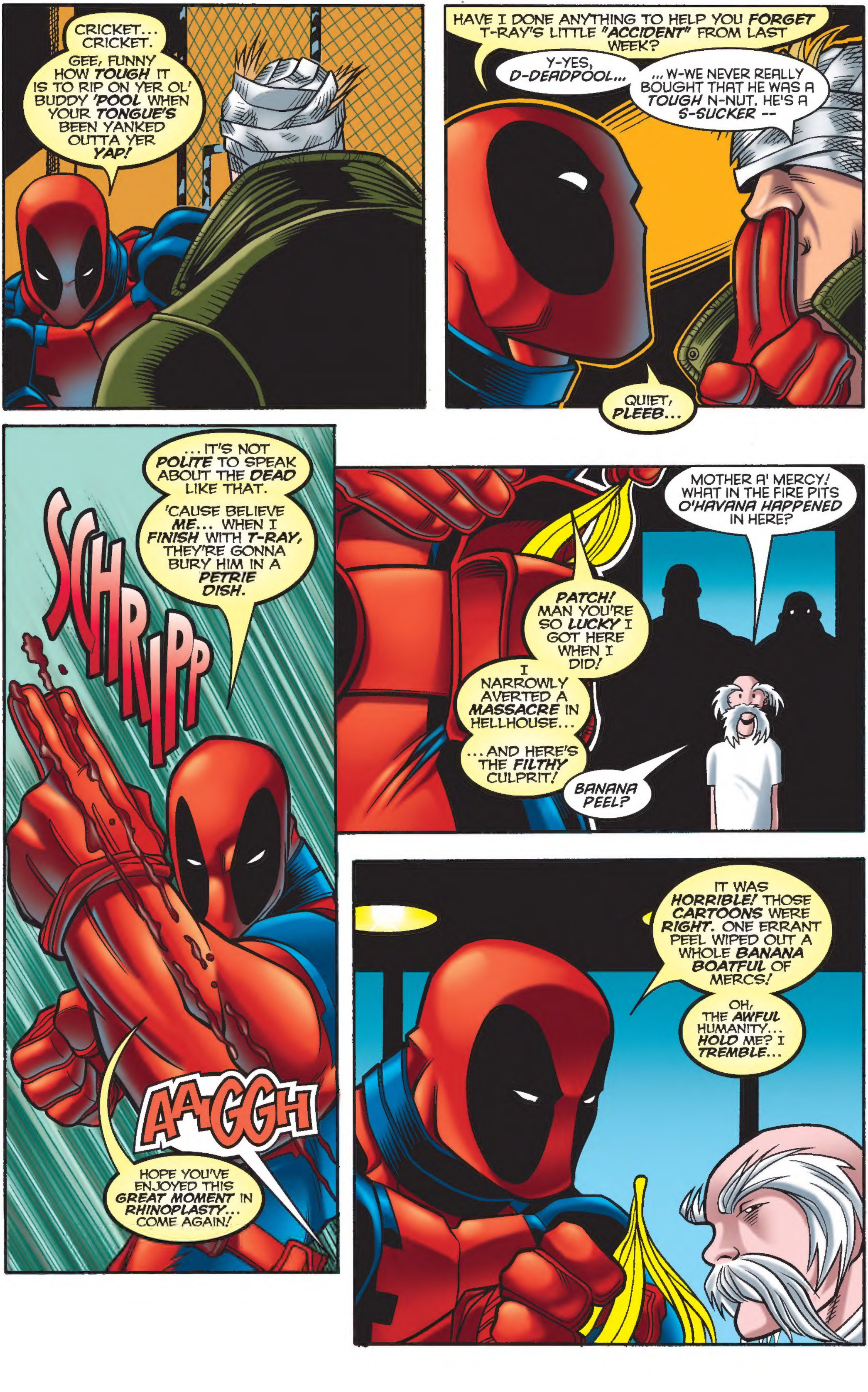
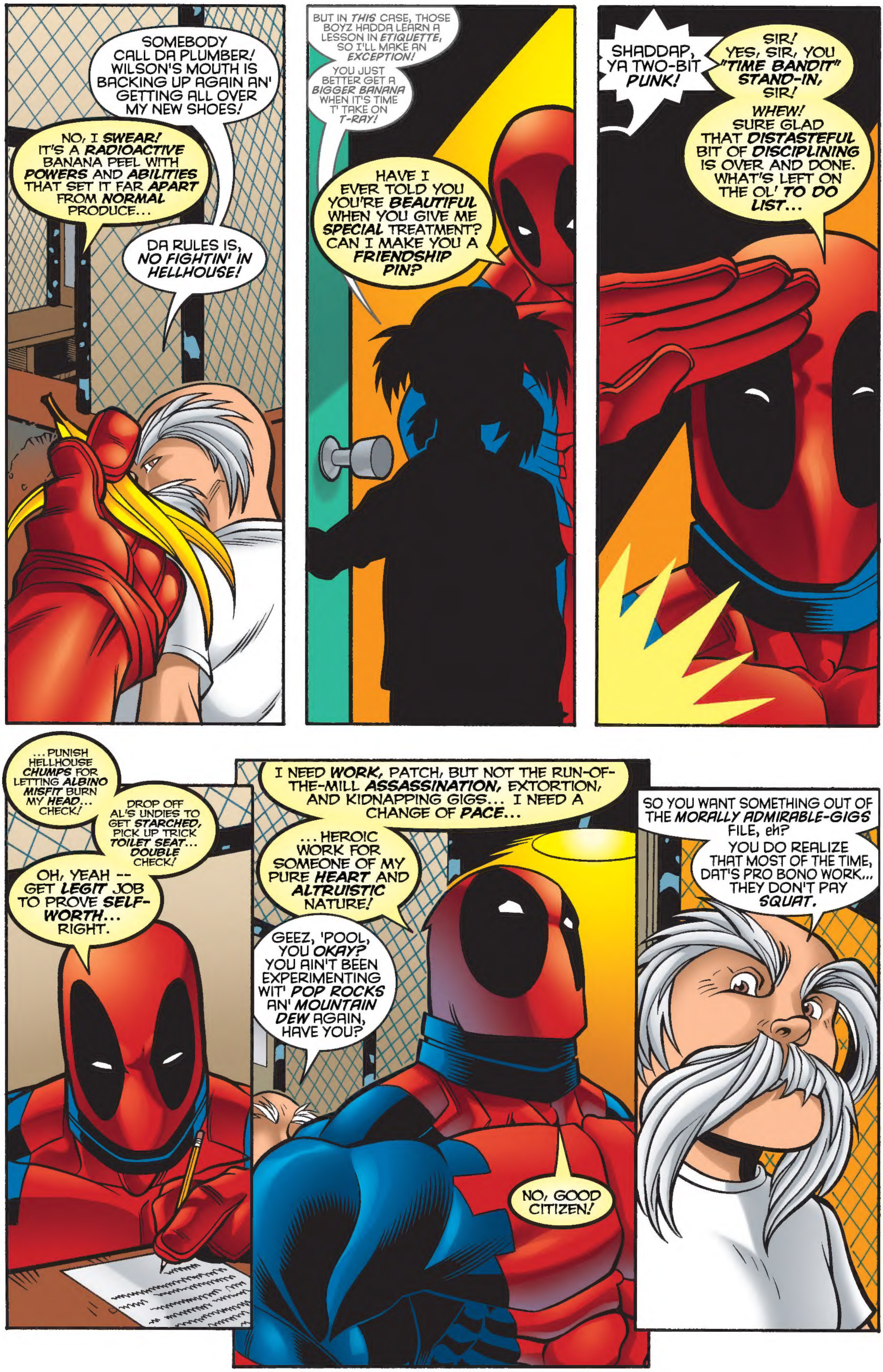

NUTHIN' MUCH. JUST GETTIN' IN SOME EARLY MORNING MEDITATION BEFORE THE ROUGH STUFF BEGINS.
BETTER THAN THAT TRIPLE-DOUBLE MOCHACHINNO JUNK WITH EXTRA WUSS-CREAM THAT THE YUPPIES INHALE --
MEDITATION? IN THERE?
SURE! IT'S QUIET, DARK... WOMB-LIKE, EVEN. IDEAL FOR THE EXPANSION OF ONE'S MIND AND SPIRIT...
...AND IF YOU TWIST AROUND JUST RIGHT, YOU CAN LOOK OUT THROUGH THE AIR HOLES AND SEE CHICKS SUNBATHING.
Oh.
SO WHAT'S FOR BREAKFAST? MOST IMPORTANT MEAL OF THE DAY, AND I'M STARVIN' LIKE MARVIN THE MARTIAN!
"WHERE IS THE EARTH-SHATTERING KA-BOOM?" THAT LITTLE TROJAN SLAYS ME...
WADE? IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT? COPACETIC, I MEAN?
RIGHT AS THE PAIN OF CRASHING A PLANE IN SPAIN.
DID SOMETHING HAPPEN WITH THAT TYPHOID BROAD?
...
...WELL... I GUESS ONE COULD PUT IT THAT WAY, IF ONE HAD A LIMITED VOCABULARY. WE'LL DISCUSS IT OVER HIGH TEA SOMETIME...
...BUT FOR NOW MENTION HER NAME AROUND ME AGAIN AND EXPECT BAD THINGS.
ENOUGH YAPPIN'. LET'S EAT! DEUCE! HERE, BOY! I HID SOME MILK BONES IN AL'S SOCK DRAWER...
PLEASE, WADE... DON'T LET IT START AGAIN...
...PLEASE STAY OUT OF THE BOX.

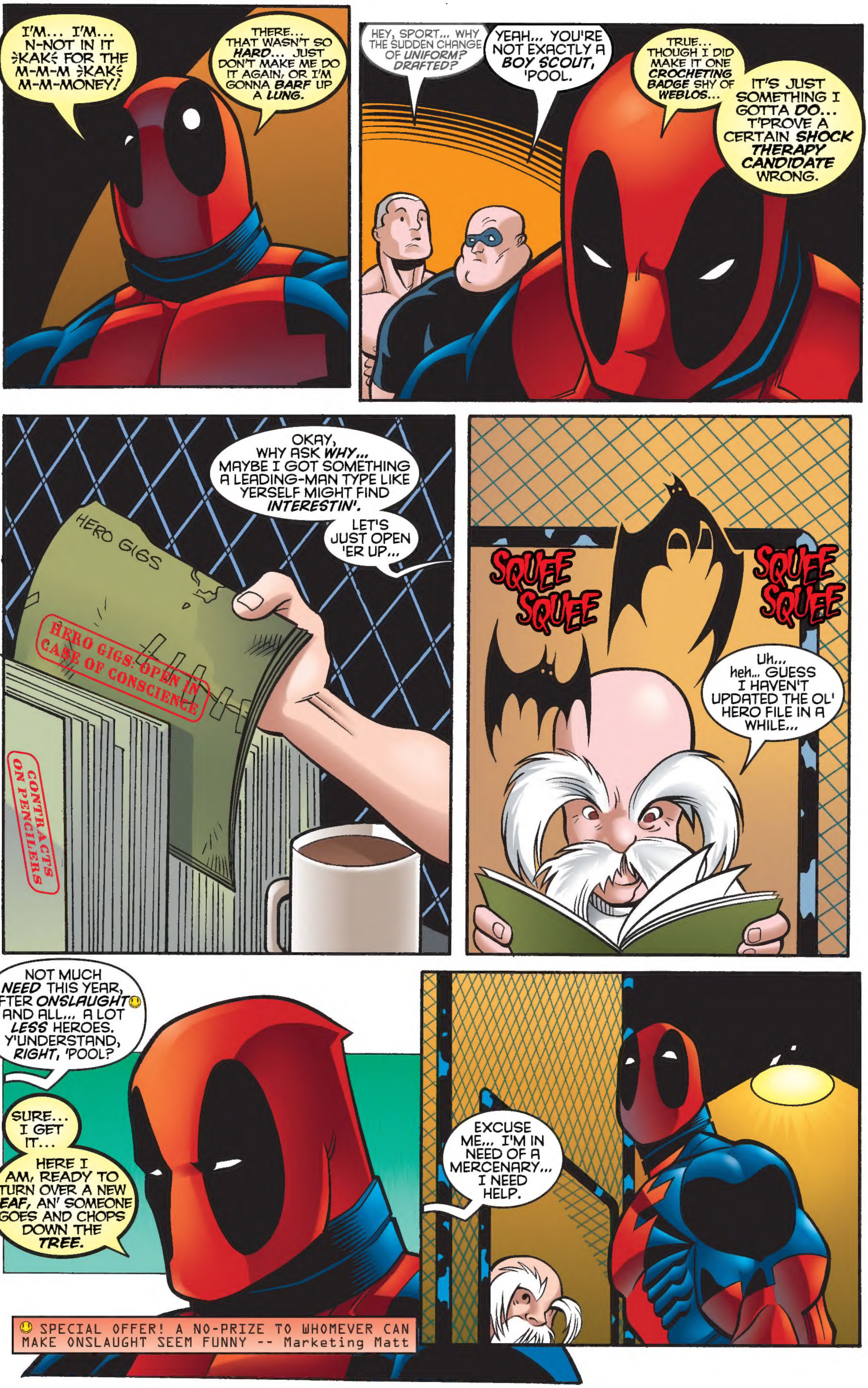

LATER. A PLACE WHERE THE BAD AND THE UGLY EVICTED THE GOOD A LONG TIME AGO...
...THE HELLHOUSE.
AWRIGHT, THIS IS STUPID! YER PULLIN' MY STUMP!
NO WAY, PATCH! AT A CERTAIN TIME OF DAY, THE FILTH ON THIS WALL BEARS A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO THE ONE, THE ONLY... MISS LIZA MINNELLI!
WE KNEW YOU'D WANT BOX SEATS, BOSS.
WE'VE BEEN OUT HERE FOR NEARLY A HALF-HOUR AN' ALL I SEE IS A COUPLE A STRESS FRACTURES, MAGGOTS, AND RAT TURDS!
NOW I'M AS BIG A MINNELLI FAN AS DEY COME, CF, DA BIGGEST --
-- GOT FIFTEEN VERSIONS OF "CLANG CLANG CLANG" IN MY CAR ALONE --
-- BUT COME ON! WHEN'S THIS BLESSED EVENT S'POSED T' HAPPEN?
Um... LET'S WATCH FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER... Uh, FIVE MINUTES. RIGHT, FENWAY?
THE UMP NEEDS AT LEAST TEN --
HEY... JUST WHAT ARE YOU MOOKS UP TO, ANYHOW?
NOTHING, PATCH! Heh... WE JUST WANTED YOU TO SEE THE TABLEAU... Y' KNOW... SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINB --
KNUCKLE
KSSSH
OOOOOWW!
-- ELVIS' GLITTERY JOCKSTRAP!
KNUCKLE
KRASSH
WHAT IN TARNATION'S GOIN' ON IN THERE?! I SWEAR, IF DIS IS SOME SORTA SET-UP --
SET-UP? US?! NO! NEVER! Oh BOY...
KNUCKLE
-SIGH- LIZA MINNELLI... SHOULD'VE TOLD HIM IT WAS SHOELESS JOE IN HEELS. LET'S GET BACK TO THE DUGOUT.

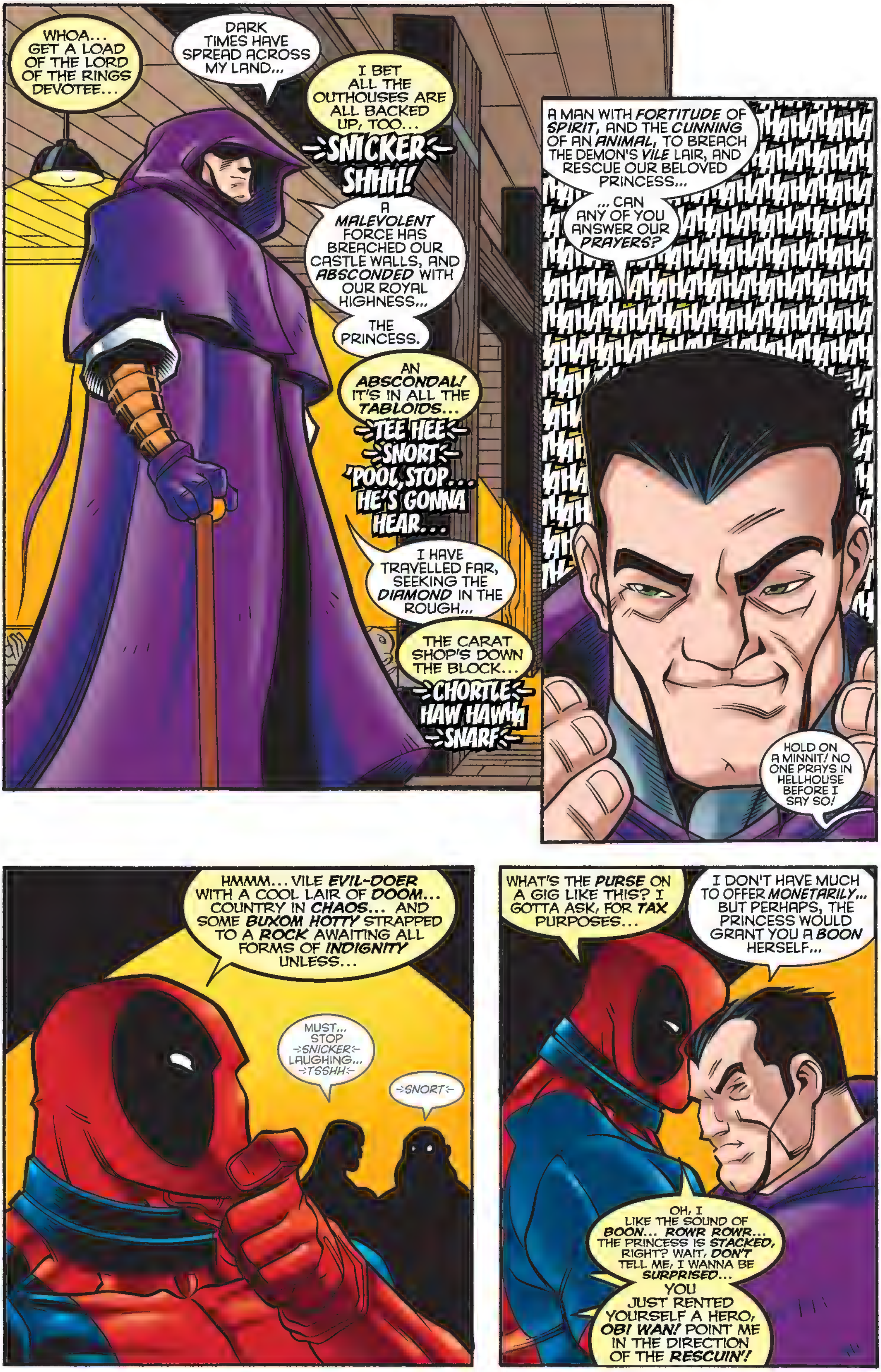

THE MERC WITH A MOUTH
Stan Lee PRESENTS
SSSHHHHHHHHHHH!
OR
HEROES REBURNED
DOES *EEEVERYBODY* HAVE THEIR THINKING CAPS STRAPPED UP *TIGHT?* SUPER. NOW, I'M GONNA ASK THIS *ONE* MORE TIME...
...WHO *STILL* THINKS THAT *ELMER'S GLUE*-LOOKIN', *STANK* BREATH-HAVIN', POSTER-CHILD FOR *EUTHANASIA, T-RAY* STILL *RUNS* THIS JOINT?!?

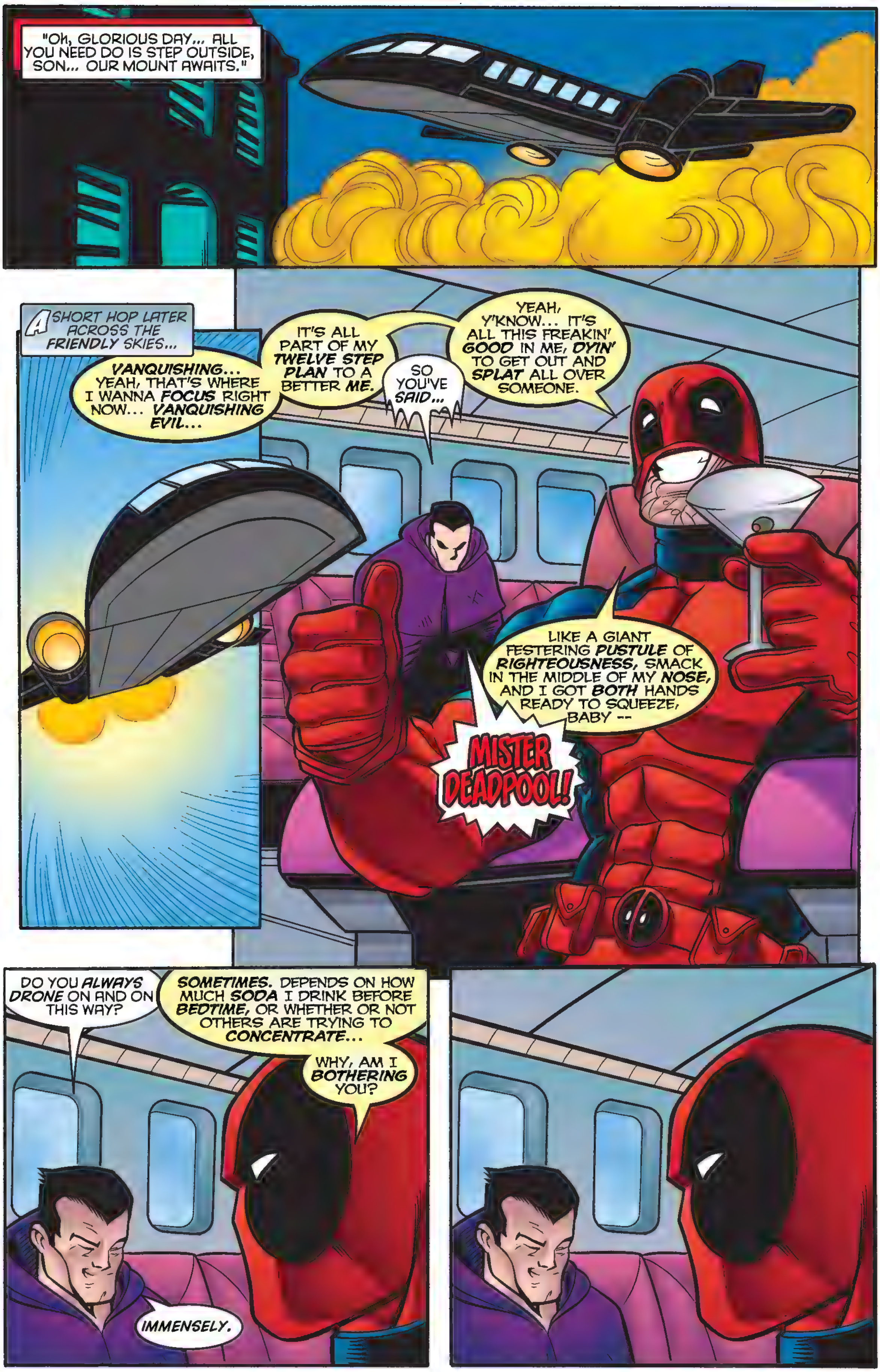
JOE KELLY
BITEPLATE
ED MCGUINNESS
GINGIVITIS
SHANNON DENTON
FIXODENT
NATHAN MASSENGILL
NIGHT RETAINER
RICHARD STARKINGS & COMICRAFT/AD
TEAM COLGATE
CHRIS SOTOMAYOR
WHITENING AGENT
DIGITAL CHAMELEON
TARTER CONTROL
MATT IDELSON
JANE'S UVULA
BOB HARRAS
CAVITY CREEP

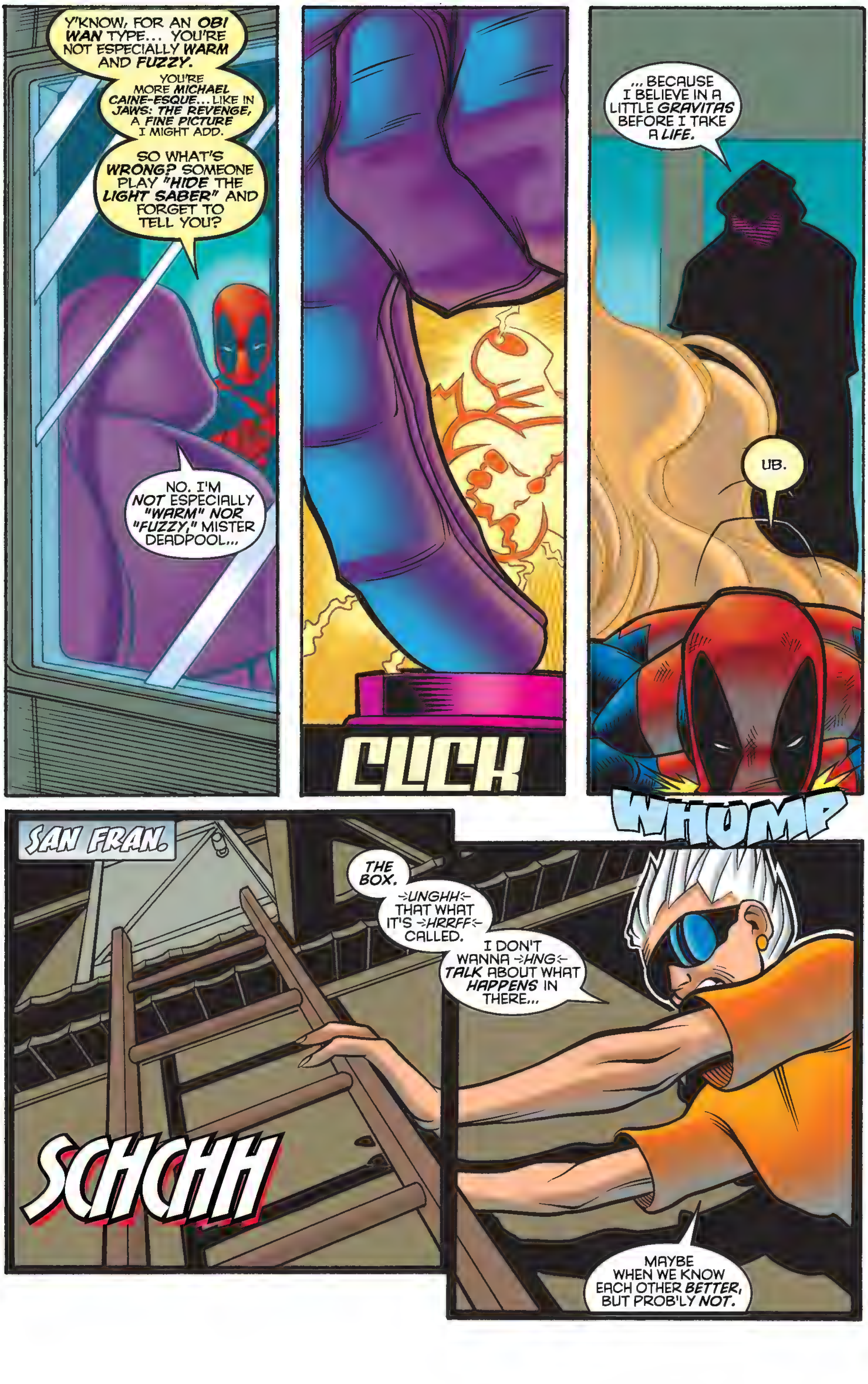

CRICKET... CRICKET.
GEE, FUNNY HOW TOUGH IT IS TO RIP ON YER OL' BUDDY 'POOL WHEN YOUR TONGUE'S BEEN YANKED OUTTA YER YAP!
HAVE I DONE ANYTHING TO HELP YOU FORGET T-RAY'S LITTLE "ACCIDENT" FROM LAST WEEK?
Y-YES, D-DEADPOOL...
...W-WE NEVER REALLY BOUGHT THAT HE WAS A TOUGH N-NUT. HE'S A S-SUCKER --
QUIET, PLEEB...
...IT'S NOT POLITE TO SPEAK ABOUT THE DEAD LIKE THAT.
'CAUSE BELIEVE ME... WHEN I FINISH WITH T-RAY, THEY'RE GONNA BURY HIM IN A PETRIE DISH.
SCHRIPP
AAGGH
HOPE YOU'VE ENJOYED THIS GREAT MOMENT IN RHINOPLASTY... COME AGAIN!
MOTHER A' MERCY! WHAT IN THE FIRE PITS O'HAVANA HAPPENED IN HERE?
PATCH! MAN YOU'RE SO LUCKY I GOT HERE WHEN I DID!
I NARROWLY AVERTED A MASSACRE IN HELLHOUSE...
...AND HERE'S THE FILTHY CULPRIT!
BANANA PEEL?
IT WAS HORRIBLE! THOSE CARTOONS WERE RIGHT. ONE ERRANT PEEL WIPED OUT A WHOLE BANANA BOATFUL OF MERCS!
OH, THE AWFUL HUMANITY... HOLD ME? I TREMBLE...

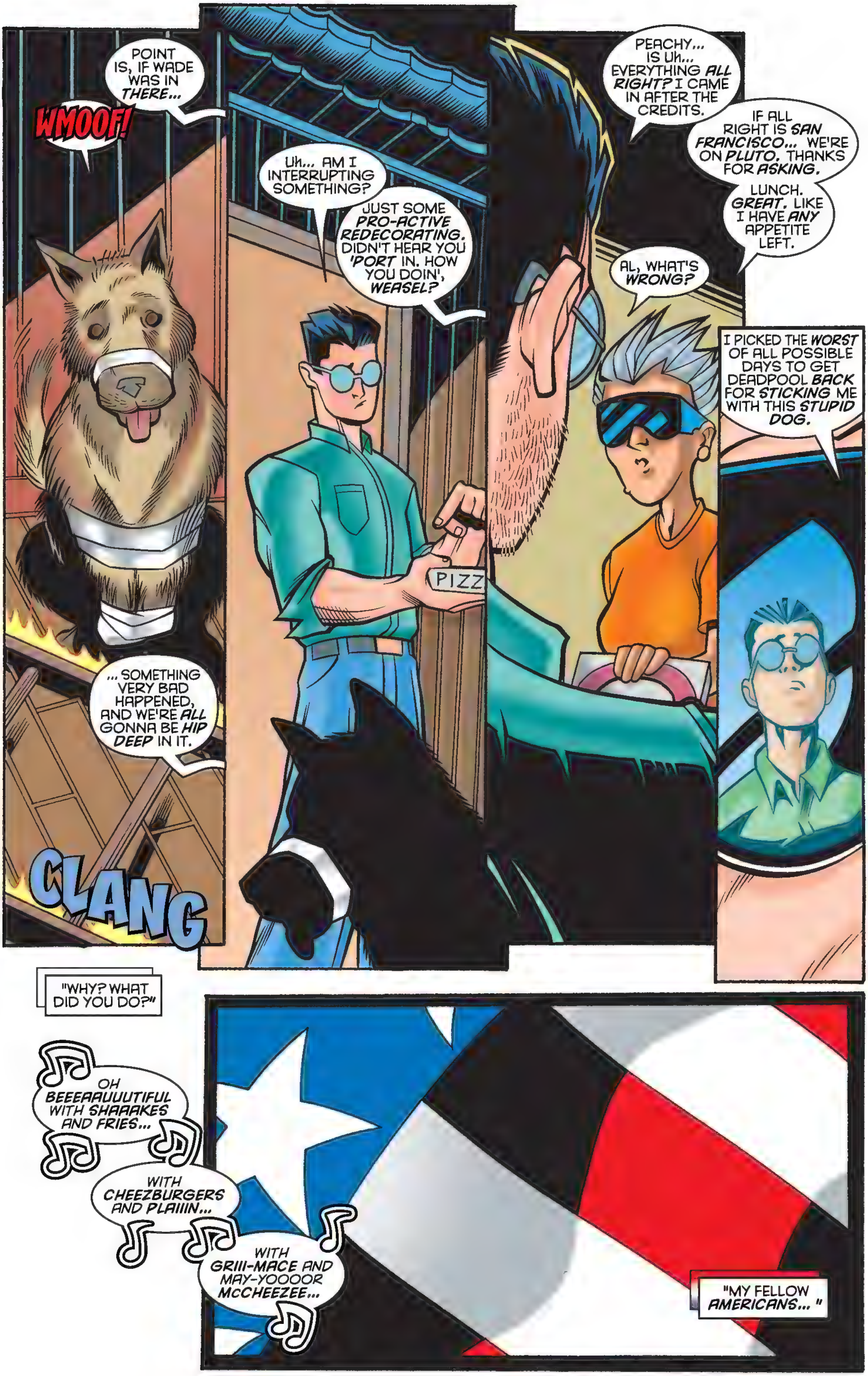

SOMEBODY CALL DA PLUMBER! WILSON'S MOUTH IS BACKING UP AGAIN AN' GETTING ALL OVER MY NEW SHOES!
NO, I SWEAR! IT'S A RADIOACTIVE BANANA PEEL WITH POWERS AND ABILITIES THAT SET IT FAR APART FROM NORMAL PRODUCE...
DA RULES IS, NO FIGHTIN' IN HELLHOUSE!
BUT IN THIS CASE, THOSE BOYZ HADDA LEARN A LESSON IN ETIQUETTE, SO I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION!
YOU JUST BETTER GET A BIGGER BANANA WHEN IT'S TIME T' TAKE ON T-RAY!
HAVE I EVER TOLD YOU YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL WHEN YOU GIVE ME SPECIAL TREATMENT? CAN I MAKE YOU A FRIENDSHIP PIN?
SHADDAP, YA TWO-BIT PUNK!
SIR! YES, SIR, YOU "TIME BANDIT" STAND-IN, SIR!
WHEW! SURE GLAD THAT DISTASTEFUL BIT OF DISCIPLINING IS OVER AND DONE. WHAT'S LEFT ON THE OL' TO DO LIST...
...PUNISH HELLHOUSE CHUMPS FOR LETTING ALBINO MISFIT BURN MY HEAD... CHECK!
DROP OFF AL'S UNDIES TO GET STARCHED, PICK UP TRICK TOILET SEAT... DOUBLE CHECK!
OH, YEAH -- GET LEGIT JOB TO PROVE SELF-WORTH... RIGHT.
I NEED WORK, PATCH, BUT NOT THE RUN-OF-THE-MILL ASSASSINATION, EXTORTION, AND KIDNAPPING GIGS... I NEED A CHANGE OF PACE...
...HEROIC WORK FOR SOMEONE OF MY PURE HEART AND ALTRUISTIC NATURE!
GEEZ, 'POOL, YOU OKAY? YOU AIN'T BEEN EXPERIMENTING WIT' POP ROCKS AN' MOUNTAIN DEW AGAIN, HAVE YOU?
NO, GOOD CITIZEN!
SO YOU WANT SOMETHING OUT OF THE MORALLY ADMIRABLE-GIGS FILE, eh?
YOU DO REALIZE THAT MOST OF THE TIME, DAT'S PRO BONO WORK... THEY DON'T PAY SQUAT.

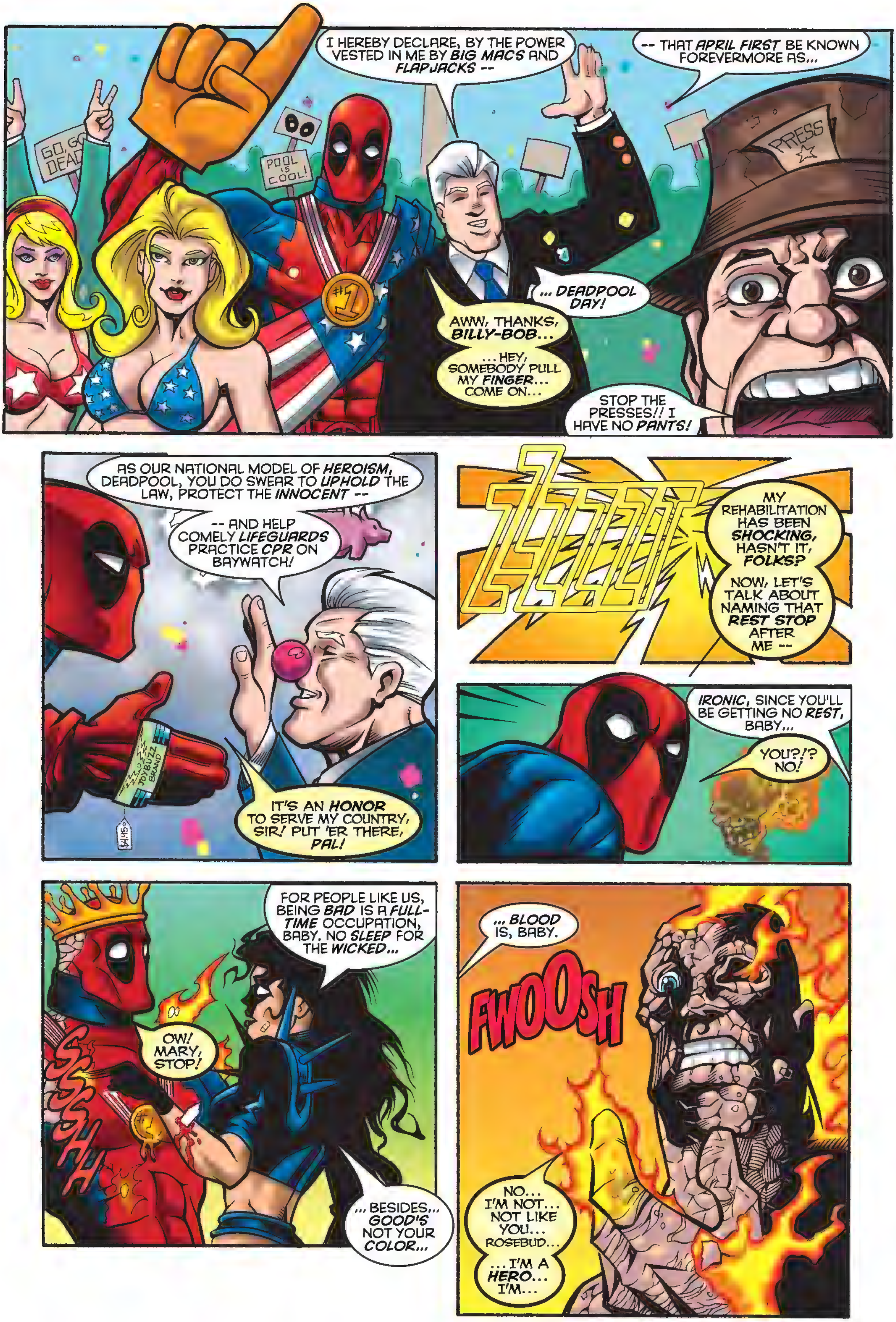

I'M... I'M... N-NOT IN IT KAK FOR THE M-M-M KAK M-M-MONEY!
THERE... THAT WASN'T SO **HARD**... JUST DON'T MAKE ME DO IT AGAIN, OR I'M GONNA **BARF** UP A **LUNG**.
HEY, SPORT... WHY THE SUDDEN CHANGE OF *UNIFORM? DRAFTED?*
YEAH... YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY A **BOY SCOUT**, 'POOL.
TRUE... THOUGH I DID MAKE IT ONE **CROCHETING BADGE** SHY OF **WEBLOS**...
IT'S JUST SOMETHING I GOTTA **DO**... T'PROVE A CERTAIN **SHOCK THERAPY CANDIDATE** WRONG.
OKAY, WHY ASK **WHY**... MAYBE I GOT SOMETHING A LEADING-MAN TYPE LIKE YERSELF MIGHT FIND **INTERESTIN'**.
LET'S JUST OPEN 'ER UP...
HERO GIGS
HERO GIGS: OPEN IN CASE OF CONSCIENCE
CONTRACTS ON PENCILERS
SQUEE SQUEE
SQUEE SQUEE
Uh... heh... GUESS I HAVEN'T UPDATED THE OL' HERO FILE IN A WHILE...
NOT MUCH **NEED** THIS YEAR, AFTER **ONSLAUGHT** AND ALL... A LOT **LESS** HEROES. Y'UNDERSTAND, **RIGHT**, 'POOL?
SURE... I GET IT...
HERE I AM, READY TO TURN OVER A NEW **LEAF**, AN' SOMEONE GOES AND CHOPS DOWN THE **TREE**.
EXCUSE ME... I'M IN NEED OF A MERCENARY... I NEED HELP.
SPECIAL OFFER! A NO-PRIZE TO WHOMEVER CAN MAKE ONSLAUGHT SEEM FUNNY -- Marketing Matt

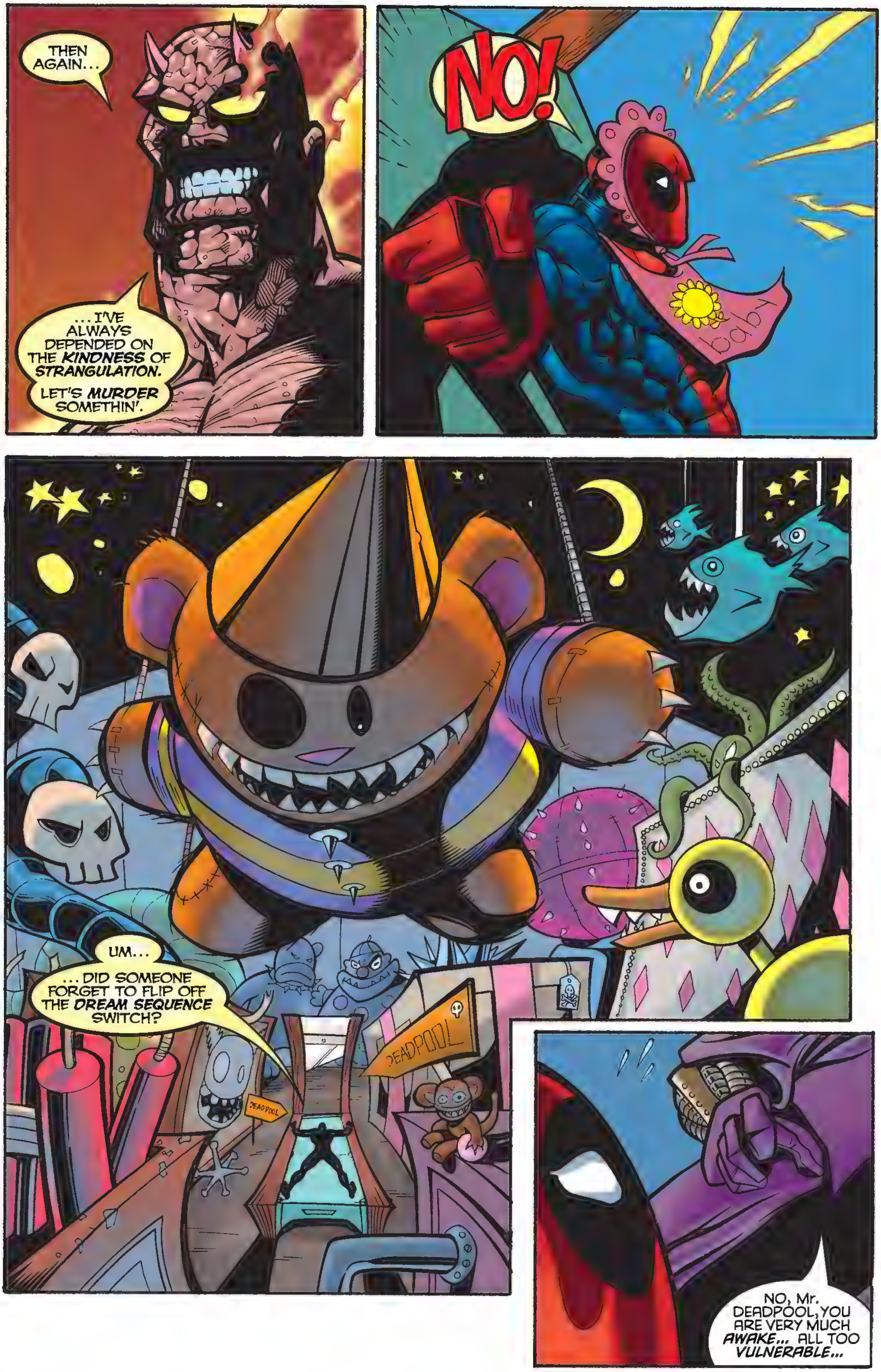

WHOA… GET A LOAD OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS DEVOTEE…
DARK TIMES HAVE SPREAD ACROSS MY LAND…
I BET ALL THE OUTHOUSES ARE ALL BACKED UP, TOO…
-SNICKER-
SHHH!
A *MALEVOLENT* FORCE HAS BREACHED OUR CASTLE WALLS, AND *ABSCONDED* WITH OUR ROYAL HIGHNESS…
THE PRINCESS.
AN *ABSCONDAL!* IT'S IN ALL THE *TABLOIDS…*
-TEE HEE-
-SNORT-
'POOL, STOP… HE'S GONNA HEAR…
I HAVE TRAVELLED FAR, SEEKING THE *DIAMOND* IN THE ROUGH…
THE CARAT SHOP'S DOWN THE BLOCK…
-CHORTLE-
HAW HAWHA
-SNARF-
A MAN WITH *FORTITUDE* OF *SPIRIT*, AND THE *CUNNING* OF AN *ANIMAL*, TO BREACH THE DEMON'S *VILE* LAIR, AND RESCUE OUR BELOVED PRINCESS…
…CAN ANY OF YOU ANSWER OUR *PRAYERS?*
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
HOLD ON A MINNIT! NO ONE PRAYS IN HELLHOUSE BEFORE I SAY SO!
HMMM… VILE *EVIL-DOER* WITH A COOL LAIR OF *DOOM…* COUNTRY IN *CHAOS…* AND SOME *BUXOM HOTTY* STRAPPED TO A *ROCK* AWAITING ALL FORMS OF *INDIGNITY* UNLESS…
MUST… STOP -SNICKER- LAUGHING… -TSSHH-
-SNORT-
WHAT'S THE *PURSE* ON A GIG LIKE THIS? I GOTTA ASK, FOR *TAX* PURPOSES…
I DON'T HAVE MUCH TO OFFER *MONETARILY…* BUT PERHAPS, THE PRINCESS WOULD GRANT YOU A *BOON* HERSELF…
OH, I LIKE THE SOUND OF *BOON… ROWR ROWR…* THE PRINCESS IS *STACKED,* RIGHT? WAIT, *DON'T* TELL ME, I WANNA BE *SURPRISED…*
YOU JUST RENTED YOURSELF A HERO, *OBI WAN!* POINT ME IN THE DIRECTION OF THE *RESCUIN'!*

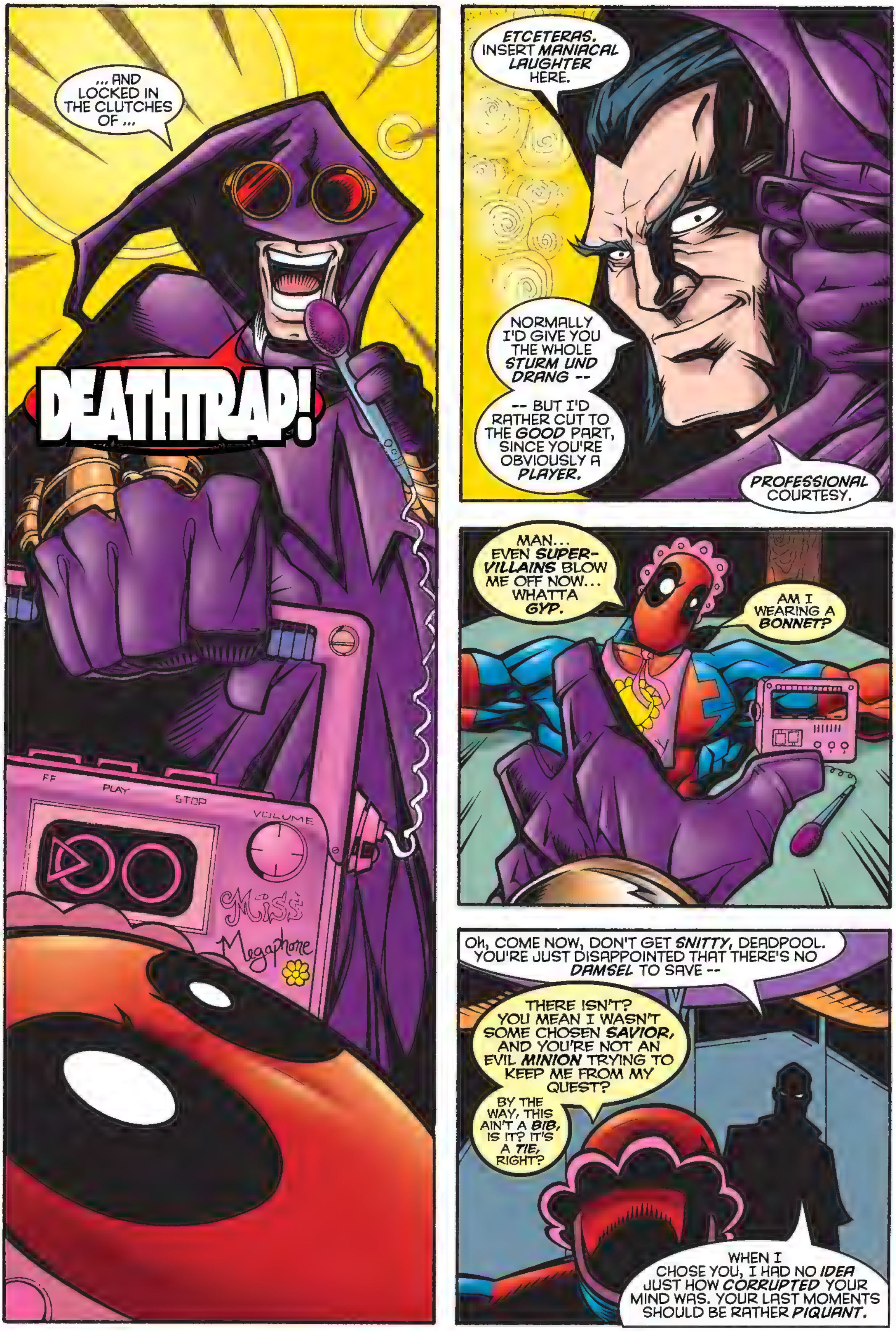

"OH, GLORIOUS DAY... ALL YOU NEED DO IS STEP OUTSIDE, SON... OUR MOUNT AWAITS."
A SHORT HOP LATER ACROSS THE FRIENDLY SKIES...
VANQUISHING... YEAH, THAT'S WHERE I WANNA FOCUS RIGHT NOW... VANQUISHING EVIL...
IT'S ALL PART OF MY TWELVE STEP PLAN TO A BETTER ME.
YEAH, Y'KNOW... IT'S ALL THIS FREAKIN' GOOD IN ME, DYIN' TO GET OUT AND SPLAT ALL OVER SOMEONE.
SO YOU'VE SAID...
LIKE A GIANT FESTERING PUSTULE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF MY NOSE, AND I GOT BOTH HANDS READY TO SQUEEZE, BABY --
MISTER DEADPOOL!
DO YOU ALWAYS DRONE ON AND ON THIS WAY?
SOMETIMES. DEPENDS ON HOW MUCH SODA I DRINK BEFORE BEDTIME, OR WHETHER OR NOT OTHERS ARE TRYING TO CONCENTRATE...
WHY, AM I BOTHERING YOU?
IMMENSELY.

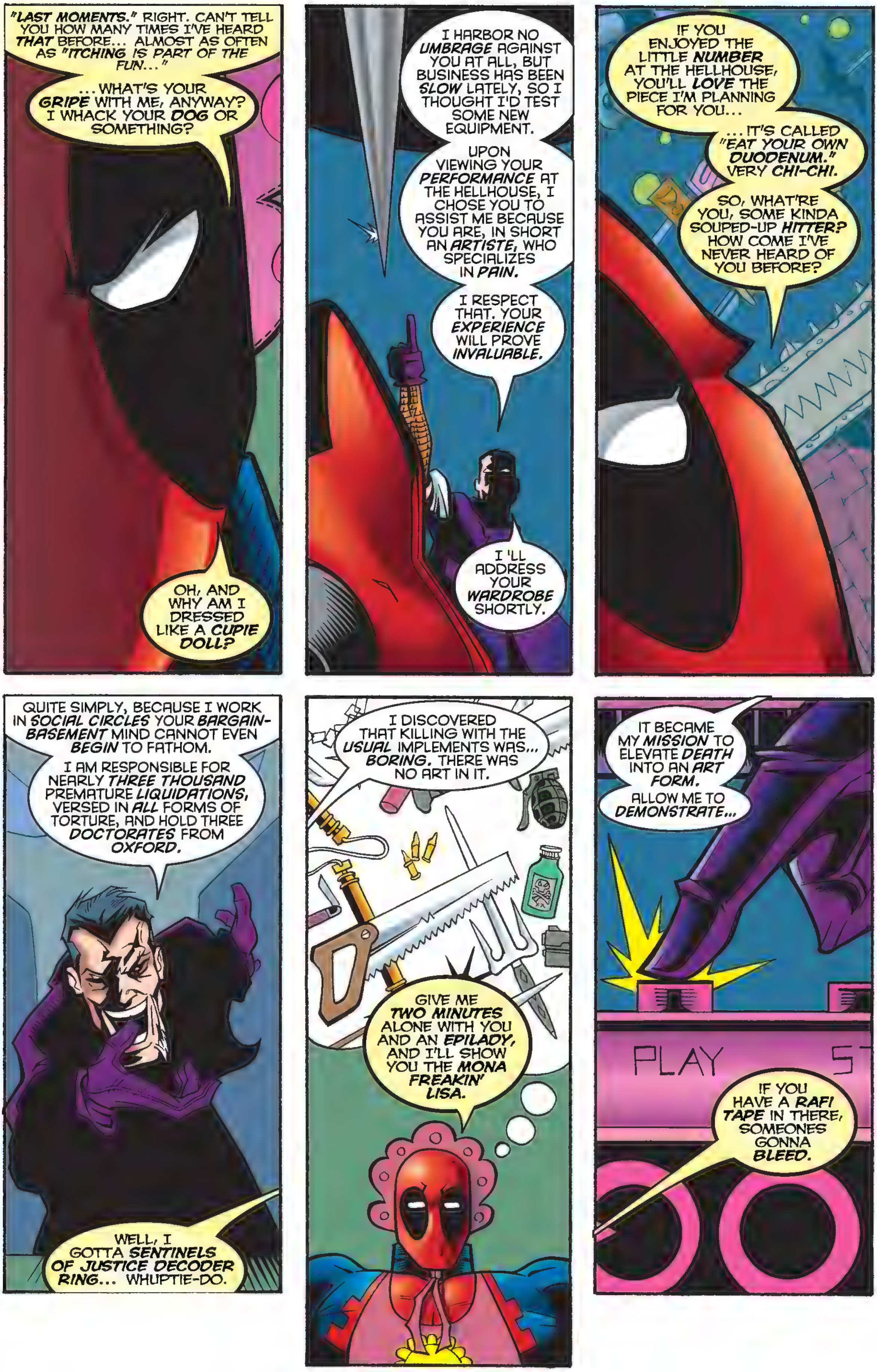

Y'KNOW, FOR AN OBI WAN TYPE... YOU'RE NOT ESPECIALLY WARM AND FUZZY.
YOU'RE MORE MICHAEL CAINE-ESQUE... LIKE IN JAWS: THE REVENGE, A FINE PICTURE I MIGHT ADD.
SO WHAT'S WRONG? SOMEONE PLAY "HIDE THE LIGHT SABER" AND FORGET TO TELL YOU?
NO. I'M NOT ESPECIALLY "WARM" NOR "FUZZY," MISTER DEADPOOL...
CLICK
...BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN A LITTLE GRAVITAS BEFORE I TAKE A LIFE.
UB.
WHUMP
SAN FRAN.
THE BOX.
-UNGHH- THAT WHAT IT'S -HRRFF- CALLED.
I DON'T WANNA -HNG- TALK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS IN THERE...
SCHCHH
MAYBE WHEN WE KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER, BUT PROB'LY NOT.

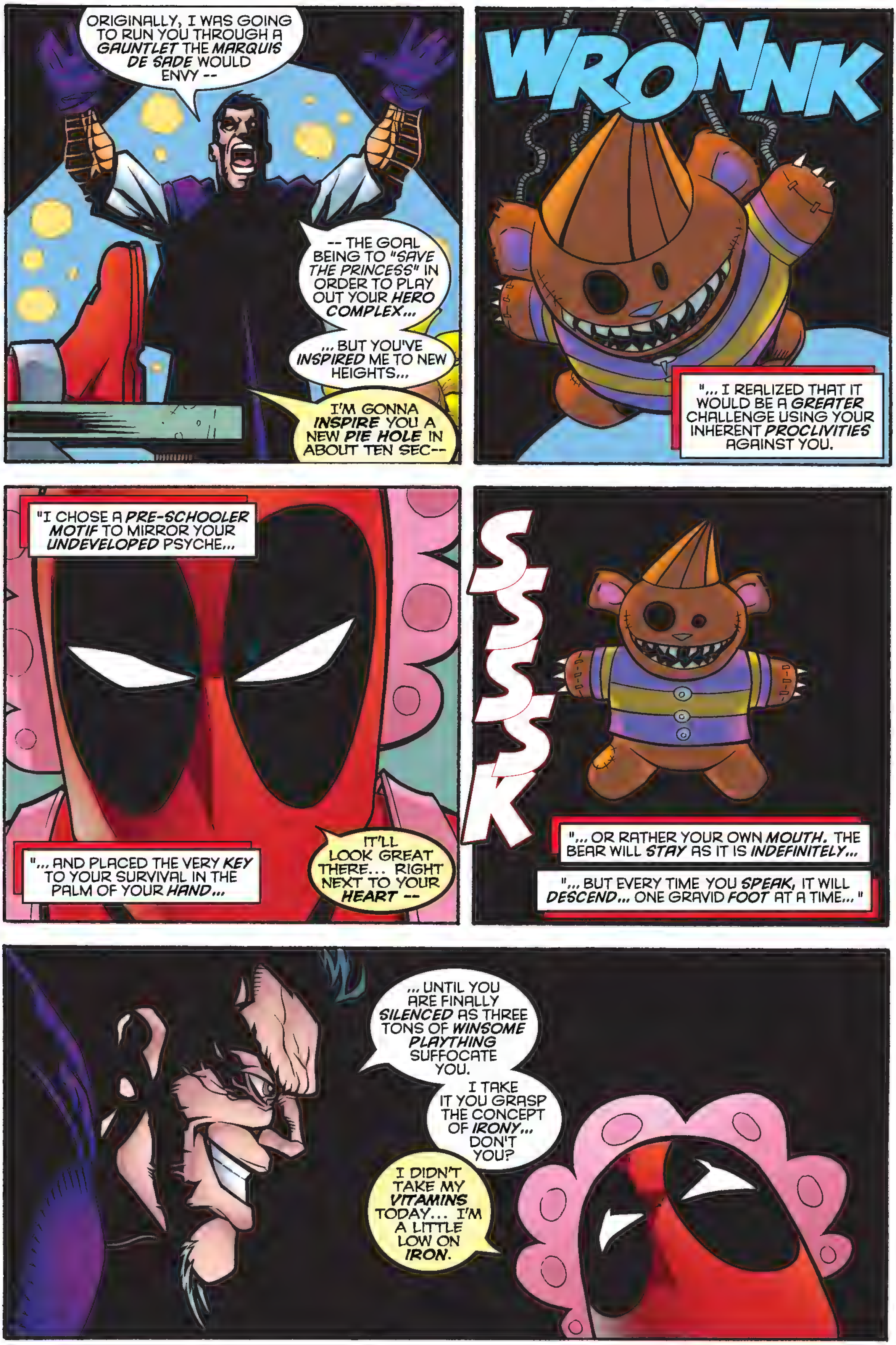

POINT IS, IF WADE WAS IN *THERE*...
WMOOF!
...SOMETHING VERY BAD HAPPENED, AND WE'RE *ALL* GONNA BE *HIP DEEP* IN IT.
CLANG
UH... AM I INTERRUPTING SOMETHING?
JUST SOME *PRO-ACTIVE REDECORATING*. DIDN'T HEAR YOU *'PORT* IN. HOW YOU DOIN', *WEASEL?*
PIZZ
PEACHY... IS UH... EVERYTHING *ALL RIGHT?* I CAME IN AFTER THE CREDITS.
IF ALL RIGHT IS *SAN FRANCISCO...* WE'RE ON *PLUTO*. THANKS FOR *ASKING*.
LUNCH. *GREAT*. LIKE I HAVE *ANY* APPETITE LEFT.
AL, WHAT'S *WRONG?*
I PICKED THE *WORST* OF ALL POSSIBLE DAYS TO GET DEADPOOL *BACK* FOR *STICKING* ME WITH THIS *STUPID DOG*.
"WHY? WHAT DID YOU DO?"
♫ OH *BEEEAAUUUTIFUL WITH SHAAAKES AND FRIES...* ♫
♫ WITH *CHEEZBURGERS AND PLAIIIN...* ♫
♫ WITH *GRIII-MACE AND MAY-YOOOOR MCCHEEZEE...* ♫
"MY FELLOW *AMERICANS...*"

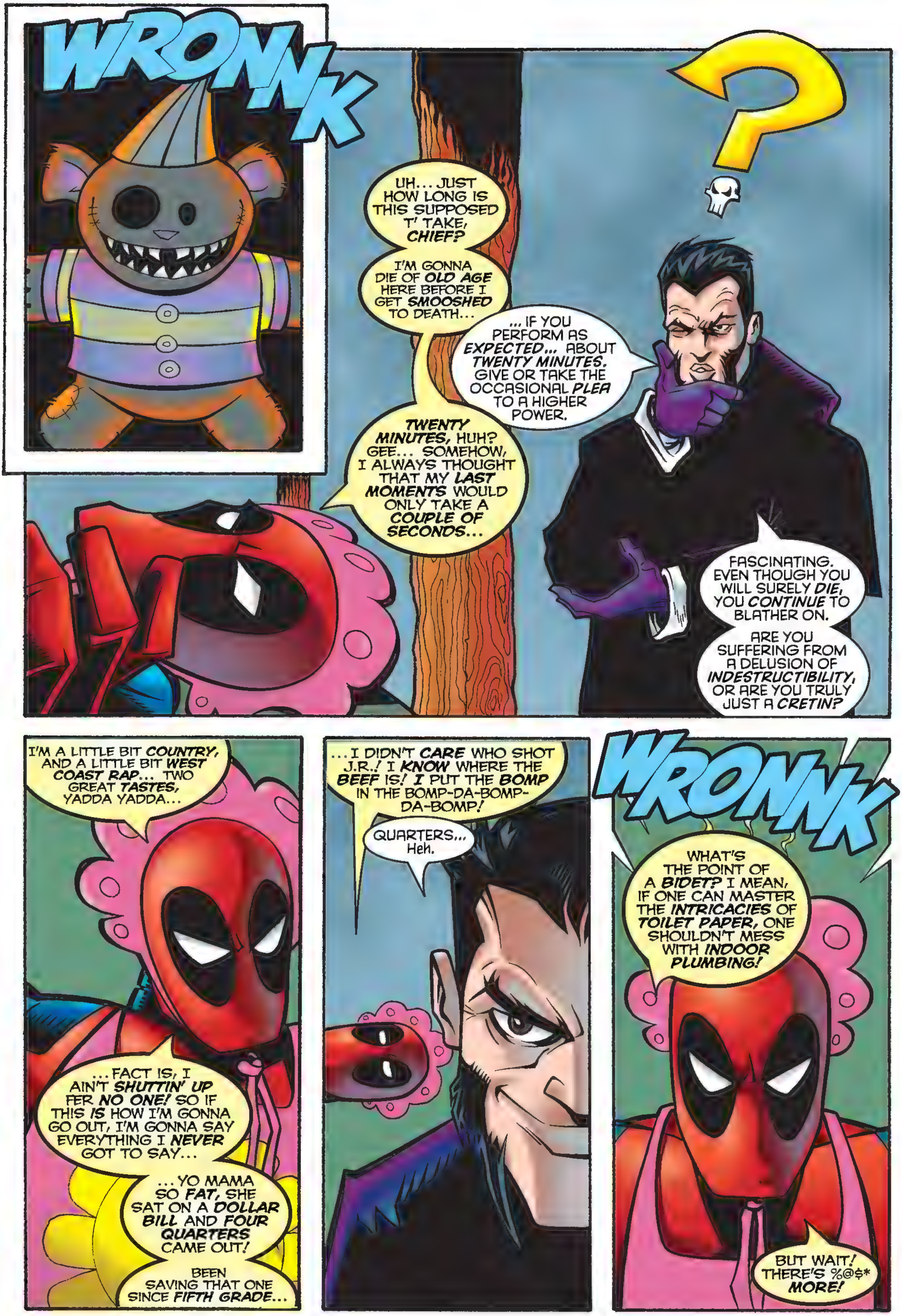

GO, GO DEAD
POOL IS COOL!
I HEREBY DECLARE, BY THE POWER VESTED IN ME BY *BIG MACS* AND *FLAPJACKS* --
-- THAT *APRIL FIRST* BE KNOWN FOREVERMORE AS...
PRESS
... *DEADPOOL DAY!*
AWW, THANKS, *BILLY-BOB*...
... HEY, SOMEBODY PULL MY *FINGER*... COME ON...
STOP THE PRESSES!! I HAVE NO *PANTS!*
AS OUR NATIONAL MODEL OF *HEROISM*, DEADPOOL, YOU DO SWEAR TO *UPHOLD* THE LAW, PROTECT THE *INNOCENT* --
-- AND HELP COMELY *LIFEGUARDS* PRACTICE *CPR* ON BAYWATCH!
JOYBUZZ BRAND
$4.95
IT'S AN *HONOR* TO SERVE MY COUNTRY, SIR! PUT 'ER THERE, *PAL!*
ZZZZZT
MY REHABILITATION HAS BEEN *SHOCKING*, HASN'T IT, *FOLKS?*
NOW, LET'S TALK ABOUT NAMING THAT *REST STOP* AFTER ME --
IRONIC, SINCE YOU'LL BE GETTING NO *REST*, BABY...
YOU?!? NO!
FOR PEOPLE LIKE US, BEING *BAD* IS A *FULL-TIME* OCCUPATION, BABY. NO *SLEEP* FOR THE *WICKED*...
SSSHH
OW! MARY, STOP!
... BESIDES... *GOOD'S* NOT YOUR *COLOR*...
... *BLOOD* IS, BABY.
FWOOSH
NO... I'M NOT... NOT LIKE YOU... ROSEBUD...
... I'M A *HERO*... I'M...

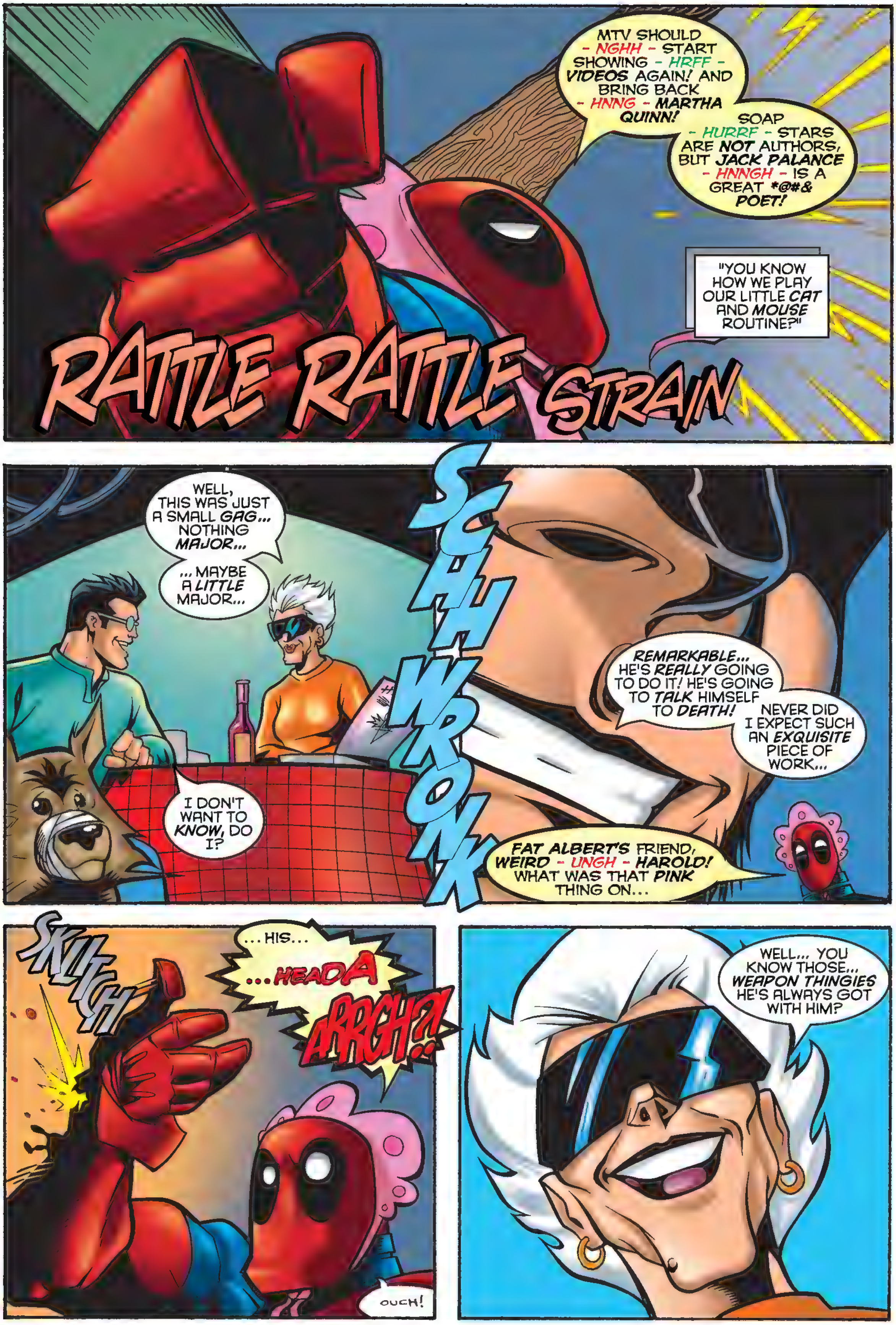

THEN AGAIN...
...I'VE ALWAYS DEPENDED ON THE *KINDNESS* OF *STRANGULATION.*
LET'S *MURDER* SOMETHIN'.
NO!
baby
UM...
...DID SOMEONE FORGET TO FLIP OFF THE *DREAM SEQUENCE* SWITCH?
DEADPOOL
DEADPOOL
NO, Mr. DEADPOOL, YOU ARE VERY MUCH *AWAKE...* ALL TOO *VULNERABLE...*

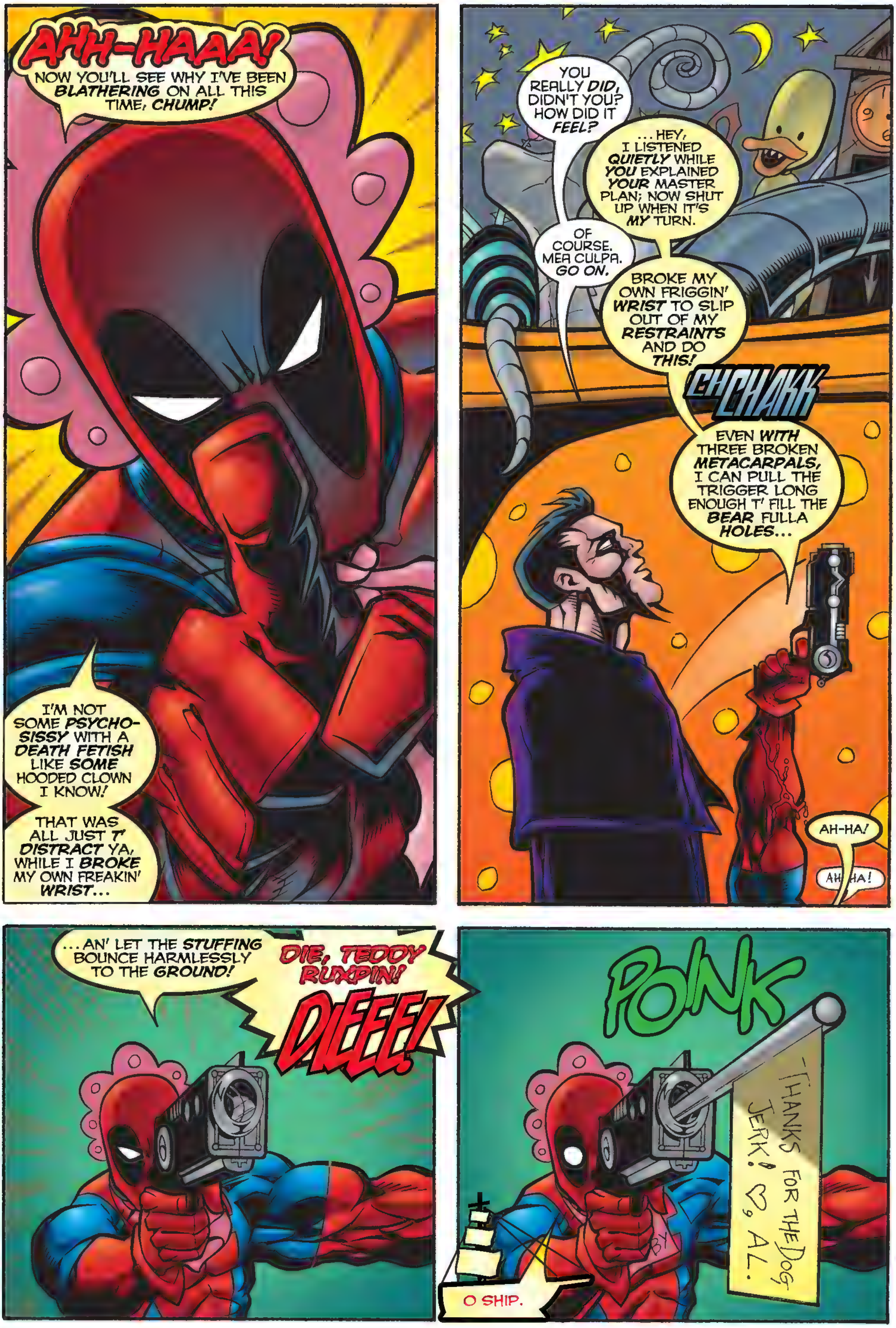

... AND LOCKED IN THE CLUTCHES OF ...
DEATHTRAP!
FF
PLAY
STOP
VOLUME
Miss Megaphone
ETCETERAS. INSERT MANIACAL LAUGHTER HERE.
NORMALLY I'D GIVE YOU THE WHOLE STURM UND DRANG --
-- BUT I'D RATHER CUT TO THE GOOD PART, SINCE YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY A PLAYER.
PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.
MAN... EVEN SUPER-VILLAINS BLOW ME OFF NOW... WHATTA GYP.
AM I WEARING A BONNET?
Oh, COME NOW, DON'T GET SNITTY, DEADPOOL. YOU'RE JUST DISAPPOINTED THAT THERE'S NO DAMSEL TO SAVE --
THERE ISN'T? YOU MEAN I WASN'T SOME CHOSEN SAVIOR, AND YOU'RE NOT AN EVIL MINION TRYING TO KEEP ME FROM MY QUEST?
BY THE WAY, THIS AIN'T A BIB, IS IT? IT'S A TIE, RIGHT?
WHEN I CHOSE YOU, I HAD NO IDEA JUST HOW CORRUPTED YOUR MIND WAS. YOUR LAST MOMENTS SHOULD BE RATHER PIQUANT.

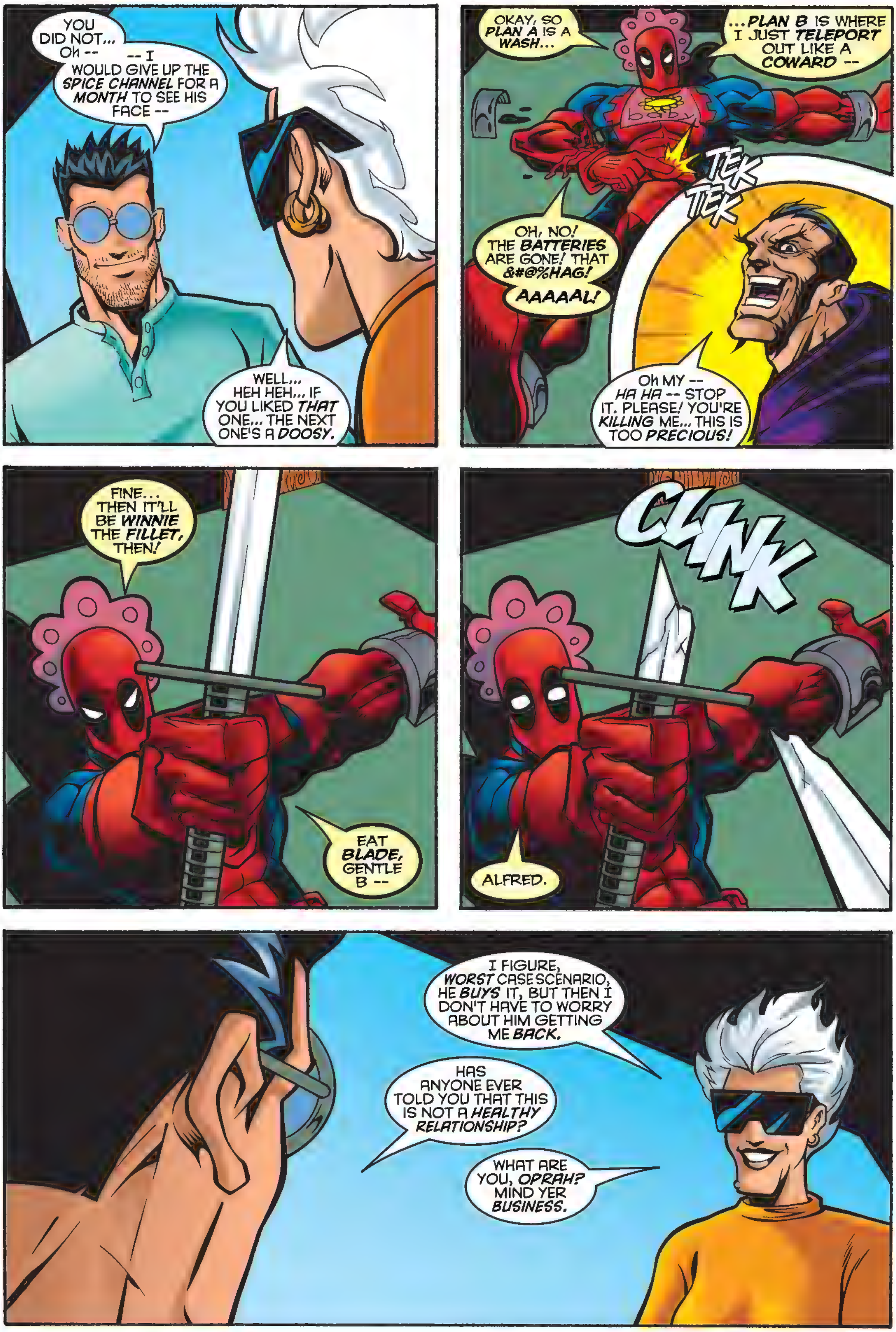

"LAST MOMENTS." RIGHT. CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MANY TIMES I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE... ALMOST AS OFTEN AS "ITCHING IS PART OF THE FUN..."
...WHAT'S YOUR GRIPE WITH ME, ANYWAY? I WHACK YOUR DOG OR SOMETHING?
OH, AND WHY AM I DRESSED LIKE A CUPIE DOLL?
I HARBOR NO UMBRAGE AGAINST YOU AT ALL, BUT BUSINESS HAS BEEN SLOW LATELY, SO I THOUGHT I'D TEST SOME NEW EQUIPMENT.
UPON VIEWING YOUR PERFORMANCE AT THE HELLHOUSE, I CHOSE YOU TO ASSIST ME BECAUSE YOU ARE, IN SHORT AN ARTISTE, WHO SPECIALIZES IN PAIN.
I RESPECT THAT. YOUR EXPERIENCE WILL PROVE INVALUABLE.
I'LL ADDRESS YOUR WARDROBE SHORTLY.
IF YOU ENJOYED THE LITTLE NUMBER AT THE HELLHOUSE, YOU'LL LOVE THE PIECE I'M PLANNING FOR YOU...
...IT'S CALLED "EAT YOUR OWN DUODENUM." VERY CHI-CHI.
SO, WHAT'RE YOU, SOME KINDA SOUPED-UP HITTER? HOW COME I'VE NEVER HEARD OF YOU BEFORE?
QUITE SIMPLY, BECAUSE I WORK IN SOCIAL CIRCLES YOUR BARGAIN-BASEMENT MIND CANNOT EVEN BEGIN TO FATHOM.
I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR NEARLY THREE THOUSAND PREMATURE LIQUIDATIONS, VERSED IN ALL FORMS OF TORTURE, AND HOLD THREE DOCTORATES FROM OXFORD.
WELL, I GOTTA SENTINELS OF JUSTICE DECODER RING... WHUPTIE-DO.
I DISCOVERED THAT KILLING WITH THE USUAL IMPLEMENTS WAS... BORING. THERE WAS NO ART IN IT.
GIVE ME TWO MINUTES ALONE WITH YOU AND AN EPILADY, AND I'LL SHOW YOU THE MONA FREAKIN' LISA.
IT BECAME MY MISSION TO ELEVATE DEATH INTO AN ART FORM.
ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE...
PLAY
IF YOU HAVE A RAFI TAPE IN THERE, SOMEONES GONNA BLEED.

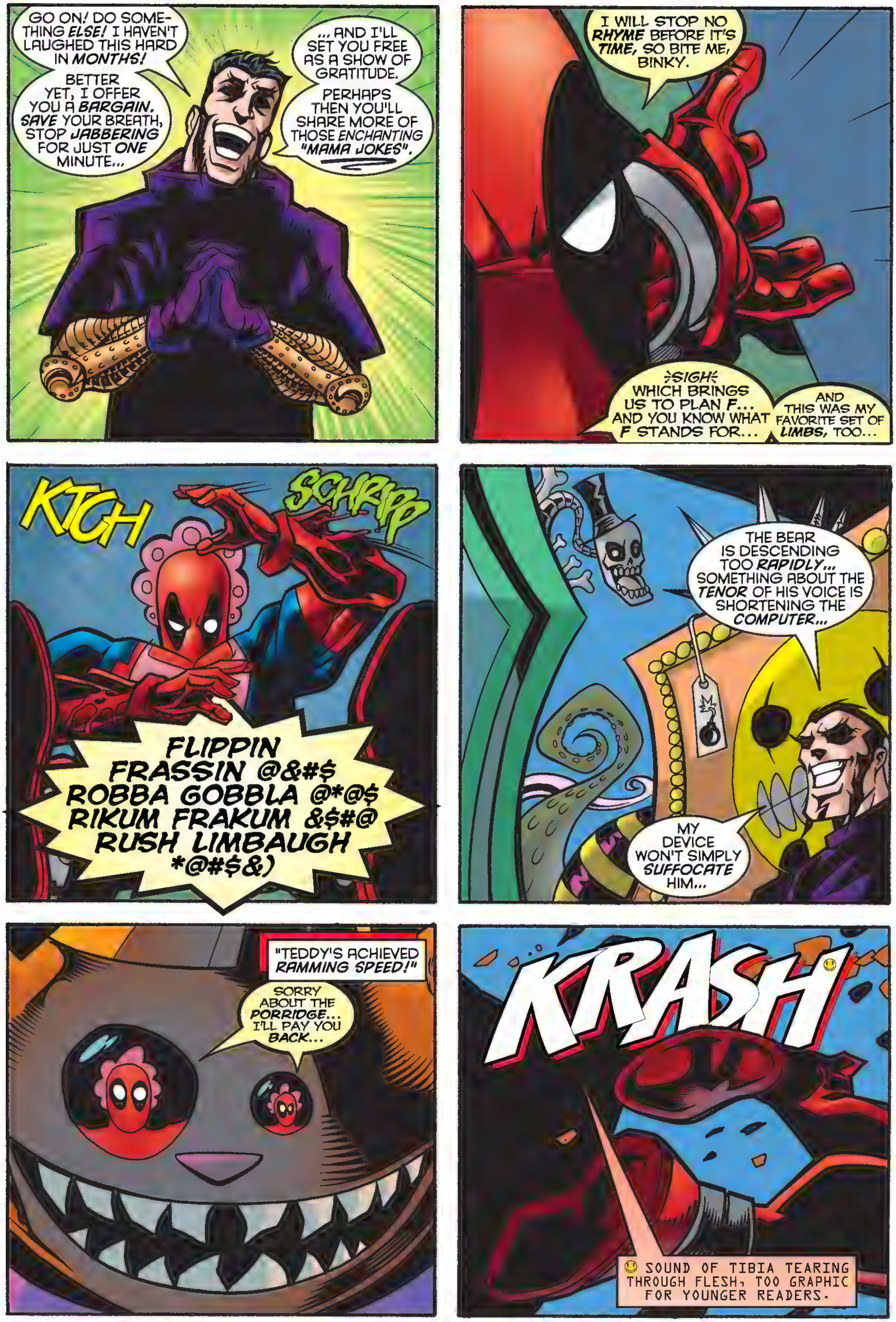

ORIGINALLY, I WAS GOING TO RUN YOU THROUGH A *GAUNTLET* THE *MARQUIS DE SADE* WOULD ENVY --
-- THE GOAL BEING TO "*SAVE THE PRINCESS*" IN ORDER TO PLAY OUT YOUR *HERO COMPLEX...*
... BUT YOU'VE *INSPIRED* ME TO NEW HEIGHTS...
I'M GONNA *INSPIRE* YOU A NEW *PIE HOLE* IN ABOUT TEN SEC--
WRONNK
"... I REALIZED THAT IT WOULD BE A *GREATER* CHALLENGE USING YOUR INHERENT *PROCLIVITIES* AGAINST YOU.
"I CHOSE A *PRE-SCHOOLER MOTIF* TO MIRROR YOUR *UNDEVELOPED* PSYCHE...
"... AND PLACED THE VERY *KEY* TO YOUR SURVIVAL IN THE PALM OF YOUR *HAND...*
IT'LL LOOK GREAT THERE... RIGHT NEXT TO YOUR *HEART* --
SSSSSK
"... OR RATHER YOUR OWN *MOUTH.* THE BEAR WILL *STAY* AS IT IS *INDEFINITELY...*
"... BUT EVERY TIME YOU *SPEAK,* IT WILL *DESCEND...* ONE GRAVID *FOOT* AT A TIME..."
... UNTIL YOU ARE FINALLY *SILENCED* AS THREE TONS OF *WINSOME PLAYTHING* SUFFOCATE YOU.
I TAKE IT YOU GRASP THE CONCEPT OF *IRONY...* DON'T YOU?
I DIDN'T TAKE MY *VITAMINS* TODAY... I'M A LITTLE LOW ON *IRON.*

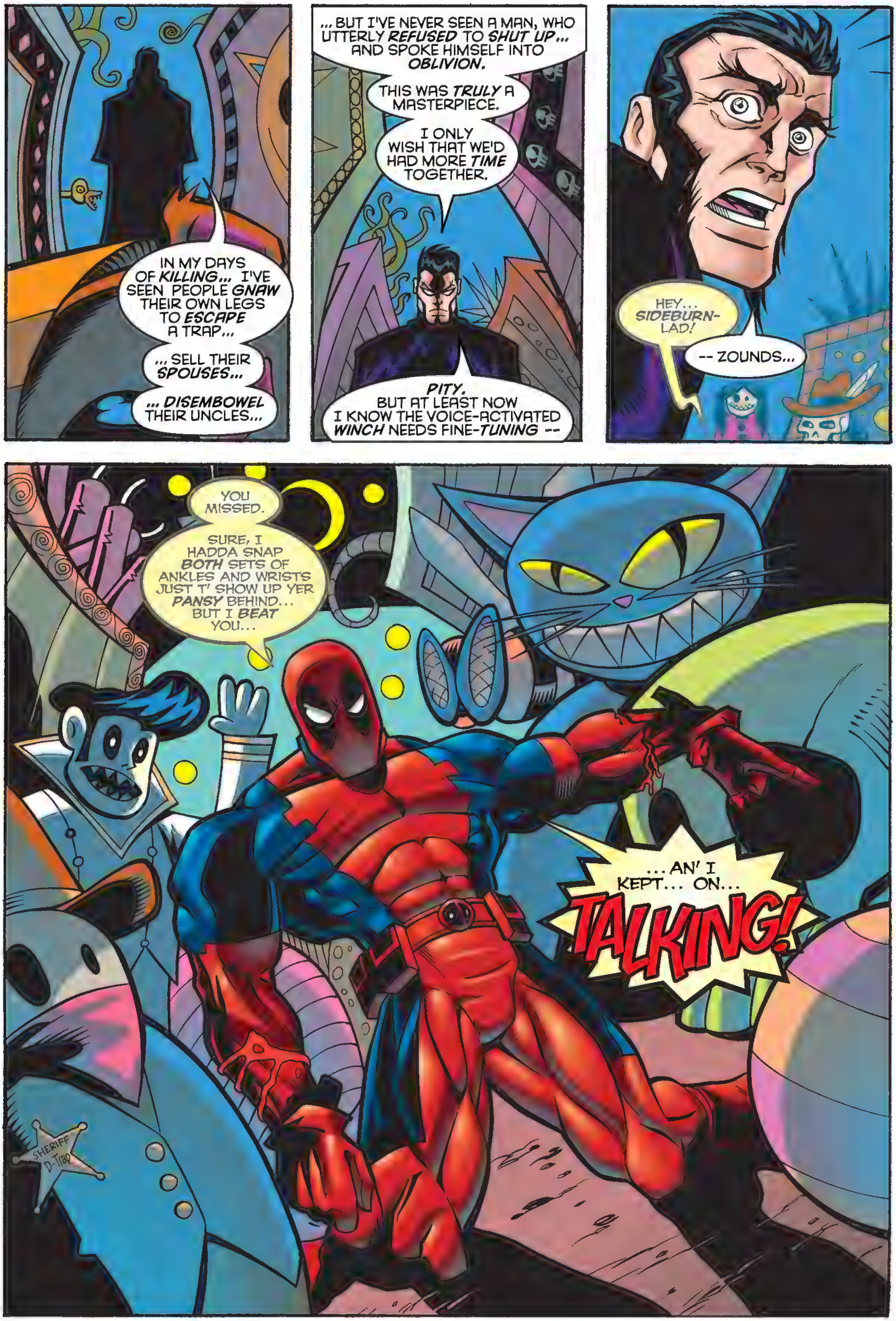

WRONNK
UH... JUST HOW LONG IS THIS SUPPOSED T' TAKE, *CHIEF?*
I'M GONNA DIE OF *OLD AGE* HERE BEFORE I GET *SMOOSHED* TO DEATH...
...IF YOU PERFORM AS *EXPECTED...* ABOUT *TWENTY MINUTES.* GIVE OR TAKE THE OCCASIONAL *PLEA* TO A HIGHER POWER.
TWENTY MINUTES, HUH? GEE... SOMEHOW, I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT MY *LAST MOMENTS* WOULD ONLY TAKE A *COUPLE OF SECONDS...*
FASCINATING. EVEN THOUGH YOU WILL SURELY *DIE,* YOU *CONTINUE* TO BLATHER ON.
ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM A DELUSION OF *INDESTRUCTIBILITY,* OR ARE YOU TRULY JUST A *CRETIN?*
I'M A LITTLE BIT *COUNTRY,* AND A LITTLE BIT *WEST COAST RAP...* TWO GREAT *TASTES,* YADDA YADDA...
...FACT IS, I AIN'T *SHUTTIN' UP* FER *NO ONE!* SO IF THIS *IS* HOW I'M GONNA GO OUT, I'M GONNA SAY EVERYTHING I *NEVER* GOT TO SAY...
...YO MAMA SO *FAT,* SHE SAT ON A *DOLLAR BILL* AND *FOUR QUARTERS* CAME OUT!
BEEN SAVING THAT ONE SINCE *FIFTH GRADE...*
...I DIDN'T *CARE* WHO SHOT J.R.! I *KNOW* WHERE THE *BEEF* IS! *I* PUT THE *BOMP* IN THE BOMP-DA-BOMP-DA-BOMP!
QUARTERS... Heh.
WRONNK
WHAT'S THE POINT OF A *BIDET?* I MEAN, IF ONE CAN MASTER THE *INTRICACIES* OF *TOILET PAPER,* ONE SHOULDN'T MESS WITH *INDOOR PLUMBING!*
BUT WAIT! THERE'S %@$* *MORE!*

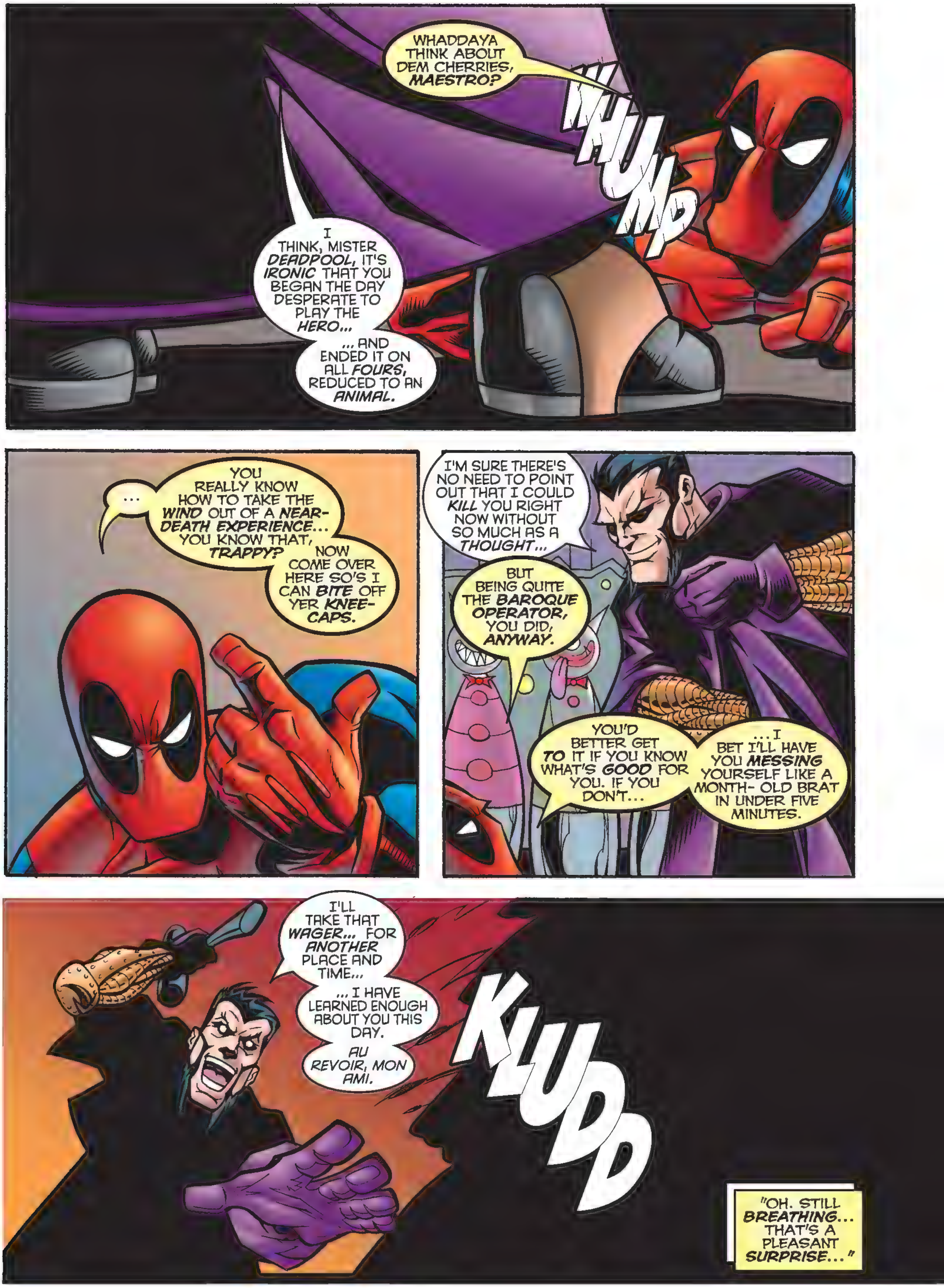

MTV SHOULD - NGHH - START SHOWING - HRFF - VIDEOS AGAIN! AND BRING BACK - HNNG - MARTHA QUINN!
SOAP - HURRF - STARS ARE NOT AUTHORS, BUT JACK PALANCE - HNNGH - IS A GREAT *@#& POET!
"YOU KNOW HOW WE PLAY OUR LITTLE CAT AND MOUSE ROUTINE?"
RATTLE RATTLE STRAIN
WELL, THIS WAS JUST A SMALL GAG... NOTHING MAJOR...
...MAYBE A LITTLE MAJOR...
I DON'T WANT TO KNOW, DO I?
SCHHWRONK
REMARKABLE... HE'S REALLY GOING TO DO IT! HE'S GOING TO TALK HIMSELF TO DEATH!
NEVER DID I EXPECT SUCH AN EXQUISITE PIECE OF WORK...
FAT ALBERT'S FRIEND, WEIRD - UNGH - HAROLD! WHAT WAS THAT PINK THING ON...
SKLITCH
...HIS...
...HEADA
ARRGH?!
OUCH!
WELL... YOU KNOW THOSE... WEAPON THINGIES HE'S ALWAYS GOT WITH HIM?

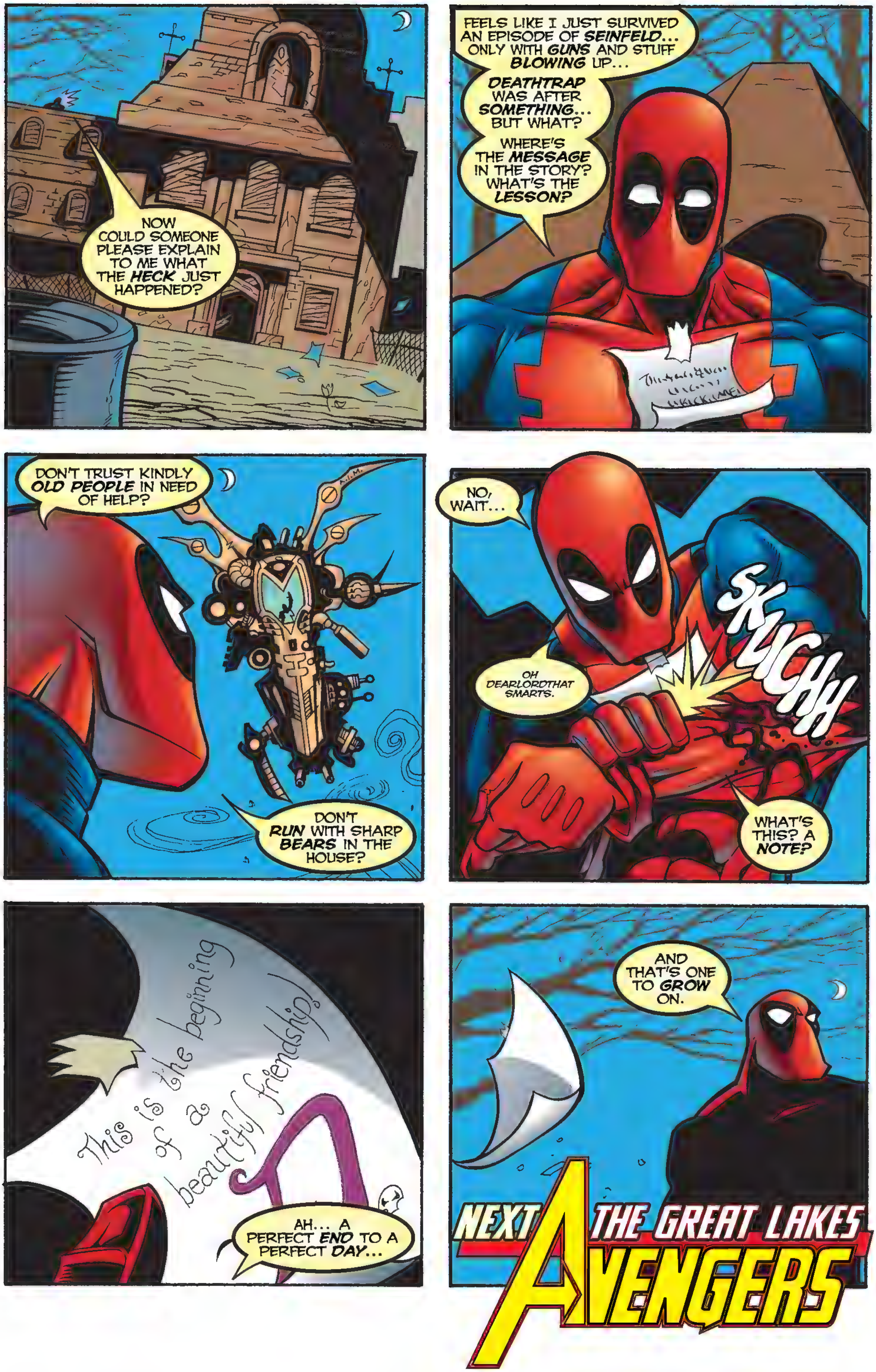

AHH-HAAA!
NOW YOU'LL SEE WHY I'VE BEEN BLATHERING ON ALL THIS TIME, CHUMP!
I'M NOT SOME PSYCHO-SISSY WITH A DEATH FETISH LIKE SOME HOODED CLOWN I KNOW!
THAT WAS ALL JUST T' DISTRACT YA, WHILE I BROKE MY OWN FREAKIN' WRIST...
YOU REALLY DID, DIDN'T YOU? HOW DID IT FEEL?
...HEY, I LISTENED QUIETLY WHILE YOU EXPLAINED YOUR MASTER PLAN; NOW SHUT UP WHEN IT'S MY TURN.
OF COURSE. MEA CULPA. GO ON.
BROKE MY OWN FRIGGIN' WRIST TO SLIP OUT OF MY RESTRAINTS AND DO THIS!
CHCHAKK
EVEN WITH THREE BROKEN METACARPALS, I CAN PULL THE TRIGGER LONG ENOUGH T' FILL THE BEAR FULLA HOLES...
AH-HA!
AH-HA!
...AN' LET THE STUFFING BOUNCE HARMLESSLY TO THE GROUND!
DIE, TEDDY RUXPIN! DIEEE!
PONK
THANKS FOR THE DOG, JERK! ♡, AL.
O SHIP.

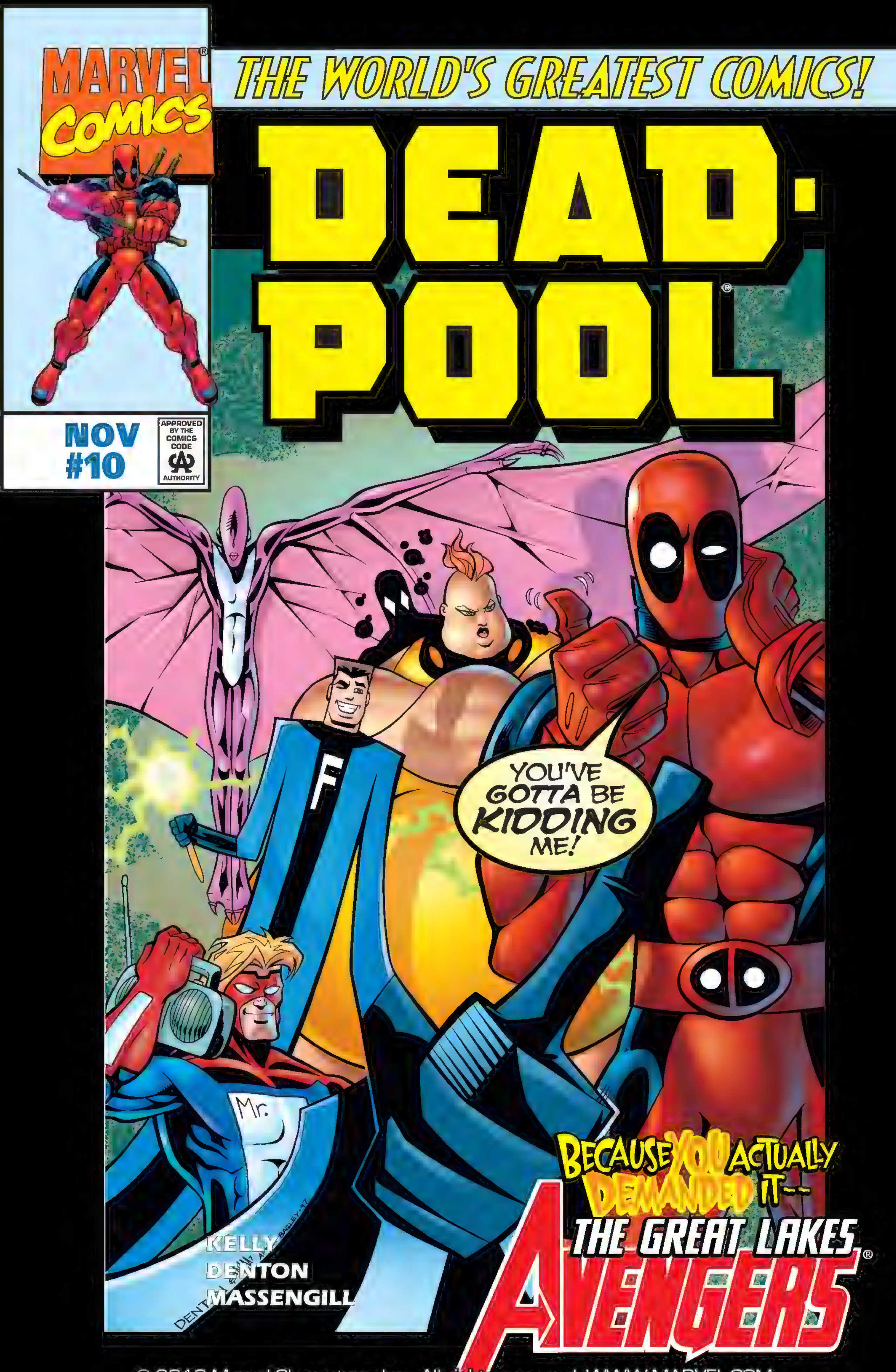

YOU DID NOT... Oh --
-- I WOULD GIVE UP THE *SPICE CHANNEL* FOR A *MONTH* TO SEE HIS FACE --
WELL... HEH HEH... IF YOU LIKED *THAT* ONE... THE NEXT ONE'S A *DOOSY.*
OKAY, SO *PLAN A* IS A *WASH...*
...*PLAN B* IS WHERE I JUST *TELEPORT* OUT LIKE A *COWARD* --
baby
TEK TEK
OH, NO! THE *BATTERIES* ARE GONE! THAT *&#@%HAG!*
AAAAAL!
Oh MY -- *HA HA* -- STOP IT. PLEASE! YOU'RE *KILLING* ME... THIS IS TOO *PRECIOUS!*
FINE... THEN IT'LL BE *WINNIE* THE *FILLET,* THEN!
EAT *BLADE,* GENTLE B --
CLINK
ALFRED.
I FIGURE, *WORST* CASE SCENARIO, HE *BUYS* IT, BUT THEN I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM GETTING ME *BACK.*
HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU THAT THIS IS NOT A *HEALTHY RELATIONSHIP?*
WHAT ARE YOU, *OPRAH?* MIND YER *BUSINESS.*


GO ON! DO SOMETHING *ELSE!* I HAVEN'T LAUGHED THIS HARD IN *MONTHS!*
BETTER YET, I OFFER YOU A *BARGAIN.* *SAVE* YOUR BREATH, STOP *JABBERING* FOR JUST *ONE* MINUTE...
...AND I'LL SET YOU FREE AS A SHOW OF GRATITUDE.
PERHAPS THEN YOU'LL SHARE MORE OF THOSE *ENCHANTING* *"MAMA JOKES".*
I WILL STOP NO *RHYME* BEFORE IT'S *TIME,* SO BITE ME, BINKY.
SIGH WHICH BRINGS US TO PLAN *F*... AND YOU KNOW WHAT *F* STANDS FOR...
AND THIS WAS MY FAVORITE SET OF *LIMBS,* TOO...
KTCH
SCHRIPP
FLIPPIN FRASSIN @&#$ ROBBA GOBBLA @*@$ RIKUM FRAKUM &$#@ RUSH LIMBAUGH *@#$&)
THE BEAR IS DESCENDING TOO *RAPIDLY...* SOMETHING ABOUT THE *TENOR* OF HIS VOICE IS SHORTENING THE *COMPUTER...*
MY DEVICE WON'T SIMPLY *SUFFOCATE* HIM...
"TEDDY'S ACHIEVED *RAMMING SPEED!"*
SORRY ABOUT THE *PORRIDGE...* I'LL PAY YOU *BACK...*
KRASH
☺ SOUND OF TIBIA TEARING THROUGH FLESH, TOO GRAPHIC FOR YOUNGER READERS.


IN MY DAYS OF *KILLING...* I'VE SEEN PEOPLE *GNAW* THEIR OWN LEGS TO *ESCAPE* A TRAP...
... SELL THEIR *SPOUSES...*
... *DISEMBOWEL* THEIR UNCLES...
... BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN A MAN, WHO UTTERLY *REFUSED* TO *SHUT UP...* AND SPOKE HIMSELF INTO *OBLIVION.*
THIS WAS *TRULY* A MASTERPIECE.
I ONLY WISH THAT WE'D HAD MORE *TIME* TOGETHER.
PITY. BUT AT LEAST NOW I KNOW THE VOICE-ACTIVATED *WINCH* NEEDS FINE-*TUNING* --
HEY... *SIDEBURN*-LAD!
-- ZOUNDS...
YOU MISSED.
SURE, I HADDA SNAP *BOTH* SETS OF ANKLES AND WRISTS JUST T' SHOW UP YER *PANSY* BEHIND... BUT I *BEAT* YOU...
... AN' I KEPT... ON... TALKING!
SHERIFF D-Trap


WHADDAYA THINK ABOUT DEM CHERRIES, *MAESTRO?*
WHUMP
I THINK, MISTER *DEADPOOL,* IT'S *IRONIC* THAT YOU BEGAN THE DAY DESPERATE TO PLAY THE *HERO...*
...AND ENDED IT ON ALL *FOURS,* REDUCED TO AN *ANIMAL.*
...
YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO TAKE THE *WIND* OUT OF A *NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCE...* YOU KNOW THAT, *TRAPPY?*
NOW COME OVER HERE SO'S I CAN *BITE* OFF YER *KNEE-CAPS.*
I'M SURE THERE'S NO NEED TO POINT OUT THAT I COULD *KILL* YOU RIGHT NOW WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A *THOUGHT...*
BUT BEING QUITE THE *BAROQUE OPERATOR,* YOU DID, *ANYWAY.*
YOU'D BETTER GET *TO* IT IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S *GOOD* FOR YOU. IF YOU DON'T...
...I BET I'LL HAVE YOU *MESSING* YOURSELF LIKE A MONTH- OLD BRAT IN UNDER FIVE MINUTES.
I'LL TAKE THAT *WAGER...* FOR *ANOTHER* PLACE AND TIME...
...I HAVE LEARNED ENOUGH ABOUT YOU THIS DAY.
AU REVOIR, MON AMI.
KLUDD
"OH. STILL *BREATHING...* THAT'S A PLEASANT *SURPRISE...*"


NOW COULD SOMEONE PLEASE EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT THE **HECK** JUST HAPPENED?
FEELS LIKE I JUST SURVIVED AN EPISODE OF **SEINFELD...** ONLY WITH **GUNS** AND STUFF **BLOWING** UP...
DEATHTRAP WAS AFTER **SOMETHING...** BUT WHAT?
WHERE'S THE **MESSAGE** IN THE STORY? WHAT'S THE **LESSON?**
DON'T TRUST KINDLY **OLD PEOPLE** IN NEED OF HELP?
A.I.M.
DON'T **RUN** WITH SHARP **BEARS** IN THE HOUSE?
NO, WAIT...
SKUCHH
OH DEARLORDTHAT SMARTS.
WHAT'S THIS? A **NOTE?**
This is the beginning of a beautiful friendship!
D
AH... A PERFECT **END** TO A PERFECT **DAY...**
AND THAT'S ONE TO **GROW** ON.
NEXT: THE GREAT LAKES AVENGERS!


MARVEL COMICS
THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!
DEAD-POOL
NOV
#10
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
F
YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!
Mr.
BECAUSE YOU ACTUALLY DEMANDED IT--
THE GREAT LAKES AVENGERS
KELLY
DENTON
MASSENGILL

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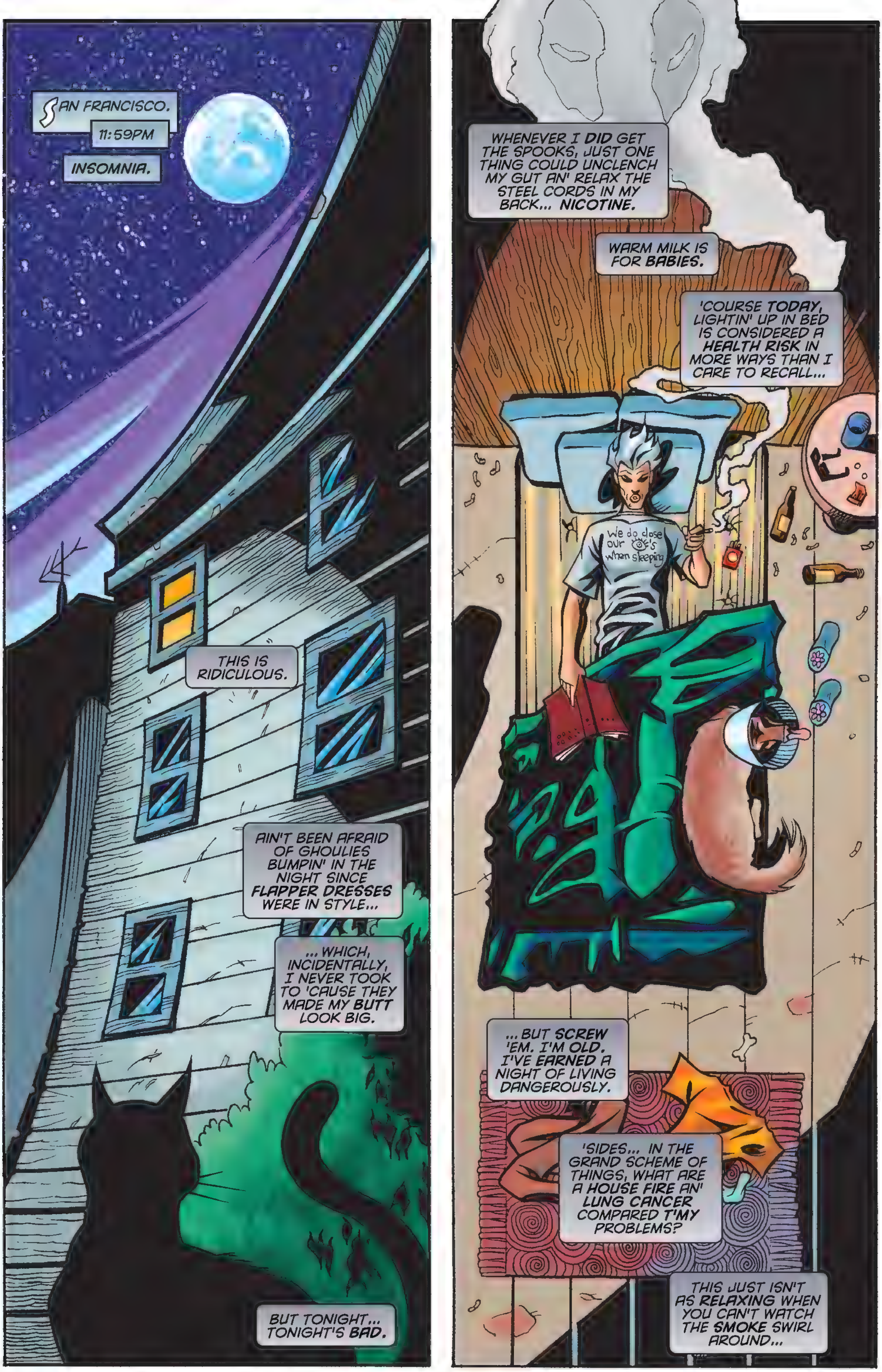
SAN FRANCISCO.
11:59PM
INSOMNIA.
THIS IS RIDICULOUS.
AIN'T BEEN AFRAID OF GHOULIES BUMPIN' IN THE NIGHT SINCE FLAPPER DRESSES WERE IN STYLE...
...WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, I NEVER TOOK TO 'CAUSE THEY MADE MY BUTT LOOK BIG.
BUT TONIGHT... TONIGHT'S BAD.
WHENEVER I DID GET THE SPOOKS, JUST ONE THING COULD UNCLENCH MY GUT AN' RELAX THE STEEL CORDS IN MY BACK... NICOTINE.
WARM MILK IS FOR BABIES.
'COURSE TODAY, LIGHTIN' UP IN BED IS CONSIDERED A HEALTH RISK IN MORE WAYS THAN I CARE TO RECALL...
We do close our 👁's when sleeping
...BUT SCREW 'EM. I'M OLD. I'VE EARNED A NIGHT OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY.
'SIDES... IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF THINGS, WHAT ARE A HOUSE FIRE AN' LUNG CANCER COMPARED T'MY PROBLEMS?
THIS JUST ISN'T AS RELAXING WHEN YOU CAN'T WATCH THE SMOKE SWIRL AROUND...

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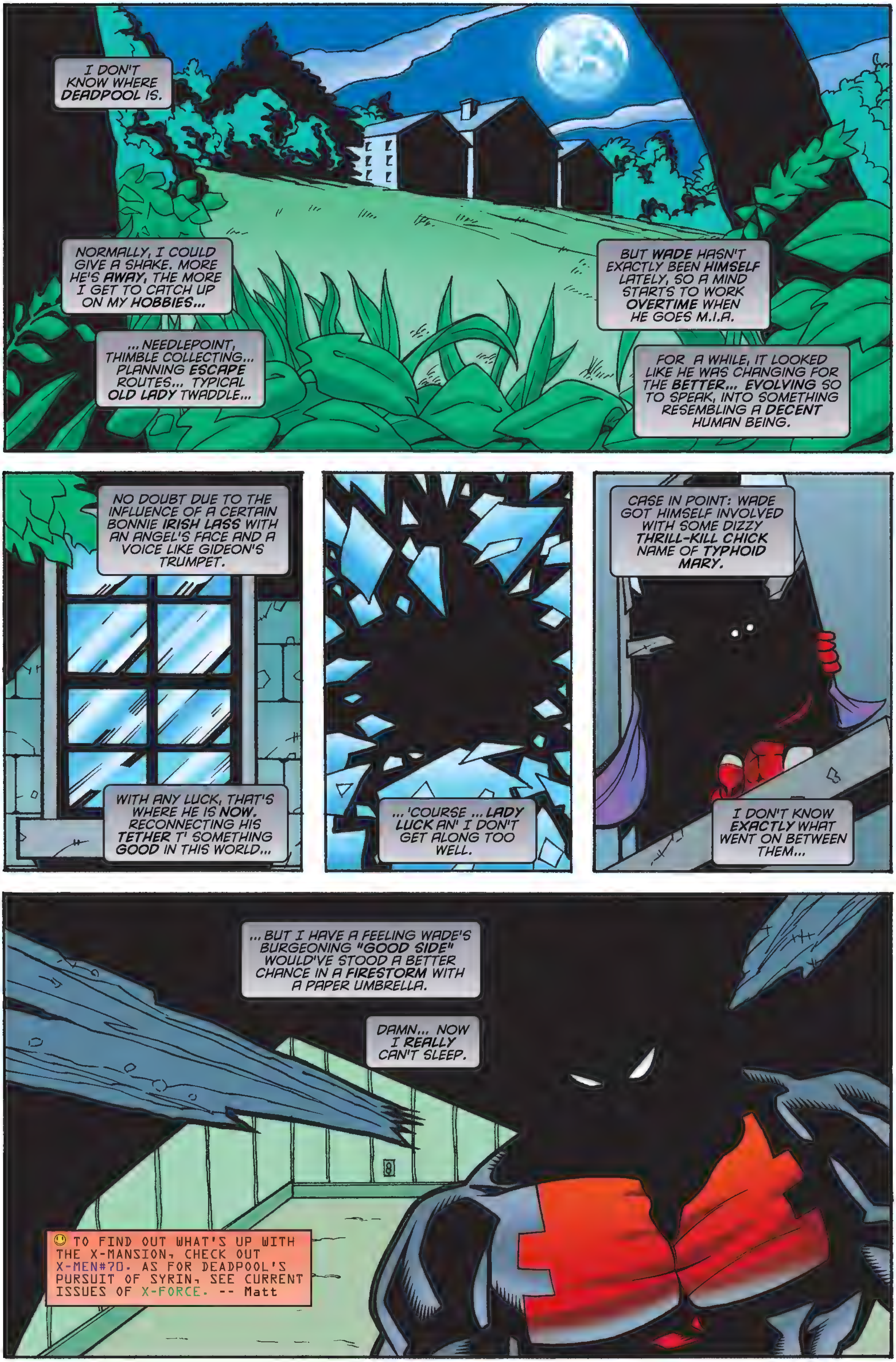
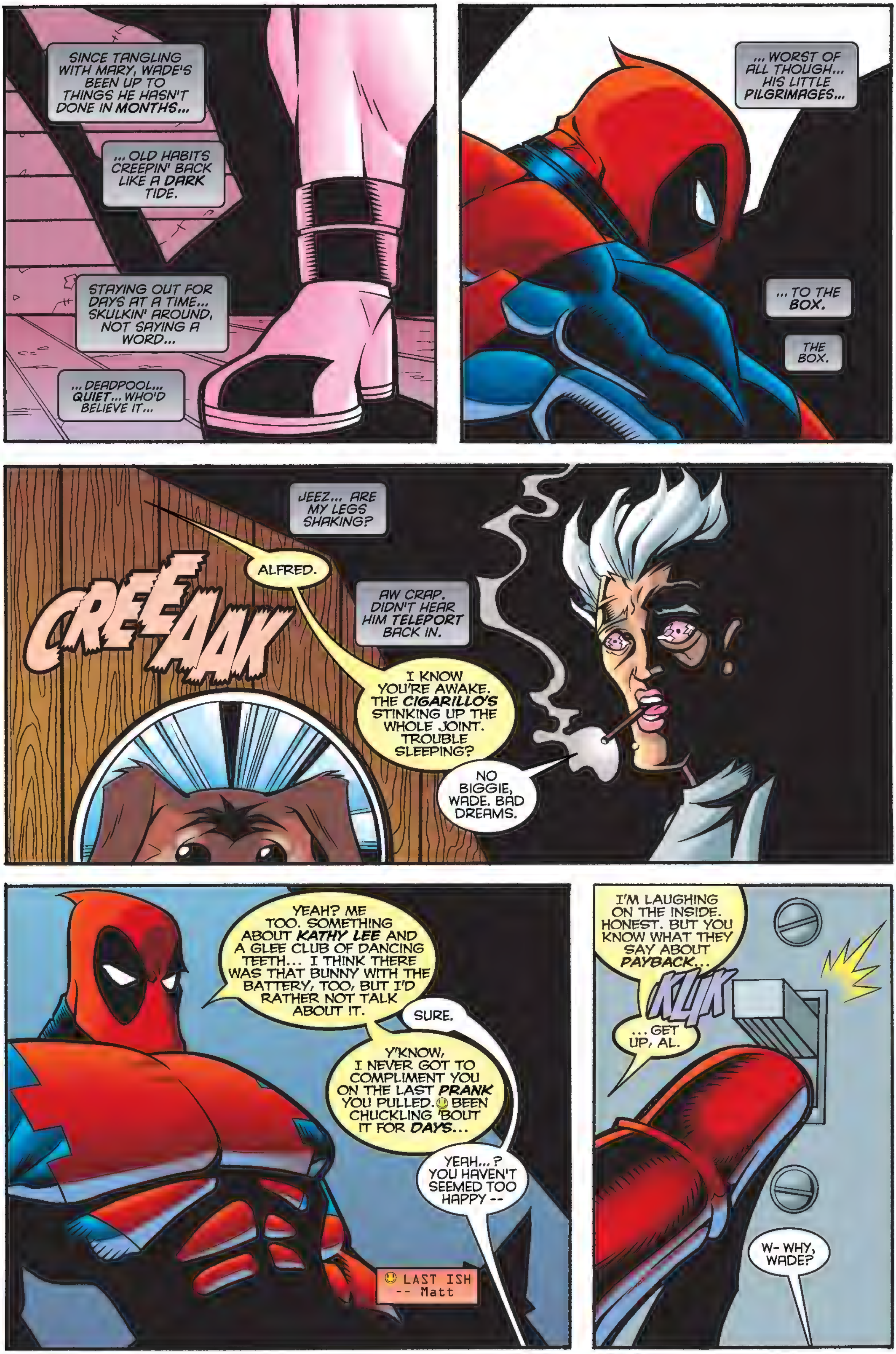
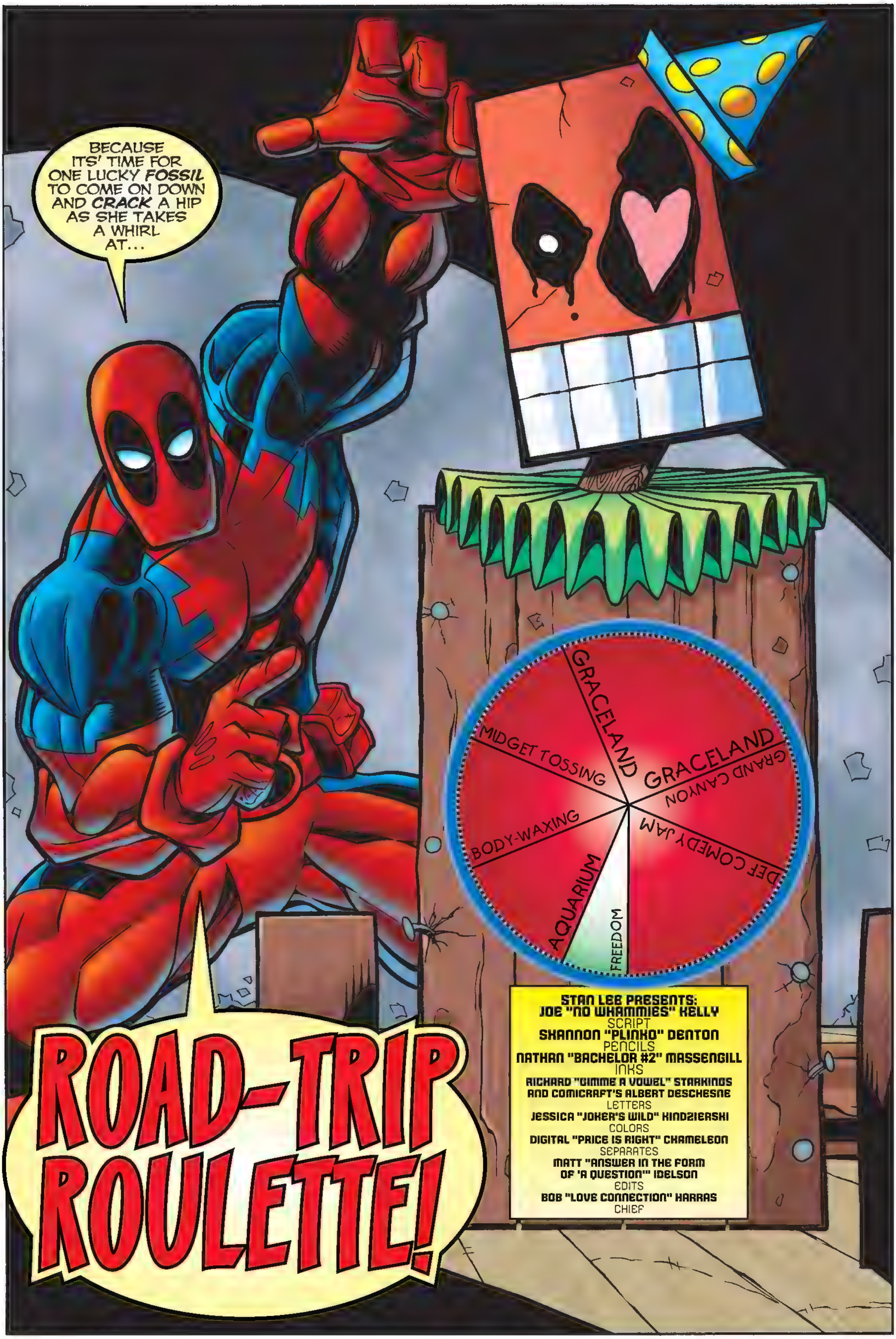
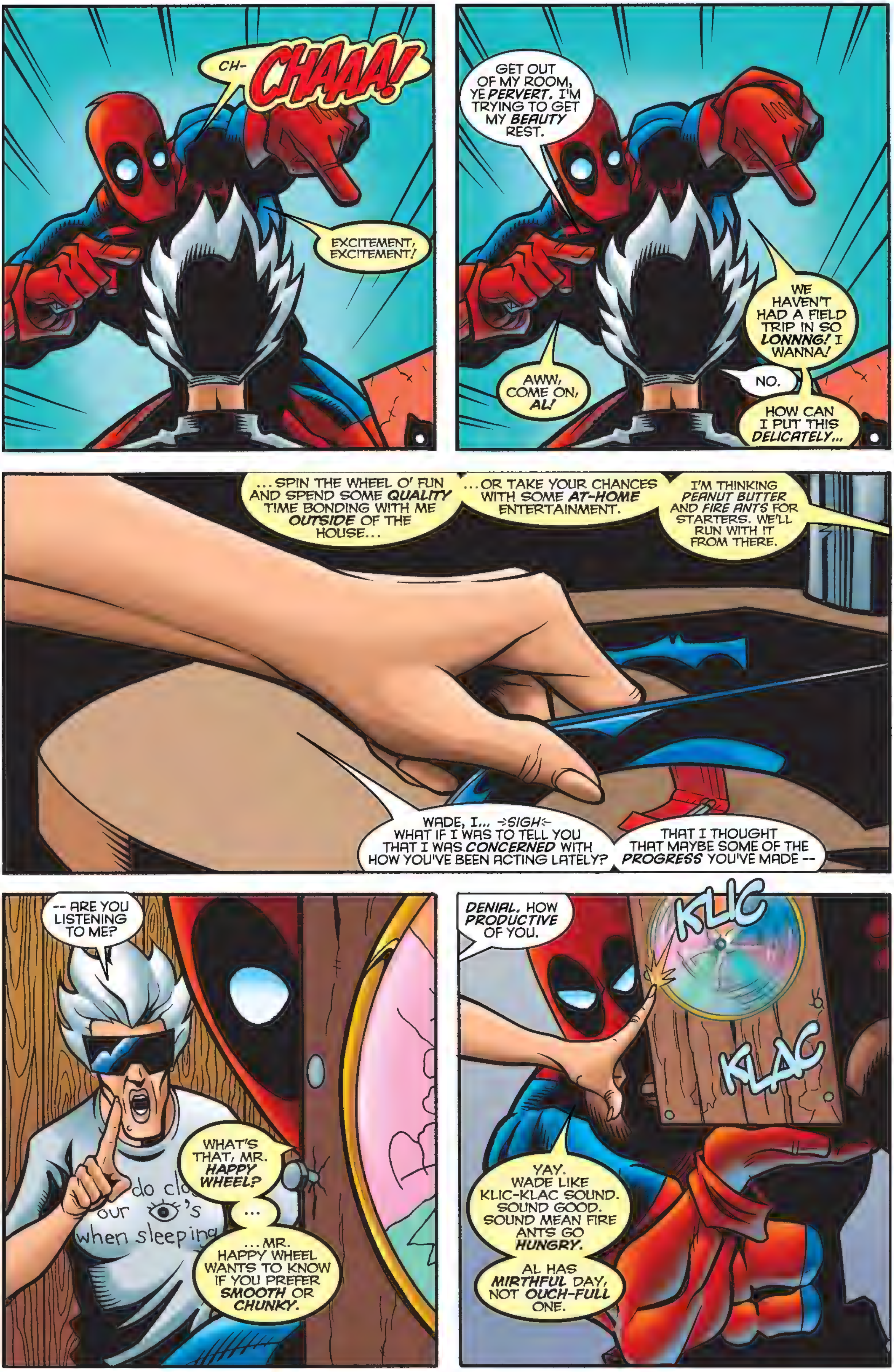
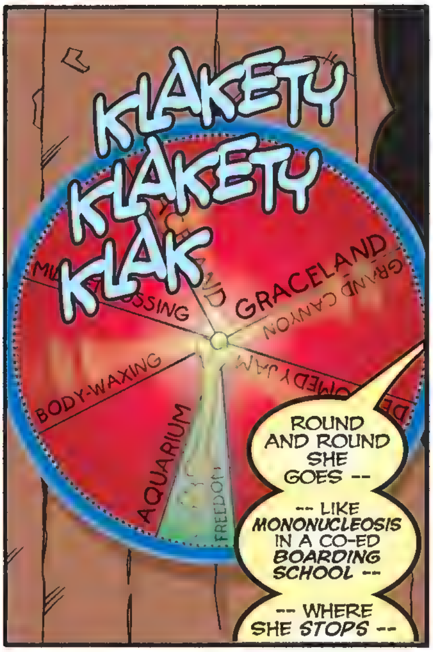
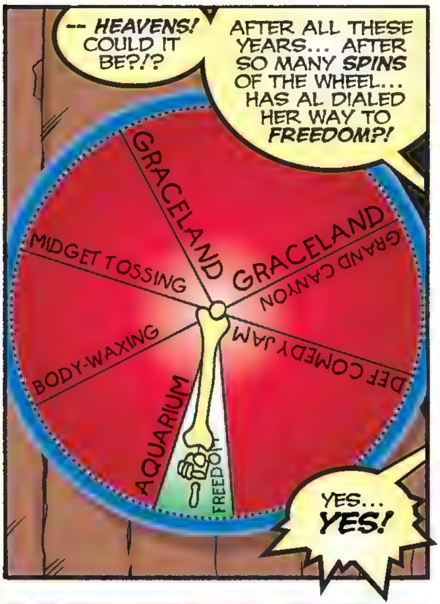

I DON'T KNOW WHERE DEADPOOL IS.
NORMALLY, I COULD GIVE A SHAKE. MORE HE'S AWAY, THE MORE I GET TO CATCH UP ON MY HOBBIES...
...NEEDLEPOINT, THIMBLE COLLECTING... PLANNING ESCAPE ROUTES... TYPICAL OLD LADY TWADDLE...
BUT WADE HASN'T EXACTLY BEEN HIMSELF LATELY, SO A MIND STARTS TO WORK OVERTIME WHEN HE GOES M.I.A.
FOR A WHILE, IT LOOKED LIKE HE WAS CHANGING FOR THE BETTER... EVOLVING SO TO SPEAK, INTO SOMETHING RESEMBLING A DECENT HUMAN BEING.
NO DOUBT DUE TO THE INFLUENCE OF A CERTAIN BONNIE IRISH LASS WITH AN ANGEL'S FACE AND A VOICE LIKE GIDEON'S TRUMPET.
WITH ANY LUCK, THAT'S WHERE HE IS NOW, RECONNECTING HIS TETHER T' SOMETHING GOOD IN THIS WORLD...
...'COURSE ...LADY LUCK AN' I DON'T GET ALONG TOO WELL.
CASE IN POINT: WADE GOT HIMSELF INVOLVED WITH SOME DIZZY THRILL-KILL CHICK NAME OF TYPHOID MARY.
I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WENT ON BETWEEN THEM...
...BUT I HAVE A FEELING WADE'S BURGEONING "GOOD SIDE" WOULD'VE STOOD A BETTER CHANCE IN A FIRESTORM WITH A PAPER UMBRELLA.
DAMN... NOW I REALLY CAN'T SLEEP.
☺ TO FIND OUT WHAT'S UP WITH THE X-MANSION, CHECK OUT X-MEN #70. AS FOR DEADPOOL'S PURSUIT OF SYRIN, SEE CURRENT ISSUES OF X-FORCE. -- Matt

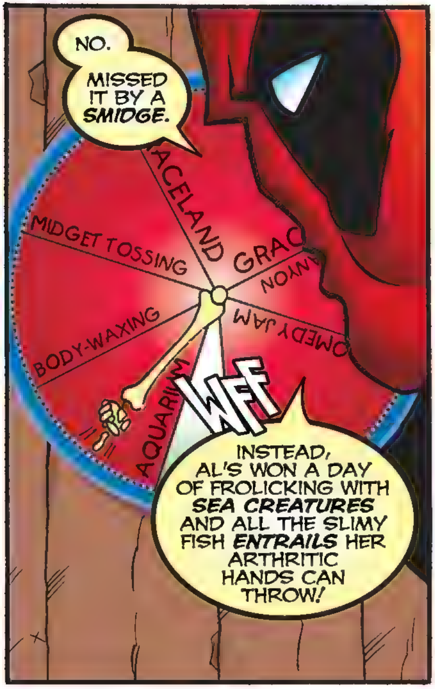

SINCE TANGLING WITH MARY, WADE'S BEEN UP TO THINGS HE HASN'T DONE IN **MONTHS...**
...OLD HABITS CREEPIN' BACK LIKE A **DARK** TIDE.
STAYING OUT FOR DAYS AT A TIME... SKULKIN' AROUND, NOT SAYING A WORD...
...DEADPOOL... **QUIET**... WHO'D BELIEVE IT...
...WORST OF ALL THOUGH... HIS LITTLE **PILGRIMAGES...**
...TO THE **BOX.**
THE BOX.
JEEZ... ARE MY LEGS SHAKING?
CREEEAAK
ALFRED.
AW CRAP. DIDN'T HEAR HIM **TELEPORT** BACK IN.
I KNOW YOU'RE AWAKE. THE **CIGARILLO'S** STINKING UP THE WHOLE JOINT. TROUBLE SLEEPING?
NO BIGGIE, WADE. BAD DREAMS.
YEAH? ME TOO. SOMETHING ABOUT **KATHY LEE** AND A GLEE CLUB OF DANCING TEETH... I THINK THERE WAS THAT BUNNY WITH THE BATTERY, TOO, BUT I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT.
SURE.
Y'KNOW, I NEVER GOT TO COMPLIMENT YOU ON THE LAST **PRANK** YOU PULLED.☺ BEEN CHUCKLING 'BOUT IT FOR **DAYS...**
YEAH...? YOU HAVEN'T SEEMED TOO HAPPY --
☺ LAST ISH -- Matt
I'M LAUGHING ON THE INSIDE. HONEST. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT **PAYBACK...**
KLIK
...GET UP, AL.
W- WHY, WADE?

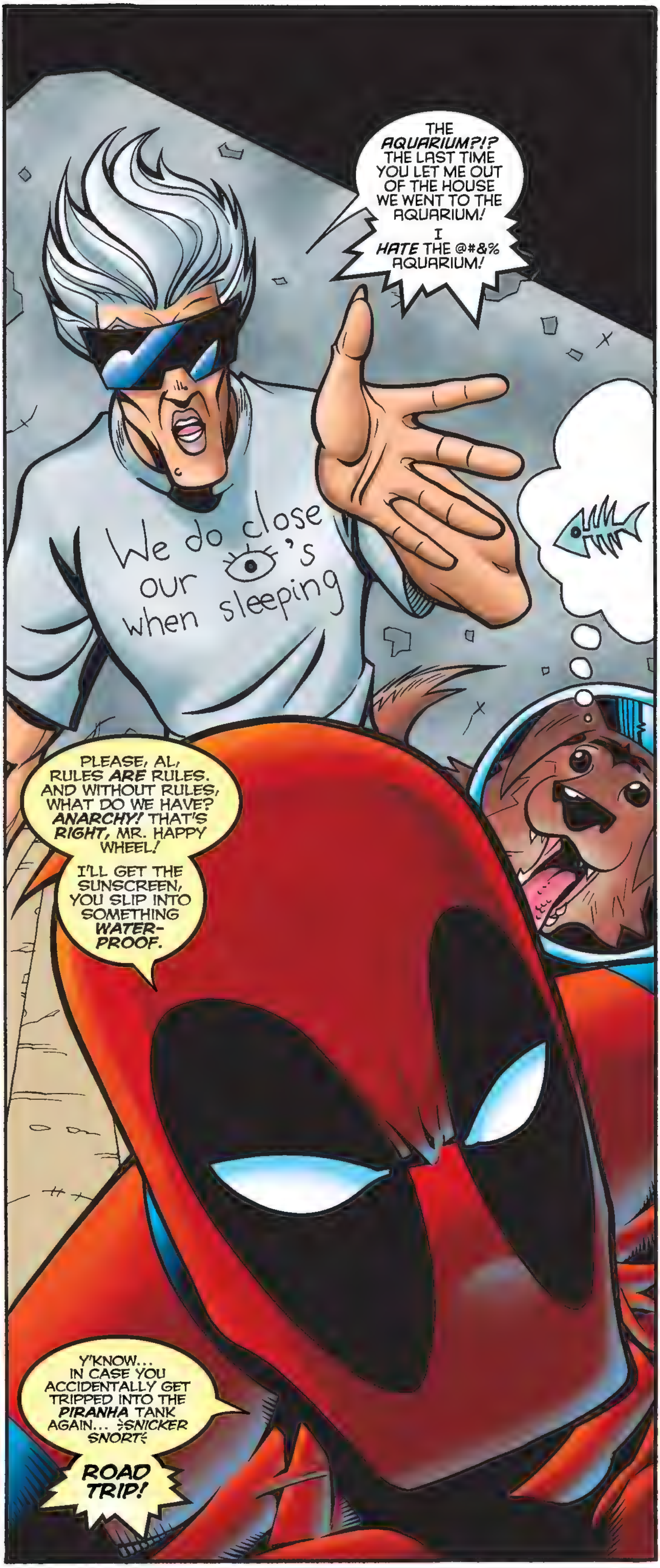

BECAUSE ITS' TIME FOR ONE LUCKY *FOSSIL* TO COME ON DOWN AND *CRACK* A HIP AS SHE TAKES A WHIRL AT...
GRACELAND
GRACELAND
GRAND CANYON
DEF COMEDY JAM
FREEDOM
AQUARIUM
BODY-WAXING
MIDGET TOSSING
ROAD-TRIP ROULETTE!
STAN LEE PRESENTS:
JOE "NO WHAMMIES" KELLY
SCRIPT
SHANNON "PLINKO" DENTON
PENCILS
NATHAN "BACHELOR #2" MASSENGILL
INKS
RICHARD "GIMME A VOWEL" STARKINGS
AND COMICRAFT'S ALBERT DESCHESNE
LETTERS
JESSICA "JOKER'S WILD" KINDZIERSKI
COLORS
DIGITAL "PRICE IS RIGHT" CHAMELEON
SEPARATES
MATT "ANSWER IN THE FORM OF 'A QUESTION'" IDELSON
EDITS
BOB "LOVE CONNECTION" HARRAS
CHIEF

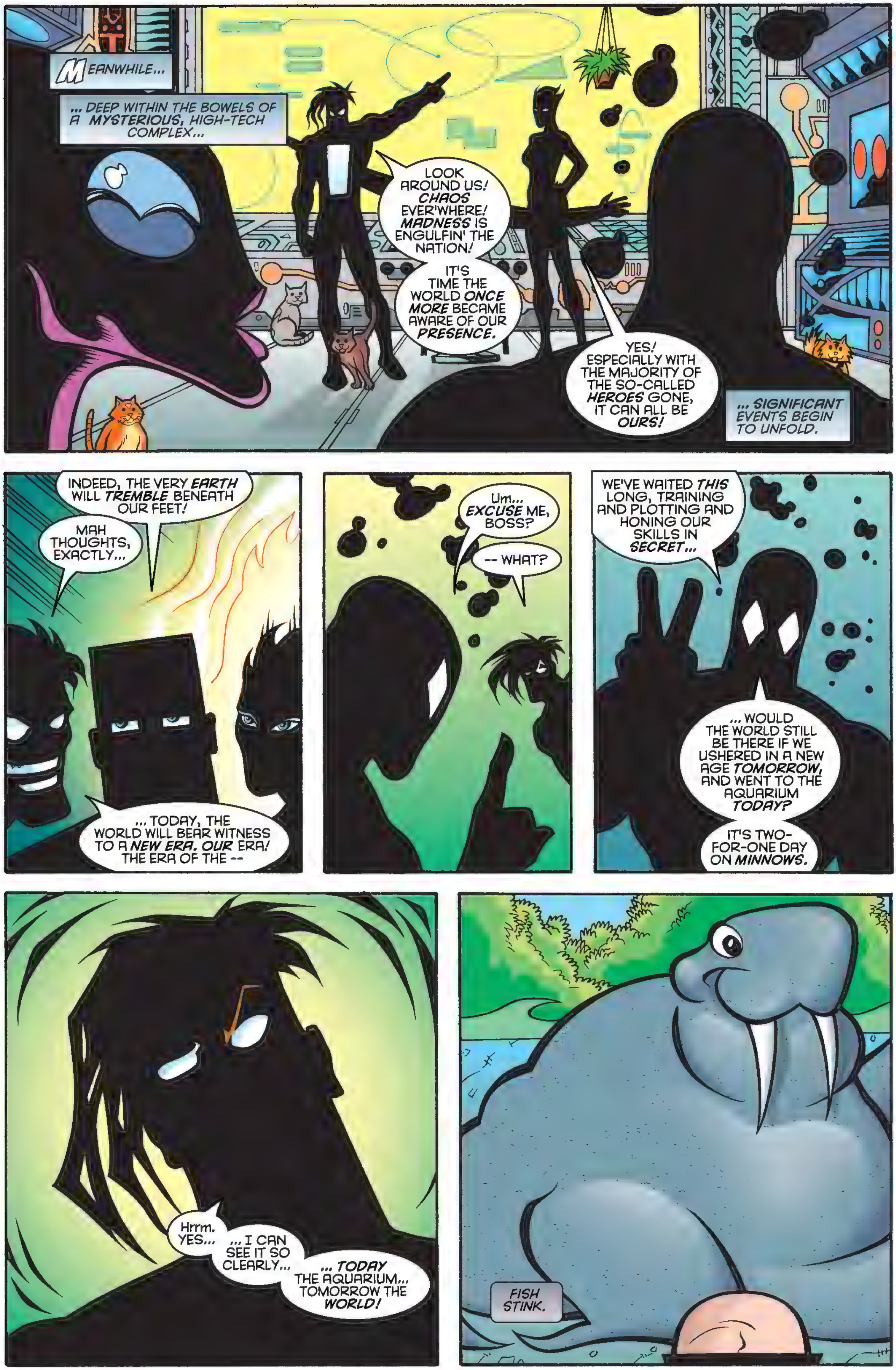

CH-CHAAAA!
EXCITEMENT, EXCITEMENT!
GET OUT OF MY ROOM, YE *PERVERT.* I'M TRYING TO GET MY *BEAUTY* REST.
AWW, COME ON, *AL!*
WE HAVEN'T HAD A FIELD TRIP IN SO *LONNNG!* I WANNA!
NO.
HOW CAN I PUT THIS *DELICATELY...*
...SPIN THE WHEEL O' FUN AND SPEND SOME *QUALITY* TIME BONDING WITH ME *OUTSIDE* OF THE HOUSE...
...OR TAKE YOUR CHANCES WITH SOME *AT-HOME* ENTERTAINMENT.
I'M THINKING *PEANUT BUTTER* AND *FIRE ANTS* FOR STARTERS. WE'LL RUN WITH IT FROM THERE.
WADE, I... ->SIGH<- WHAT IF I WAS TO TELL YOU THAT I WAS *CONCERNED* WITH HOW YOU'VE BEEN ACTING LATELY?
THAT I THOUGHT THAT MAYBE SOME OF THE *PROGRESS* YOU'VE MADE --
-- ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
do clo
our 's
when sleeping
WHAT'S THAT, MR. *HAPPY WHEEL?*
...
...MR. HAPPY WHEEL WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU PREFER *SMOOTH* OR *CHUNKY.*
DENIAL. HOW *PRODUCTIVE* OF YOU.
KLIC
KLAC
YAY. WADE LIKE KLIC-KLAC SOUND. SOUND GOOD. SOUND MEAN FIRE ANTS GO *HUNGRY.*
AL HAS *MIRTHFUL* DAY, NOT *OUCH-FULL* ONE.

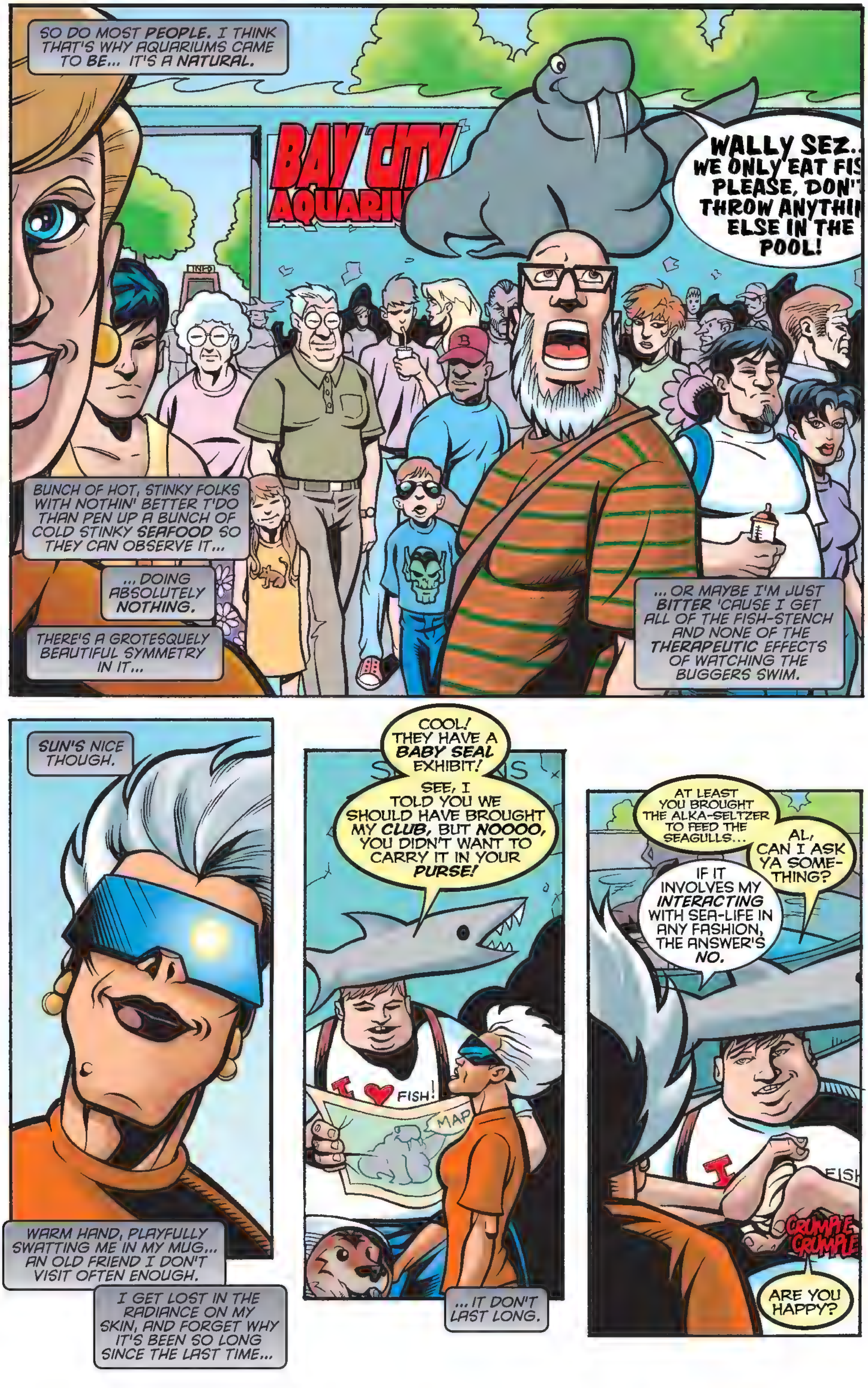

KLAKETY KLAKETY KLAK
GRACELAND
GRAND CANYON
DEF COMEDY JAM
BODY-WAXING
AQUARIUM
FREEDOM
ROUND AND ROUND SHE GOES --
-- LIKE *MONONUCLEOSIS* IN A CO-ED *BOARDING SCHOOL* --
-- WHERE SHE *STOPS* --

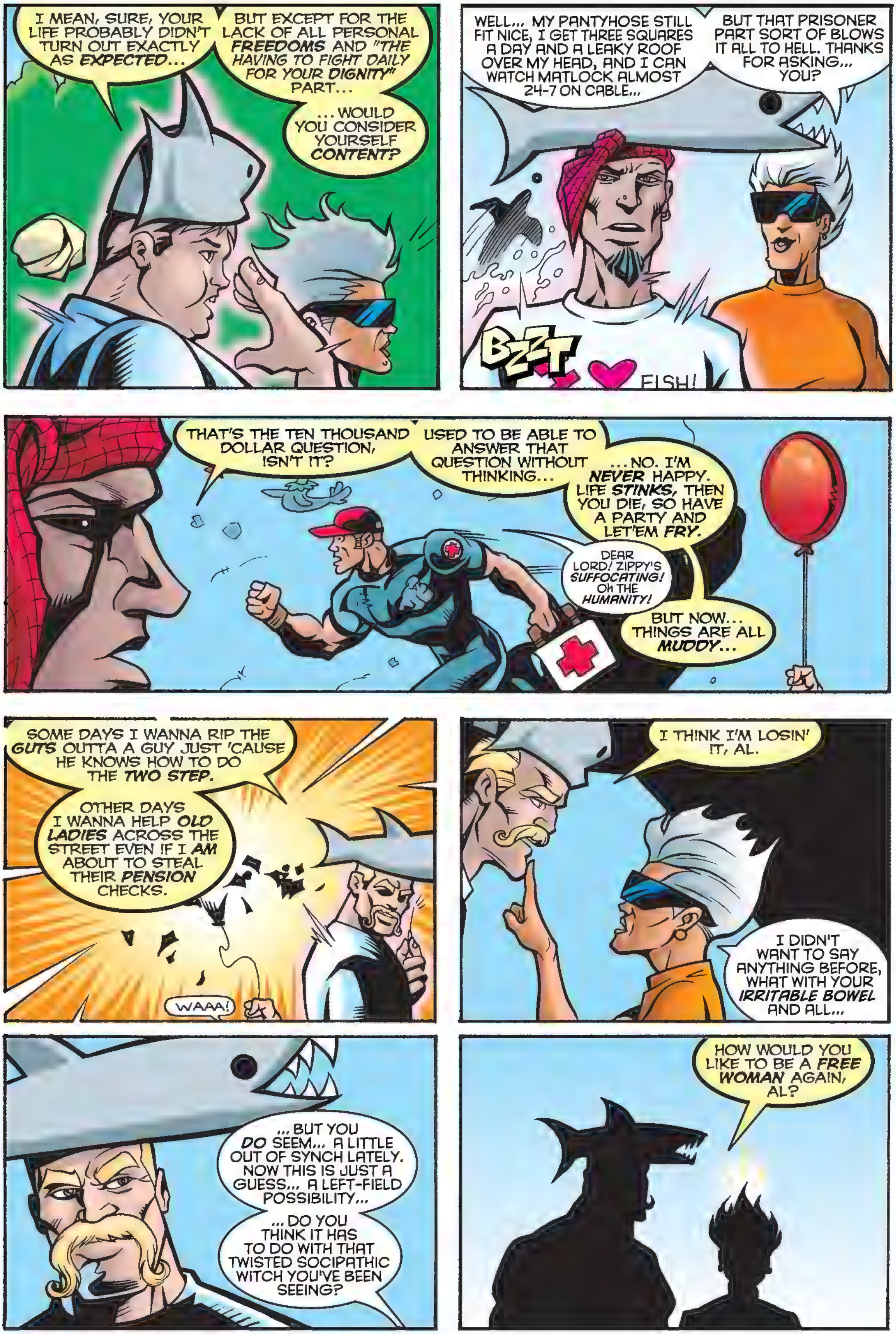

-- *HEAVENS!* COULD IT BE?!?
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... AFTER SO MANY *SPINS* OF THE WHEEL... HAS AL DIALED HER WAY TO *FREEDOM?!*
GRACELAND
MIDGET TOSSING
GRACELAND
GRAND CANYON
BODY-WAXING
DEF COMEDY JAM
AQUARIUM
FREEDOM
YES... *YES!*

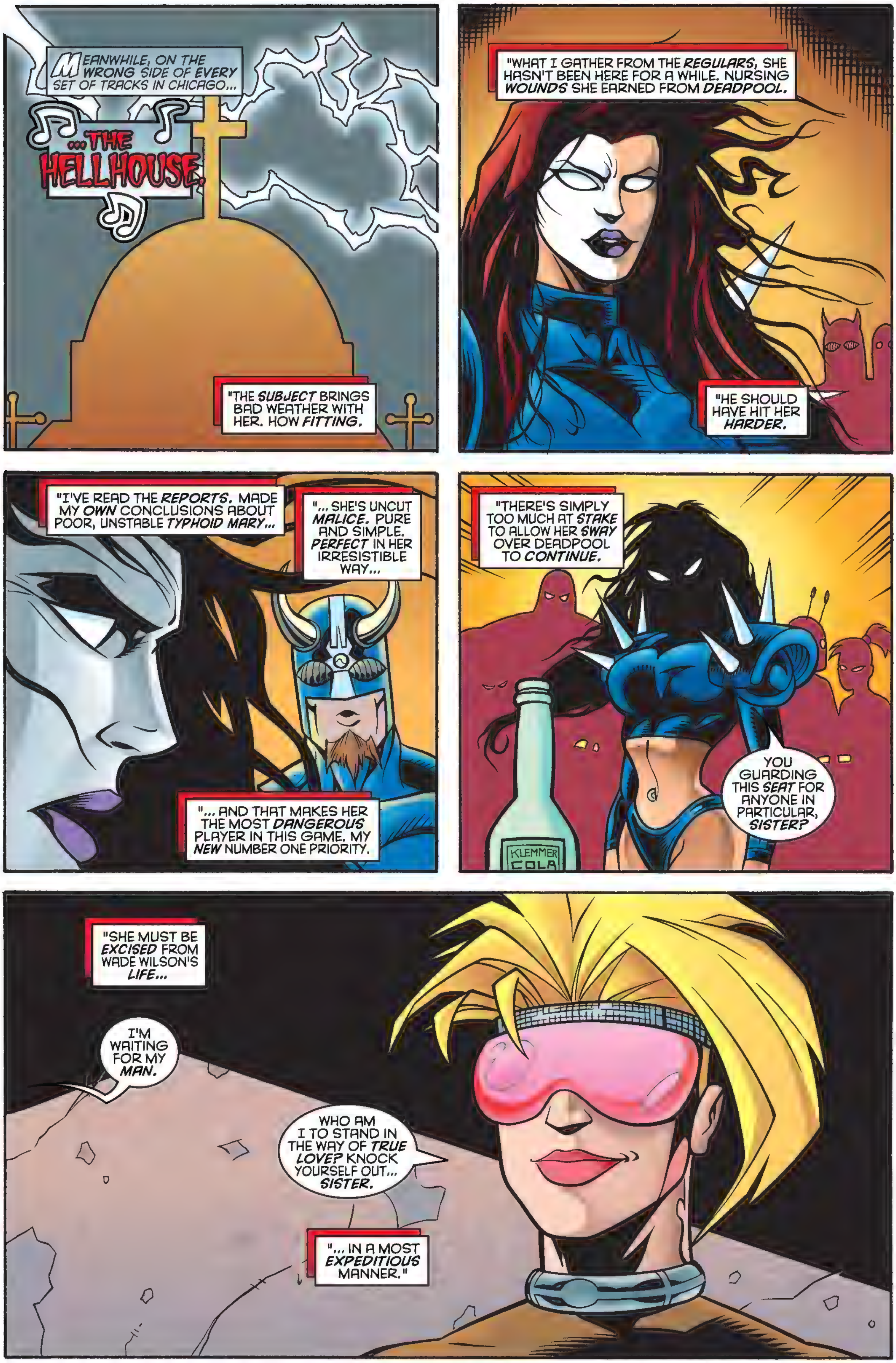

NO.
MISSED IT BY A *SMIDGE.*
MIDGET TOSSING
GRACELAND
BODY-WAXING
AQUARIUM
WFF
INSTEAD, AL'S WON A DAY OF FROLICKING WITH *SEA CREATURES* AND ALL THE SLIMY FISH *ENTRAILS* HER ARTHRITIC HANDS CAN THROW!

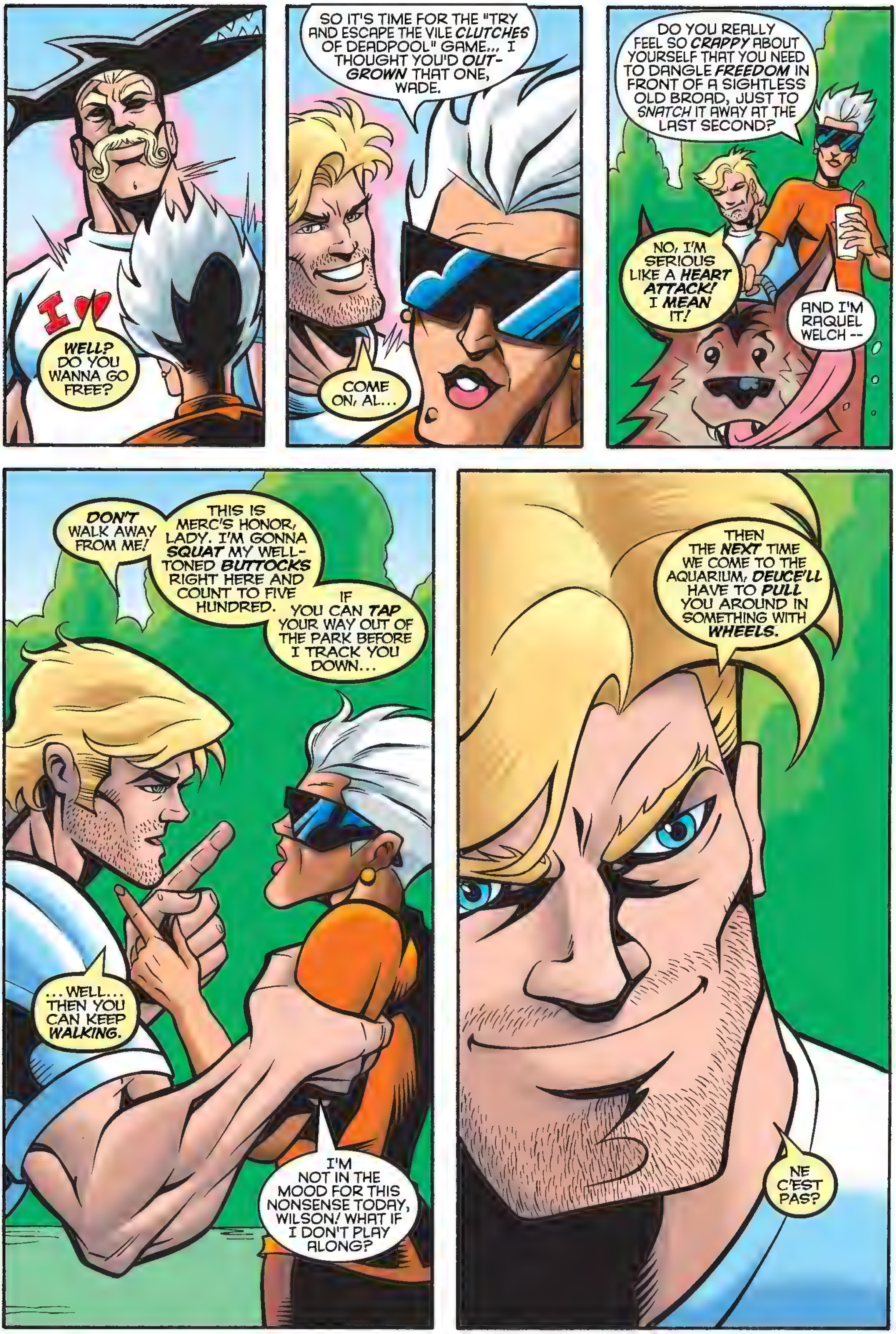

THE *AQUARIUM?!?* THE LAST TIME YOU LET ME OUT OF THE HOUSE WE WENT TO THE AQUARIUM! I *HATE* THE @#&% AQUARIUM!
We do close our 's when sleeping
PLEASE, AL, RULES *ARE* RULES. AND WITHOUT RULES, WHAT DO WE HAVE? *ANARCHY!* THAT'S *RIGHT,* MR. HAPPY WHEEL!
I'LL GET THE SUNSCREEN, YOU SLIP INTO SOMETHING *WATER-PROOF.*
Y'KNOW... IN CASE YOU ACCIDENTALLY GET TRIPPED INTO THE *PIRANHA* TANK AGAIN... ≷SNICKER SNORT≶
ROAD TRIP!

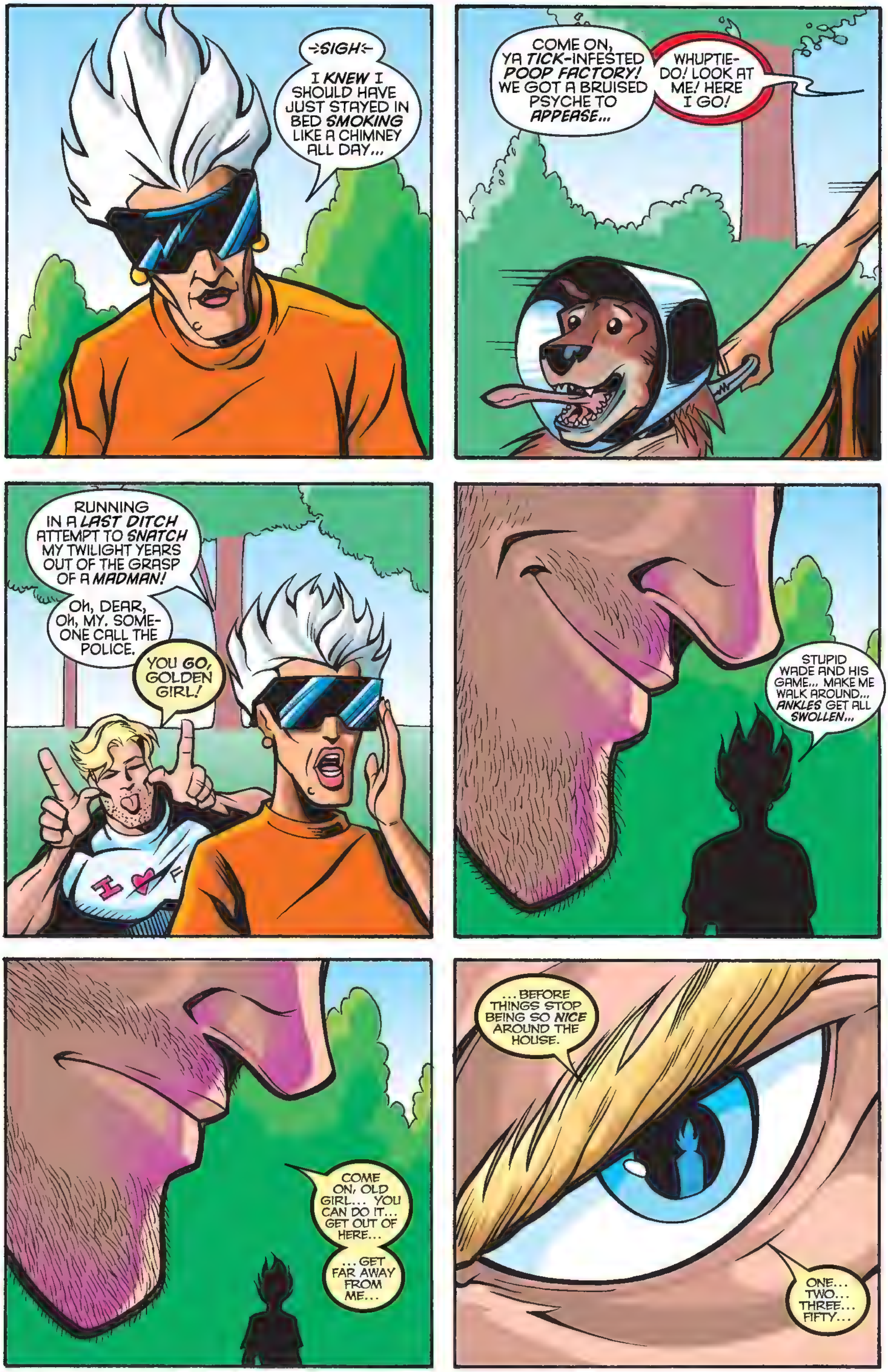

MEANWHILE...
... DEEP WITHIN THE BOWELS OF A MYSTERIOUS, HIGH-TECH COMPLEX...
LOOK AROUND US! CHAOS EVER'WHERE! MADNESS IS ENGULFIN' THE NATION!
IT'S TIME THE WORLD ONCE MORE BECAME AWARE OF OUR PRESENCE.
YES! ESPECIALLY WITH THE MAJORITY OF THE SO-CALLED HEROES GONE, IT CAN ALL BE OURS!
... SIGNIFICANT EVENTS BEGIN TO UNFOLD.
INDEED, THE VERY EARTH WILL TREMBLE BENEATH OUR FEET!
MAH THOUGHTS, EXACTLY...
... TODAY, THE WORLD WILL BEAR WITNESS TO A NEW ERA. OUR ERA! THE ERA OF THE --
Um... EXCUSE ME, BOSS?
-- WHAT?
WE'VE WAITED THIS LONG, TRAINING AND PLOTTING AND HONING OUR SKILLS IN SECRET...
... WOULD THE WORLD STILL BE THERE IF WE USHERED IN A NEW AGE TOMORROW, AND WENT TO THE AQUARIUM TODAY?
IT'S TWO-FOR-ONE DAY ON MINNOWS.
Hrrm. YES...
... I CAN SEE IT SO CLEARLY...
... TODAY THE AQUARIUM... TOMORROW THE WORLD!
FISH STINK.

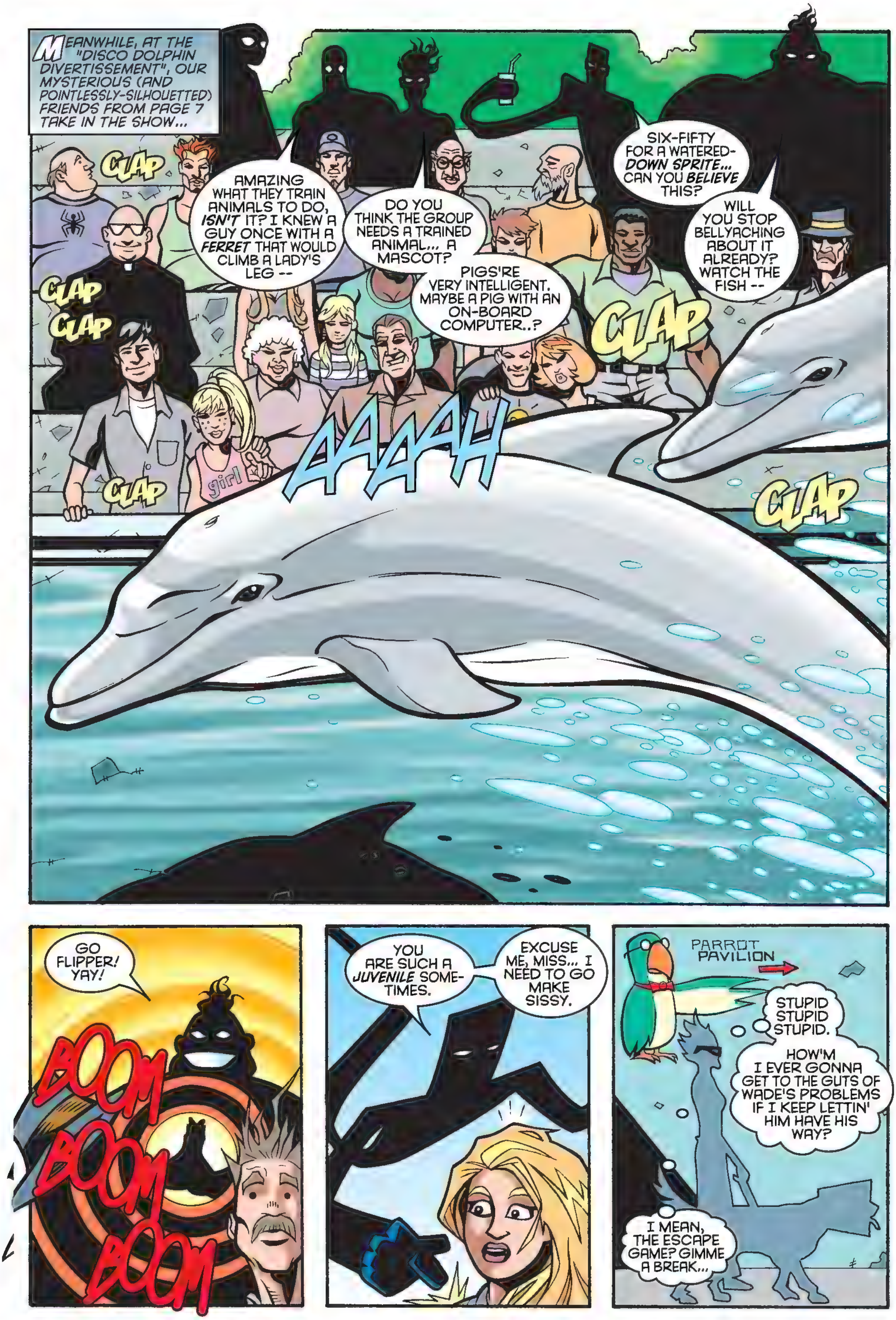

SO DO MOST PEOPLE. I THINK THAT'S WHY AQUARIUMS CAME TO BE... IT'S A NATURAL.
BAY CITY AQUARIU
WALLY SEZ.. WE ONLY EAT FIS PLEASE, DON'T THROW ANYTHIN ELSE IN THE POOL!
INFO
BUNCH OF HOT, STINKY FOLKS WITH NOTHIN' BETTER T'DO THAN PEN UP A BUNCH OF COLD STINKY SEAFOOD SO THEY CAN OBSERVE IT...
...DOING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.
THERE'S A GROTESQUELY BEAUTIFUL SYMMETRY IN IT...
...OR MAYBE I'M JUST BITTER 'CAUSE I GET ALL OF THE FISH-STENCH AND NONE OF THE THERAPEUTIC EFFECTS OF WATCHING THE BUGGERS SWIM.
SUN'S NICE THOUGH.
WARM HAND, PLAYFULLY SWATTING ME IN MY MUG... AN OLD FRIEND I DON'T VISIT OFTEN ENOUGH.
I GET LOST IN THE RADIANCE ON MY SKIN, AND FORGET WHY IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE THE LAST TIME...
COOL! THEY HAVE A BABY SEAL EXHIBIT!
SEE, I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT MY CLUB, BUT NOOOO, YOU DIDN'T WANT TO CARRY IT IN YOUR PURSE!
I ♥ FISH!
MAP
...IT DON'T LAST LONG.
AT LEAST YOU BROUGHT THE ALKA-SELTZER TO FEED THE SEAGULLS...
AL, CAN I ASK YA SOME-THING?
IF IT INVOLVES MY INTERACTING WITH SEA-LIFE IN ANY FASHION, THE ANSWER'S NO.
CRUMPLE CRUMPLE
ARE YOU HAPPY?

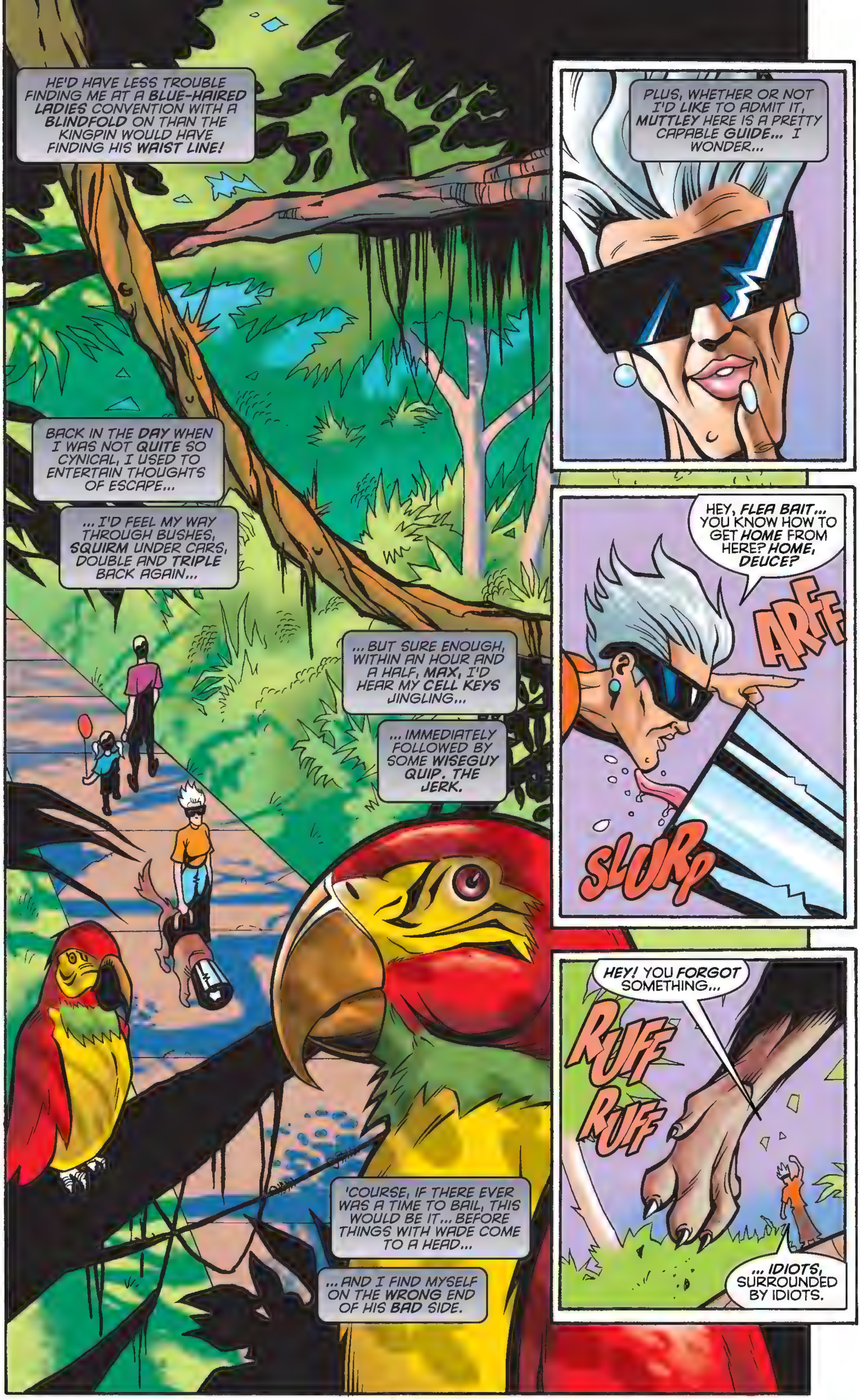

I MEAN, SURE, YOUR LIFE PROBABLY DIDN'T TURN OUT EXACTLY AS *EXPECTED*...
BUT EXCEPT FOR THE LACK OF ALL PERSONAL *FREEDOMS* AND *"THE HAVING TO FIGHT DAILY FOR YOUR DIGNITY"* PART...
...WOULD YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF *CONTENT?*
WELL... MY PANTYHOSE STILL FIT NICE, I GET THREE SQUARES A DAY AND A LEAKY ROOF OVER MY HEAD, AND I CAN WATCH MATLOCK ALMOST 24-7 ON CABLE...
BUT THAT PRISONER PART SORT OF BLOWS IT ALL TO HELL. THANKS FOR ASKING... YOU?
BZZT
FISH!
THAT'S THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR QUESTION, ISN'T IT?
USED TO BE ABLE TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION WITHOUT THINKING...
...NO. I'M *NEVER* HAPPY. LIFE *STINKS,* THEN YOU DIE, SO HAVE A PARTY AND LET'EM *FRY.*
DEAR LORD! ZIPPY'S *SUFFOCATING!* Oh THE *HUMANITY!*
BUT NOW... THINGS ARE ALL *MUDDY*...
SOME DAYS I WANNA RIP THE *GUTS* OUTTA A GUY JUST 'CAUSE HE KNOWS HOW TO DO THE *TWO STEP.*
OTHER DAYS I WANNA HELP *OLD LADIES* ACROSS THE STREET EVEN IF I *AM* ABOUT TO STEAL THEIR *PENSION* CHECKS.
WAAA!
I THINK I'M LOSIN' IT, AL.
I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING BEFORE, WHAT WITH YOUR *IRRITABLE BOWEL* AND ALL...
...BUT YOU *DO* SEEM... A LITTLE OUT OF SYNCH LATELY. NOW THIS IS JUST A GUESS... A LEFT-FIELD POSSIBILITY...
...DO YOU THINK IT HAS TO DO WITH THAT TWISTED SOCIPATHIC WITCH YOU'VE BEEN SEEING?
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A *FREE WOMAN* AGAIN, AL?

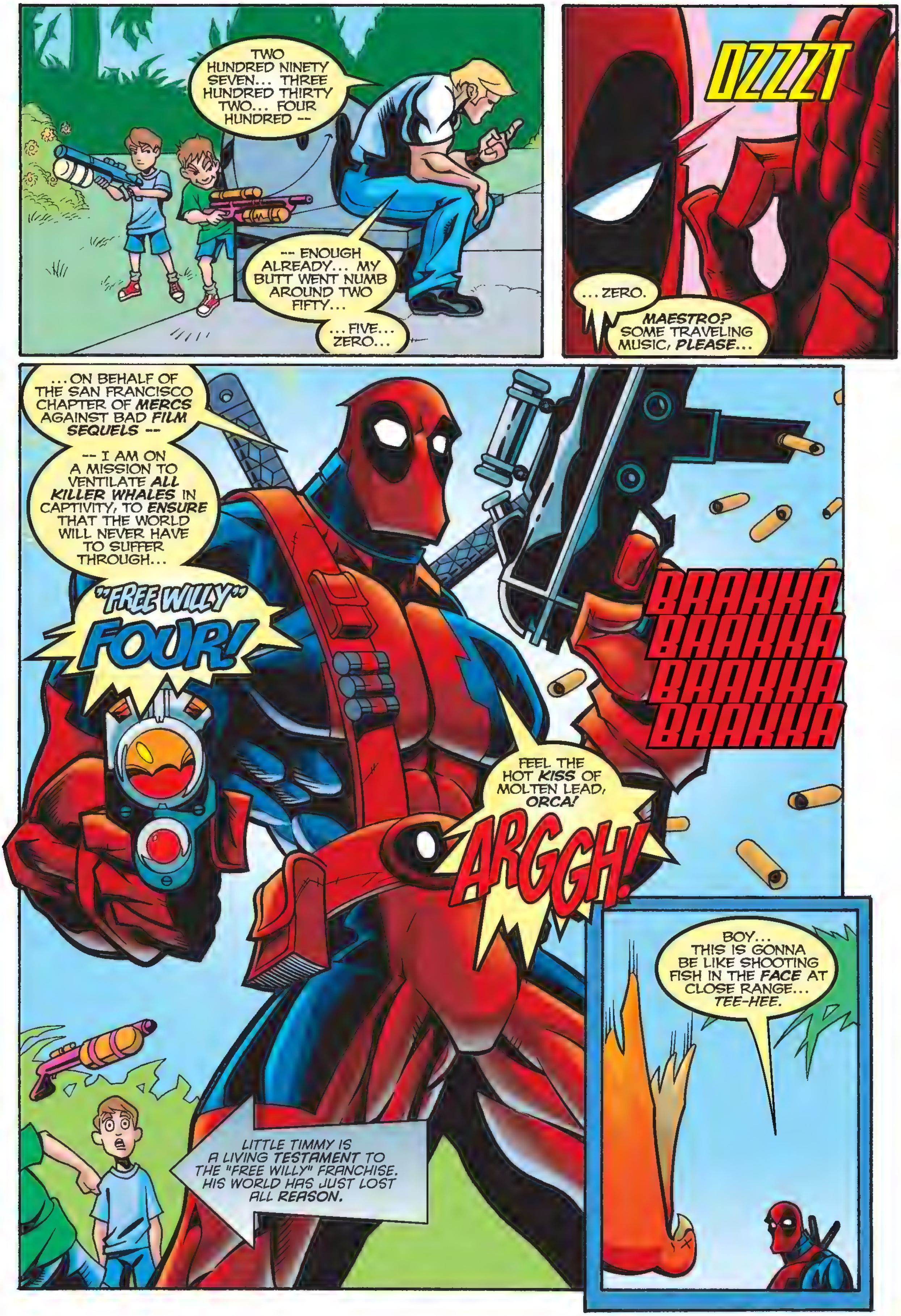

MEANWHILE, ON THE WRONG SIDE OF EVERY SET OF TRACKS IN CHICAGO...
...THE HELLHOUSE.
"THE SUBJECT BRINGS BAD WEATHER WITH HER. HOW FITTING.
"WHAT I GATHER FROM THE REGULARS, SHE HASN'T BEEN HERE FOR A WHILE. NURSING WOUNDS SHE EARNED FROM DEADPOOL.
"HE SHOULD HAVE HIT HER HARDER.
"I'VE READ THE REPORTS. MADE MY OWN CONCLUSIONS ABOUT POOR, UNSTABLE TYPHOID MARY...
"...SHE'S UNCUT MALICE. PURE AND SIMPLE. PERFECT IN HER IRRESISTIBLE WAY...
"...AND THAT MAKES HER THE MOST DANGEROUS PLAYER IN THIS GAME. MY NEW NUMBER ONE PRIORITY.
"THERE'S SIMPLY TOO MUCH AT STAKE TO ALLOW HER SWAY OVER DEADPOOL TO CONTINUE.
KLEMMER COLA
YOU GUARDING THIS SEAT FOR ANYONE IN PARTICULAR, SISTER?
"SHE MUST BE EXCISED FROM WADE WILSON'S LIFE...
I'M WAITING FOR MY MAN.
WHO AM I TO STAND IN THE WAY OF TRUE LOVE? KNOCK YOURSELF OUT... SISTER.
"...IN A MOST EXPEDITIOUS MANNER."

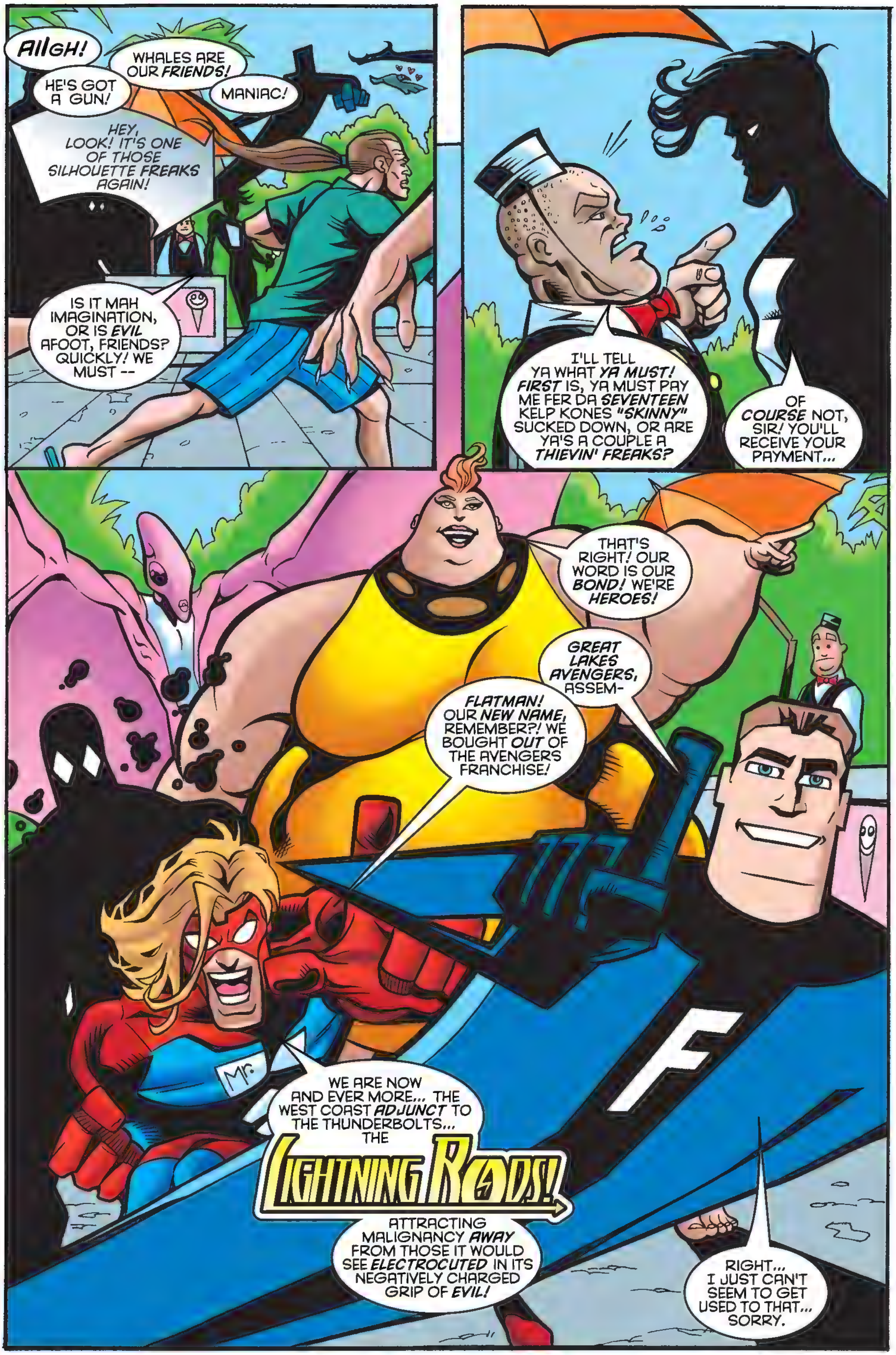

WELL? DO YOU WANNA GO FREE?
SO IT'S TIME FOR THE "TRY AND ESCAPE THE VILE CLUTCHES OF DEADPOOL" GAME... I THOUGHT YOU'D OUTGROWN THAT ONE, WADE.
COME ON, AL...
DO YOU REALLY FEEL SO CRAPPY ABOUT YOURSELF THAT YOU NEED TO DANGLE FREEDOM IN FRONT OF A SIGHTLESS OLD BROAD, JUST TO SNATCH IT AWAY AT THE LAST SECOND?
NO, I'M SERIOUS LIKE A HEART ATTACK! I MEAN IT!
AND I'M RAQUEL WELCH --
DON'T WALK AWAY FROM ME!
THIS IS MERC'S HONOR, LADY. I'M GONNA SQUAT MY WELL-TONED BUTTOCKS RIGHT HERE AND COUNT TO FIVE HUNDRED.
IF YOU CAN TAP YOUR WAY OUT OF THE PARK BEFORE I TRACK YOU DOWN...
...WELL... THEN YOU CAN KEEP WALKING.
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR THIS NONSENSE TODAY, WILSON! WHAT IF I DON'T PLAY ALONG?
THEN THE NEXT TIME WE COME TO THE AQUARIUM, DEUCE'LL HAVE TO PULL YOU AROUND IN SOMETHING WITH WHEELS.
NE C'EST PAS?

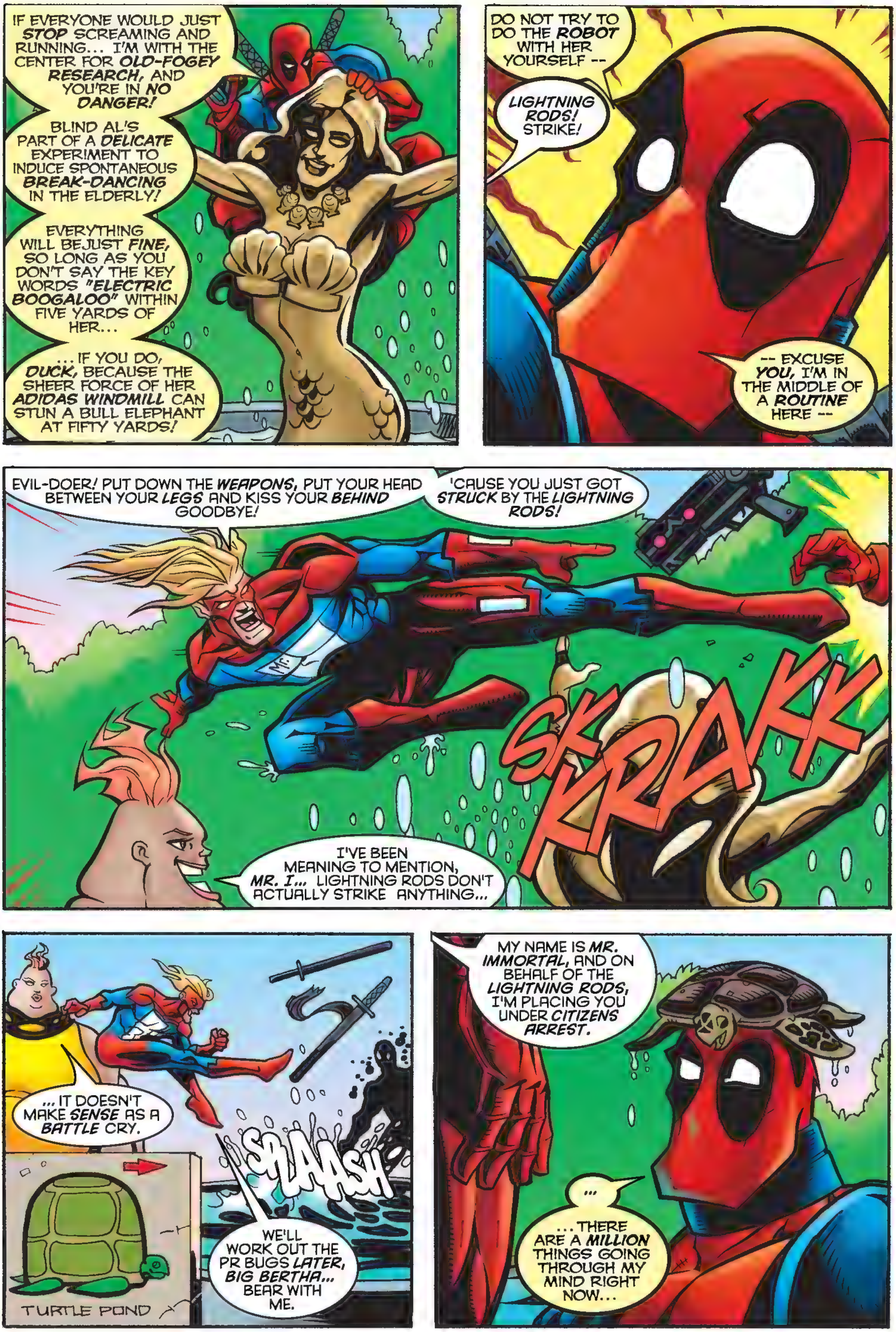

-SIGH-
I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE JUST STAYED IN BED SMOKING LIKE A CHIMNEY ALL DAY...
COME ON, YA TICK-INFESTED POOP FACTORY! WE GOT A BRUISED PSYCHE TO APPEASE...
WHUPTIE-DO! LOOK AT ME! HERE I GO!
RUNNING IN A LAST DITCH ATTEMPT TO SNATCH MY TWILIGHT YEARS OUT OF THE GRASP OF A MADMAN!
Oh, DEAR, Oh, MY. SOMEONE CALL THE POLICE.
YOU GO, GOLDEN GIRL!
I F
STUPID WADE AND HIS GAME... MAKE ME WALK AROUND... ANKLES GET ALL SWOLLEN...
COME ON, OLD GIRL... YOU CAN DO IT... GET OUT OF HERE...
...GET FAR AWAY FROM ME...
...BEFORE THINGS STOP BEING SO NICE AROUND THE HOUSE.
ONE... TWO... THREE... FIFTY...

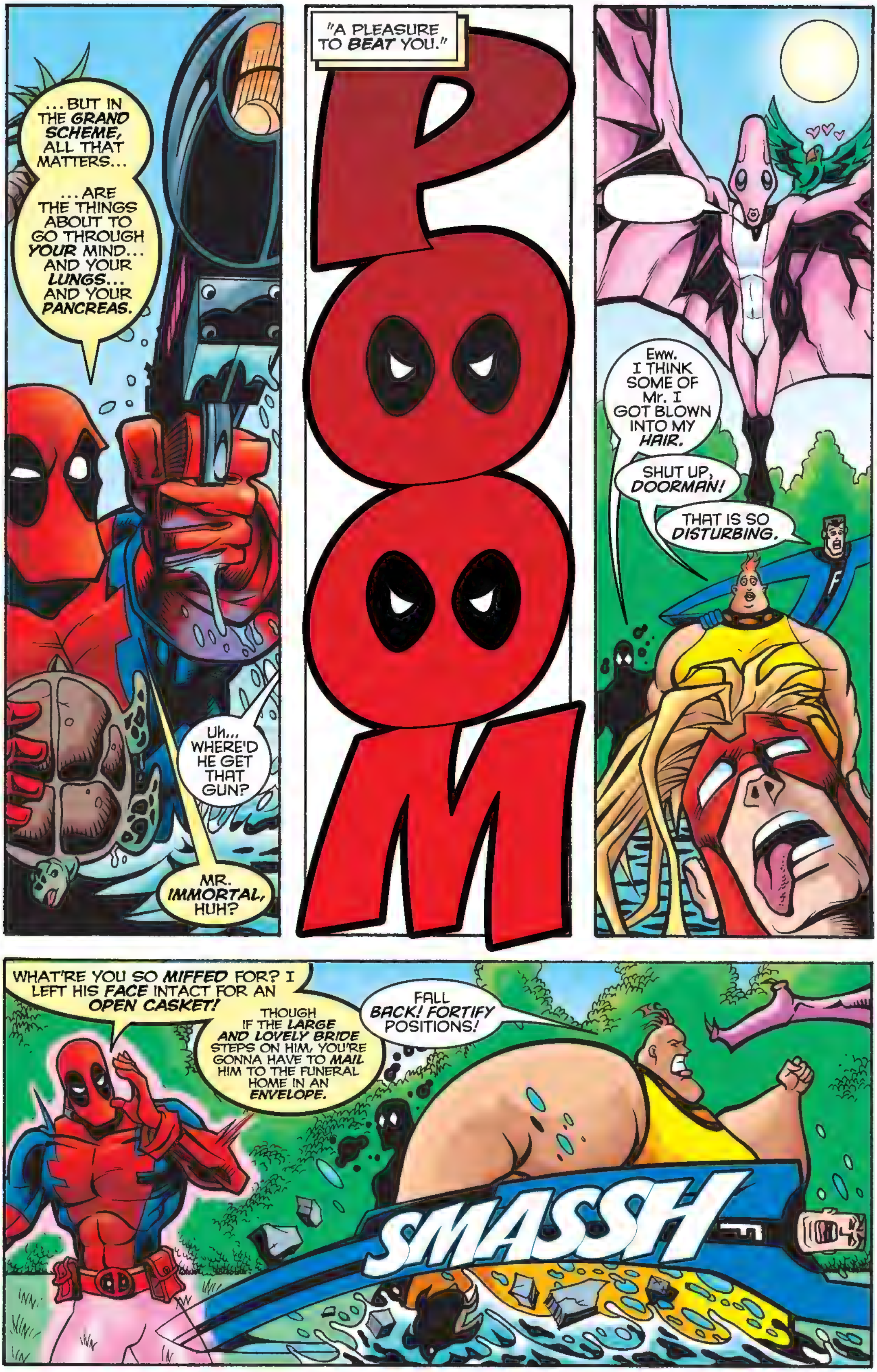

MEANWHILE, AT THE "DISCO DOLPHIN DIVERTISSEMENT", OUR MYSTERIOUS (AND POINTLESSLY-SILHOUETTED) FRIENDS FROM PAGE 7 TAKE IN THE SHOW...
CLAP
AMAZING WHAT THEY TRAIN ANIMALS TO DO, *ISN'T* IT? I KNEW A GUY ONCE WITH A *FERRET* THAT WOULD CLIMB A LADY'S LEG --
DO YOU THINK THE GROUP NEEDS A TRAINED ANIMAL... A MASCOT?
SIX-FIFTY FOR A WATERED-*DOWN SPRITE*... CAN YOU *BELIEVE* THIS?
WILL YOU STOP BELLYACHING ABOUT IT ALREADY? WATCH THE FISH --
PIGS'RE VERY INTELLIGENT. MAYBE A PIG WITH AN ON-BOARD COMPUTER..?
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
AAAAH
CLAP
GO FLIPPER! YAY!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
YOU ARE SUCH A *JUVENILE* SOMETIMES.
EXCUSE ME, MISS... I NEED TO GO MAKE SISSY.
PARROT PAVILION
STUPID STUPID STUPID.
HOW'M I EVER GONNA GET TO THE GUTS OF WADE'S PROBLEMS IF I KEEP LETTIN' HIM HAVE HIS WAY?
I MEAN, THE ESCAPE GAME? GIMME A BREAK...

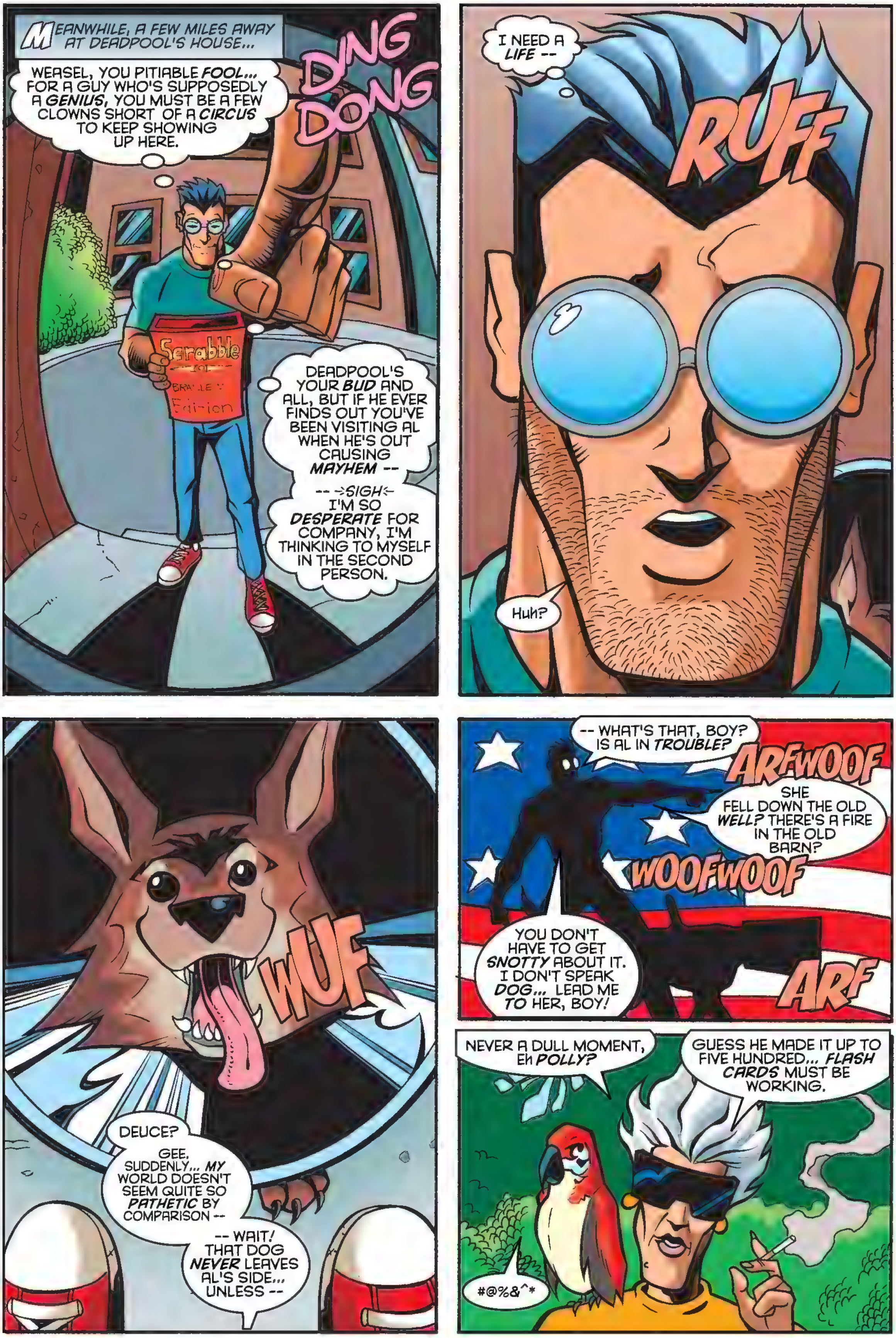

HE'D HAVE LESS TROUBLE FINDING ME AT A **BLUE-HAIRED LADIES** CONVENTION WITH A **BLINDFOLD** ON THAN THE KINGPIN WOULD HAVE FINDING HIS **WAIST LINE!**
BACK IN THE **DAY** WHEN I WAS NOT **QUITE** SO CYNICAL, I USED TO ENTERTAIN THOUGHTS OF ESCAPE...
...I'D FEEL MY WAY THROUGH BUSHES, **SQUIRM** UNDER CARS, DOUBLE AND **TRIPLE** BACK AGAIN...
...BUT SURE ENOUGH, WITHIN AN HOUR AND A HALF, **MAX**, I'D HEAR MY **CELL KEYS** JINGLING...
...IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY SOME **WISEGUY QUIP**. THE **JERK**.
'COURSE, IF THERE EVER WAS A TIME TO BAIL, THIS WOULD BE IT... BEFORE THINGS WITH WADE COME TO A HEAD...
...AND I FIND MYSELF ON THE **WRONG** END OF HIS **BAD** SIDE.
PLUS, WHETHER OR NOT **I'D LIKE** TO ADMIT IT, **MUTTLEY** HERE IS A PRETTY CAPABLE **GUIDE**... I WONDER...
HEY, **FLEA BAIT**... YOU KNOW HOW TO GET **HOME** FROM HERE? **HOME, DEUCE?**
ARFF
SLURP
HEY! YOU **FORGOT** SOMETHING...
RUFF RUFF
...IDIOTS, SURROUNDED BY IDIOTS.

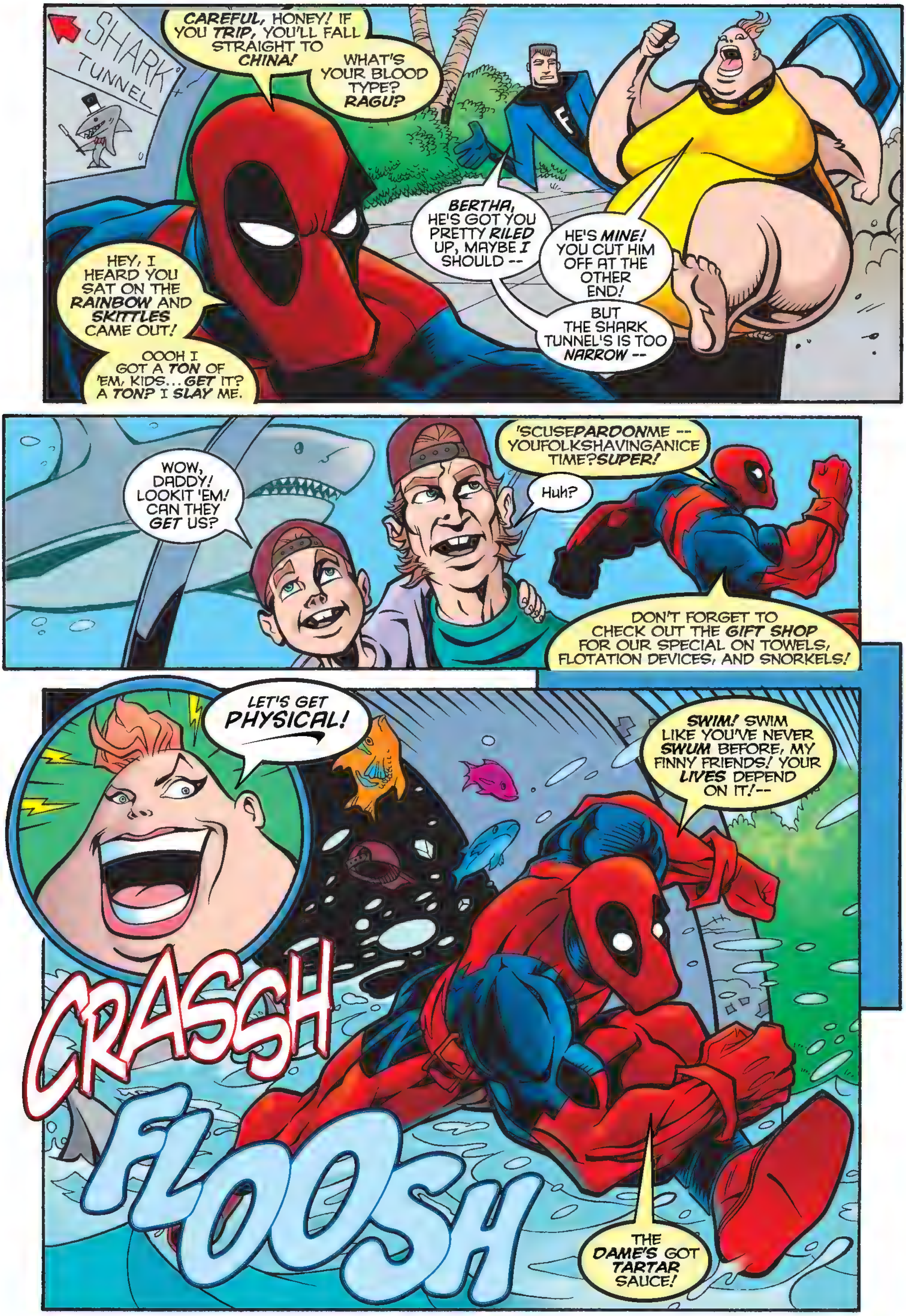

TWO HUNDRED NINETY SEVEN... THREE HUNDRED THIRTY TWO... FOUR HUNDRED --
-- ENOUGH ALREADY... MY BUTT WENT NUMB AROUND TWO FIFTY...
...FIVE... ZERO...
DZZZT
...ZERO.
MAESTRO? SOME TRAVELING MUSIC, *PLEASE*...
...ON BEHALF OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CHAPTER OF *MERCS* AGAINST BAD *FILM SEQUELS* --
-- I AM ON A MISSION TO VENTILATE *ALL KILLER WHALES* IN CAPTIVITY, TO *ENSURE* THAT THE WORLD WILL NEVER HAVE TO SUFFER THROUGH...
"FREE WILLY" FOUR!
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
FEEL THE HOT *KISS* OF MOLTEN LEAD, *ORCA!*
ARGGH!
LITTLE TIMMY IS A LIVING *TESTAMENT* TO THE "FREE WILLY" FRANCHISE. HIS WORLD HAS JUST LOST ALL *REASON*.
BOY... THIS IS GONNA BE LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN THE *FACE* AT CLOSE RANGE... *TEE-HEE.*

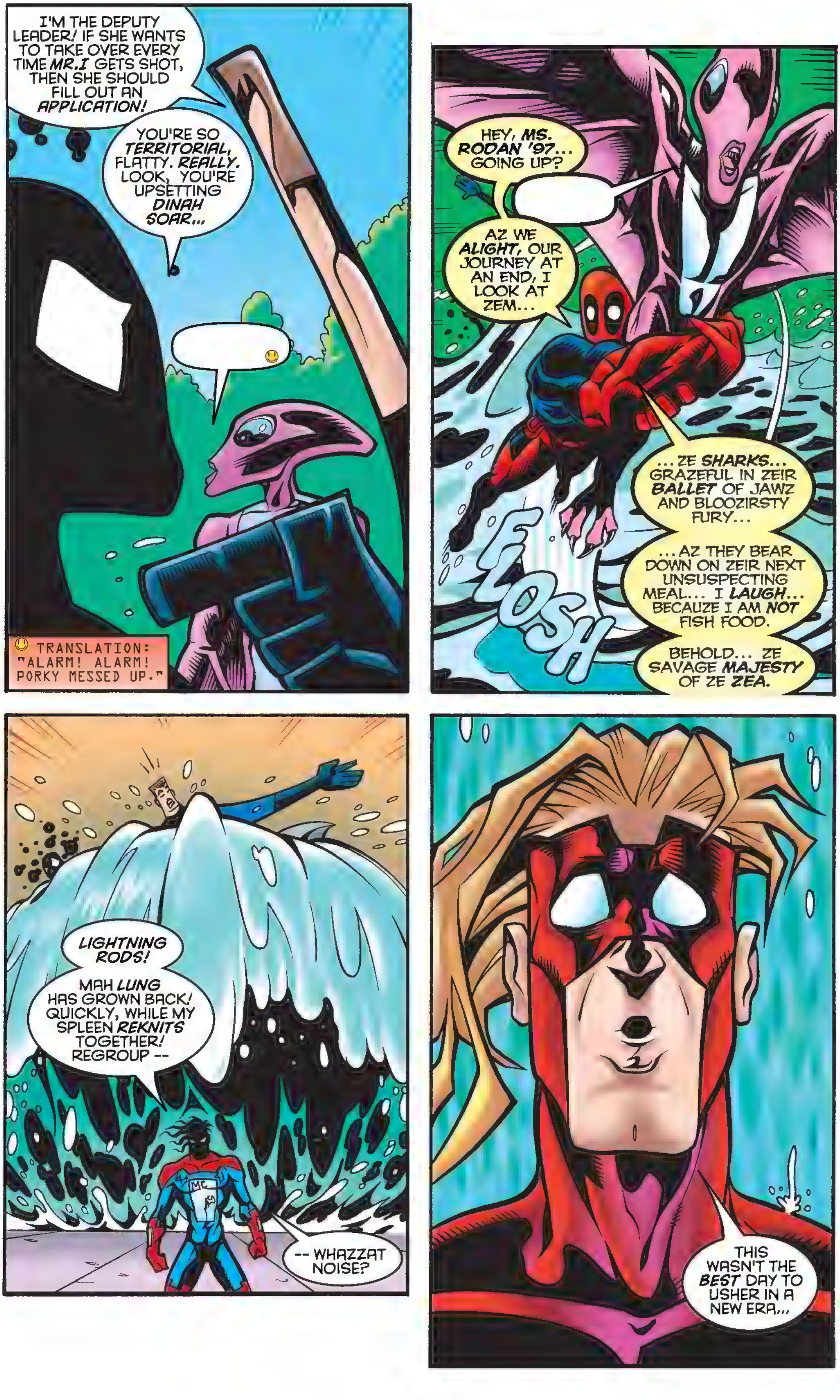

AIIGH!
HE'S GOT A GUN!
WHALES ARE OUR FRIENDS!
MANIAC!
HEY, LOOK! IT'S ONE OF THOSE SILHOUETTE FREAKS AGAIN!
IS IT MAH IMAGINATION, OR IS EVIL AFOOT, FRIENDS? QUICKLY! WE MUST --
I'LL TELL YA WHAT YA MUST! FIRST IS, YA MUST PAY ME FER DA SEVENTEEN KELP KONES "SKINNY" SUCKED DOWN, OR ARE YA'S A COUPLE A THIEVIN' FREAKS?
OF COURSE NOT, SIR! YOU'LL RECEIVE YOUR PAYMENT...
THAT'S RIGHT! OUR WORD IS OUR BOND! WE'RE HEROES!
GREAT LAKES AVENGERS, ASSEM-
FLATMAN! OUR NEW NAME, REMEMBER?! WE BOUGHT OUT OF THE AVENGERS FRANCHISE!
Mr.
F
WE ARE NOW AND EVER MORE... THE WEST COAST ADJUNCT TO THE THUNDERBOLTS... THE
LIGHTNING RODS!
ATTRACTING MALIGNANCY AWAY FROM THOSE IT WOULD SEE ELECTROCUTED IN ITS NEGATIVELY CHARGED GRIP OF EVIL!
RIGHT... I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET USED TO THAT... SORRY.

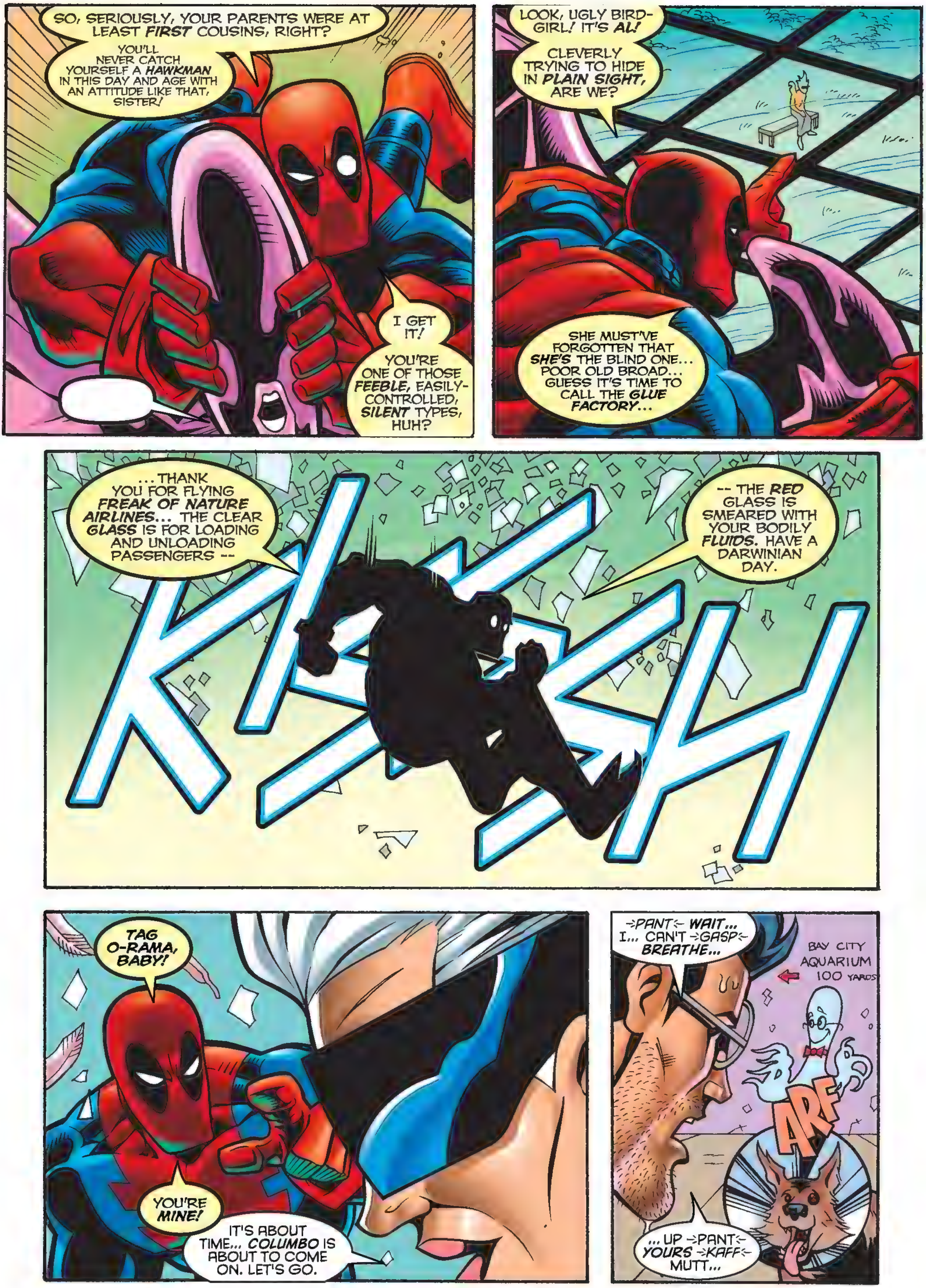

IF EVERYONE WOULD JUST STOP SCREAMING AND RUNNING... I'M WITH THE CENTER FOR OLD-FOGEY RESEARCH, AND YOU'RE IN NO DANGER!
BLIND AL'S PART OF A DELICATE EXPERIMENT TO INDUCE SPONTANEOUS BREAK-DANCING IN THE ELDERLY!
EVERYTHING WILL BEJUST FINE, SO LONG AS YOU DON'T SAY THE KEY WORDS "ELECTRIC BOOGALOO" WITHIN FIVE YARDS OF HER...
...IF YOU DO, DUCK, BECAUSE THE SHEER FORCE OF HER ADIDAS WINDMILL CAN STUN A BULL ELEPHANT AT FIFTY YARDS!
DO NOT TRY TO DO THE ROBOT WITH HER YOURSELF --
LIGHTNING RODS! STRIKE!
-- EXCUSE YOU, I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A ROUTINE HERE --
EVIL-DOER! PUT DOWN THE WEAPONS, PUT YOUR HEAD BETWEEN YOUR LEGS AND KISS YOUR BEHIND GOODBYE!
'CAUSE YOU JUST GOT STRUCK BY THE LIGHTNING RODS!
SKKRAKK
I'VE BEEN MEANING TO MENTION, MR. I... LIGHTNING RODS DON'T ACTUALLY STRIKE ANYTHING...
...IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE AS A BATTLE CRY.
TURTLE POND
SPLAAASH
WE'LL WORK OUT THE PR BUGS LATER, BIG BERTHA... BEAR WITH ME.
MY NAME IS MR. IMMORTAL, AND ON BEHALF OF THE LIGHTNING RODS, I'M PLACING YOU UNDER CITIZENS ARREST.
...
...THERE ARE A MILLION THINGS GOING THROUGH MY MIND RIGHT NOW...

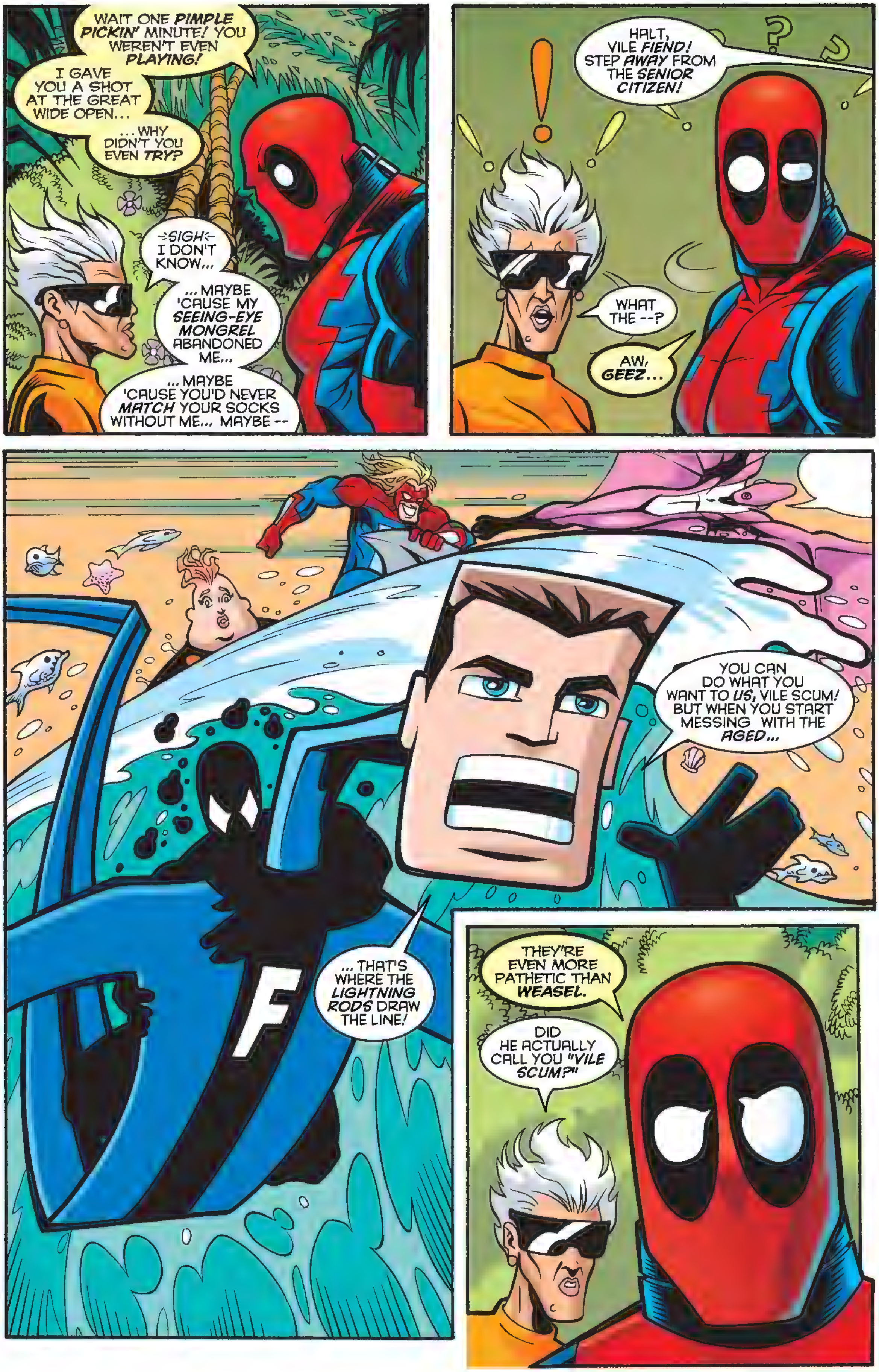

...BUT IN THE GRAND SCHEME, ALL THAT MATTERS...
...ARE THE THINGS ABOUT TO GO THROUGH YOUR MIND... AND YOUR LUNGS... AND YOUR PANCREAS.
Uh... WHERE'D HE GET THAT GUN?
MR. IMMORTAL, HUH?
"A PLEASURE TO BEAT YOU."
POOOM
Eww. I THINK SOME OF Mr. I GOT BLOWN INTO MY HAIR.
SHUT UP, DOORMAN!
THAT IS SO DISTURBING.
WHAT'RE YOU SO MIFFED FOR? I LEFT HIS FACE INTACT FOR AN OPEN CASKET!
THOUGH IF THE LARGE AND LOVELY BRIDE STEPS ON HIM, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO MAIL HIM TO THE FUNERAL HOME IN AN ENVELOPE.
FALL BACK! FORTIFY POSITIONS!
SMASSH

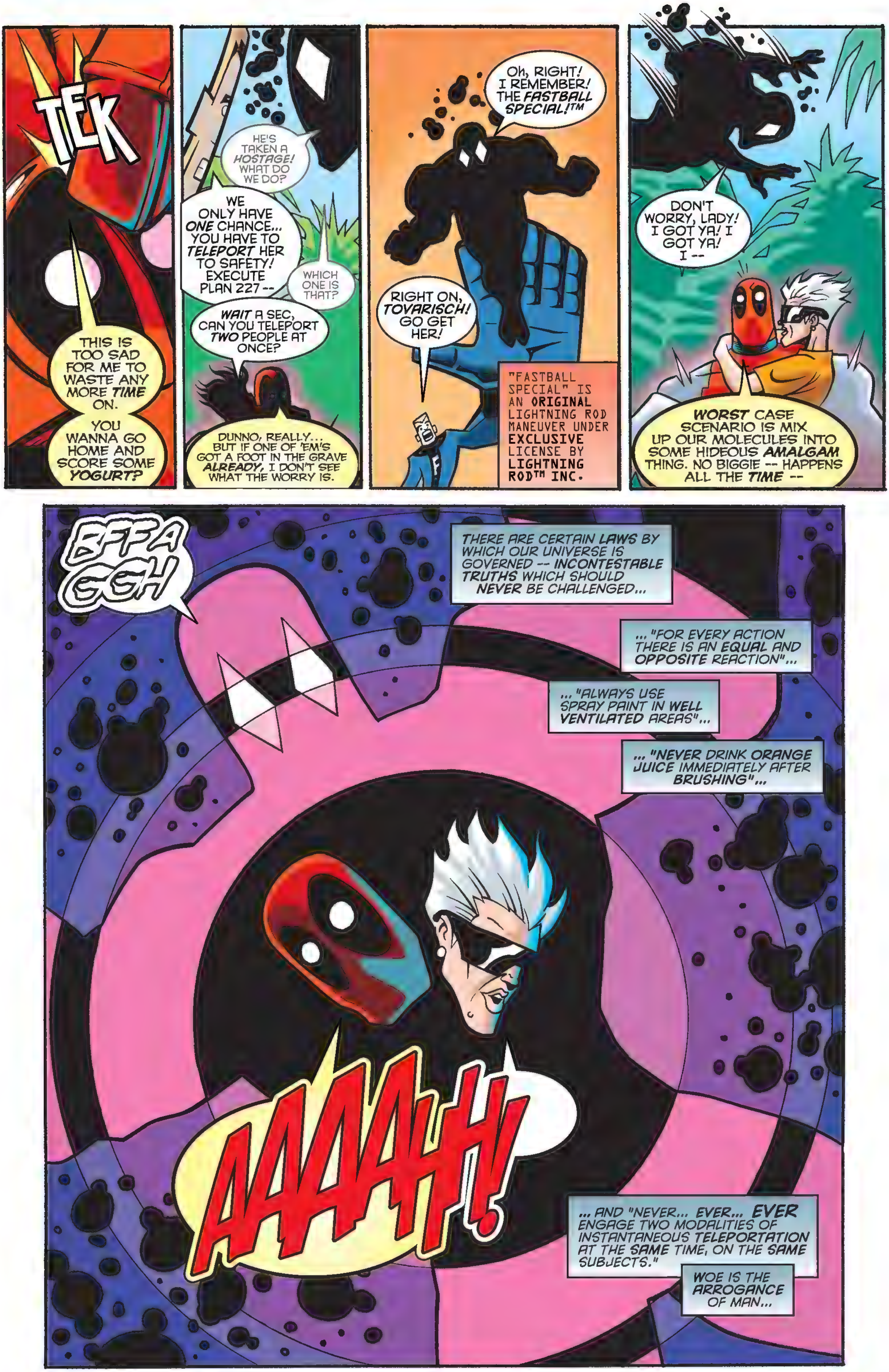

MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY AT DEADPOOL'S HOUSE...
WEASEL, YOU PITIABLE *FOOL...* FOR A GUY WHO'S SUPPOSEDLY A *GENIUS,* YOU MUST BE A FEW CLOWNS SHORT OF A *CIRCUS* TO KEEP SHOWING UP HERE.
DING DONG
Scrabble FOR BRAILLE Edition
DEADPOOL'S YOUR *BUD* AND ALL, BUT IF HE EVER FINDS OUT YOU'VE BEEN VISITING AL WHEN HE'S OUT CAUSING *MAYHEM* --
-- ⇒*SIGH*⇐ I'M SO *DESPERATE* FOR COMPANY, I'M THINKING TO MYSELF IN THE SECOND PERSON.
I NEED A *LIFE* --
RUFF
Huh?
WUF
DEUCE?
GEE. SUDDENLY... *MY* WORLD DOESN'T SEEM QUITE SO *PATHETIC* BY COMPARISON --
-- WAIT! THAT DOG *NEVER* LEAVES AL'S SIDE... UNLESS --
-- WHAT'S THAT, BOY? IS AL IN *TROUBLE?*
ARFWOOF
SHE FELL DOWN THE OLD *WELL?* THERE'S A FIRE IN THE OLD BARN?
WOOFWOOF
YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET *SNOTTY* ABOUT IT. I DON'T SPEAK *DOG...* LEAD ME *TO* HER, BOY!
ARF
NEVER A DULL MOMENT, Eh *POLLY?*
GUESS HE MADE IT UP TO FIVE HUNDRED... *FLASH CARDS* MUST BE WORKING.
#@%&^*

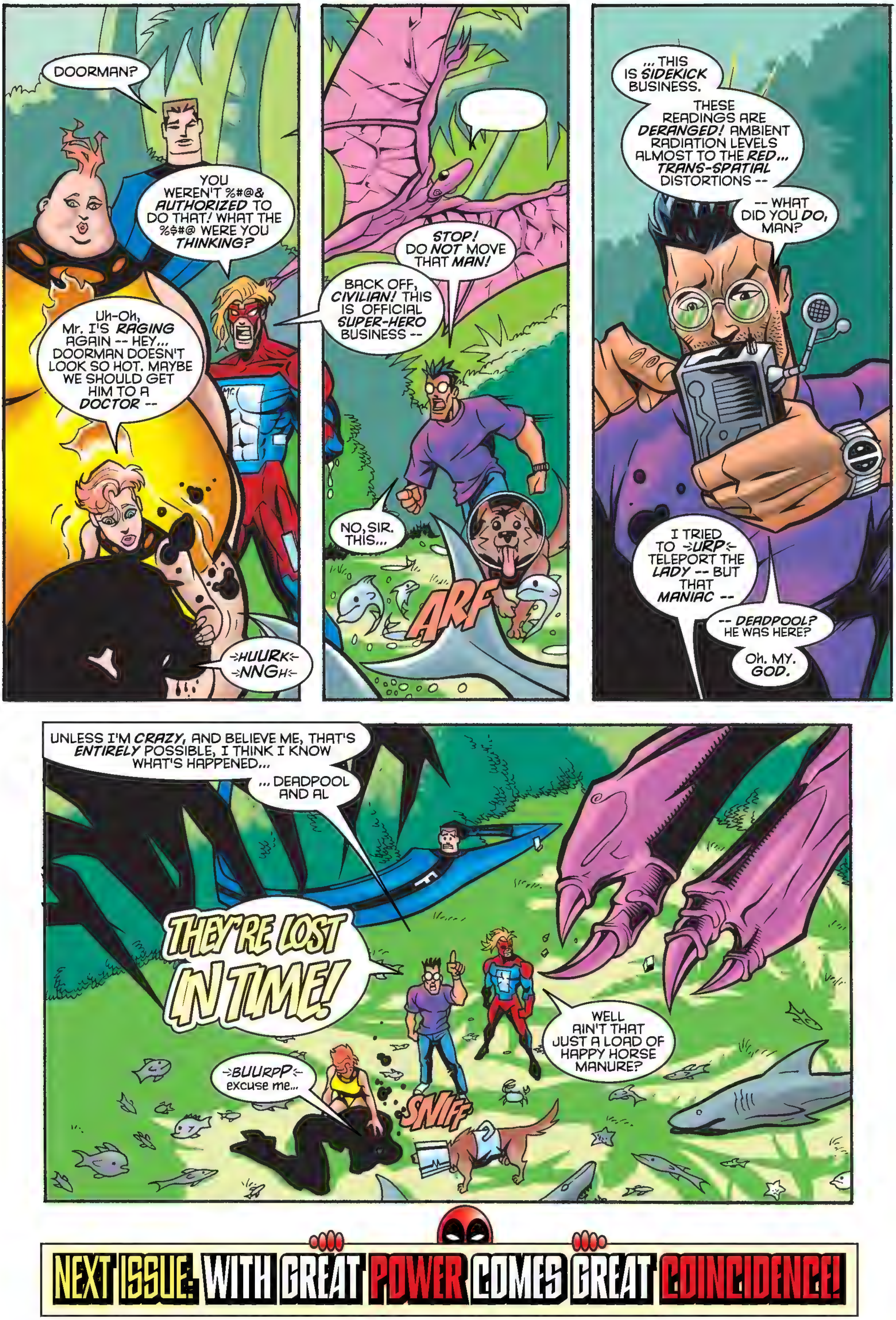

SHARK TUNNEL
CAREFUL, HONEY! IF YOU TRIP, YOU'LL FALL STRAIGHT TO CHINA!
WHAT'S YOUR BLOOD TYPE? RAGU?
HEY, I HEARD YOU SAT ON THE RAINBOW AND SKITTLES CAME OUT!
OOOH I GOT A TON OF 'EM, KIDS... GET IT? A TON? I SLAY ME.
BERTHA, HE'S GOT YOU PRETTY RILED UP, MAYBE I SHOULD --
HE'S MINE! YOU CUT HIM OFF AT THE OTHER END!
BUT THE SHARK TUNNEL'S IS TOO NARROW --
WOW, DADDY! LOOKIT 'EM! CAN THEY GET US?
Huh?
'SCUSEPARDONME -- YOUFOLKSHAVINGANICE TIME?SUPER!
DON'T FORGET TO CHECK OUT THE GIFT SHOP FOR OUR SPECIAL ON TOWELS, FLOTATION DEVICES, AND SNORKELS!
LET'S GET PHYSICAL!
SWIM! SWIM LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SWUM BEFORE, MY FINNY FRIENDS! YOUR LIVES DEPEND ON IT!--
CRASSH
FLOOSH
THE DAME'S GOT TARTAR SAUCE!

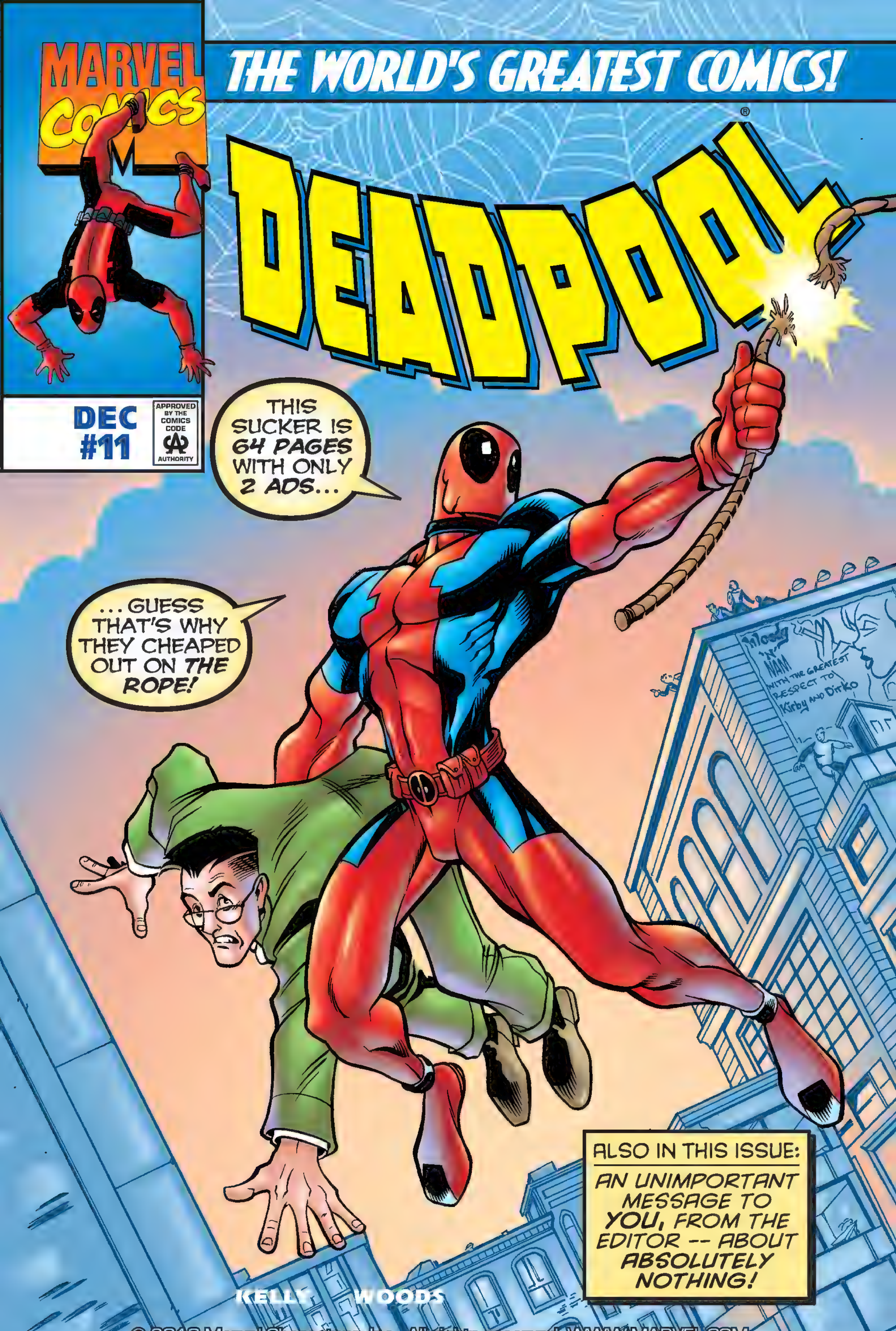

I'M THE DEPUTY LEADER! IF SHE WANTS TO TAKE OVER EVERY TIME *MR. I* GETS SHOT, THEN SHE SHOULD FILL OUT AN *APPLICATION!*
YOU'RE SO *TERRITORIAL*, FLATTY. *REALLY.* LOOK, YOU'RE UPSETTING *DINAH SOAR...*
☺
☺ TRANSLATION: "ALARM! ALARM! PORKY MESSED UP."
HEY, *MS. RODAN '97...* GOING UP?
AZ WE *ALIGHT*, OUR JOURNEY AT AN END, I LOOK AT ZEM...
...ZE *SHARKS...* GRAZEFUL IN ZEIR *BALLET* OF JAWZ AND BLOOZIRSTY FURY...
...AZ THEY BEAR DOWN ON ZEIR NEXT UNSUSPECTING MEAL... I *LAUGH...* BECAUZE I AM *NOT* FISH FOOD.
BEHOLD... ZE SAVAGE *MAJESTY* OF ZE *ZEA.*
FLOSH
LIGHTNING RODS!
MAH *LUNG* HAS GROWN BACK! QUICKLY, WHILE MY SPLEEN *REKNITS* TOGETHER! REGROUP --
-- WHAZZAT NOISE?
THIS WASN'T THE *BEST* DAY TO USHER IN A NEW ERA...


SO, SERIOUSLY, YOUR PARENTS WERE AT LEAST *FIRST* COUSINS, RIGHT?
YOU'LL NEVER CATCH YOURSELF A *HAWKMAN* IN THIS DAY AND AGE WITH AN ATTITUDE LIKE THAT, SISTER!
I GET IT!
YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE *FEEBLE,* EASILY-CONTROLLED, *SILENT* TYPES, HUH?
LOOK, UGLY BIRD-GIRL! IT'S *AL!*
CLEVERLY TRYING TO HIDE IN *PLAIN SIGHT,* ARE WE?
SHE MUST'VE FORGOTTEN THAT *SHE'S* THE BLIND ONE... POOR OLD BROAD... GUESS IT'S TIME TO CALL THE *GLUE FACTORY...*
...THANK YOU FOR FLYING *FREAK OF NATURE AIRLINES...* THE CLEAR *GLASS* IS FOR LOADING AND UNLOADING PASSENGERS --
-- THE *RED* GLASS IS SMEARED WITH YOUR BODILY *FLUIDS.* HAVE A DARWINIAN DAY.
KKSSH
TAG O-RAMA, BABY!
YOU'RE MINE!
IT'S ABOUT TIME... *COLUMBO* IS ABOUT TO COME ON. LET'S GO.
>PANT< WAIT... I... CAN'T *>GASP<* *BREATHE...*
BAY CITY AQUARIUM 100 YARDS
ARF
...UP *>PANT<* *YOURS* *>KAFF<* MUTT...


WAIT ONE PIMPLE PICKIN' MINUTE! YOU WEREN'T EVEN PLAYING!
I GAVE YOU A SHOT AT THE GREAT WIDE OPEN...
...WHY DIDN'T YOU EVEN TRY?
-SIGH- I DON'T KNOW...
...MAYBE 'CAUSE MY SEEING-EYE MONGREL ABANDONED ME...
...MAYBE 'CAUSE YOU'D NEVER MATCH YOUR SOCKS WITHOUT ME... MAYBE --
HALT, VILE FIEND! STEP AWAY FROM THE SENIOR CITIZEN!
WHAT THE --?
AW, GEEZ...
YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT TO US, VILE SCUM! BUT WHEN YOU START MESSING WITH THE AGED...
...THAT'S WHERE THE LIGHTNING RODS DRAW THE LINE!
F
THEY'RE EVEN MORE PATHETIC THAN WEASEL.
DID HE ACTUALLY CALL YOU "VILE SCUM?"


TEK
THIS IS TOO SAD FOR ME TO WASTE ANY MORE *TIME* ON.
YOU WANNA GO HOME AND SCORE SOME *YOGURT?*
HE'S TAKEN A *HOSTAGE!* WHAT DO WE DO?
WE ONLY HAVE *ONE* CHANCE... YOU HAVE TO *TELEPORT* HER TO SAFETY! EXECUTE PLAN 227 --
WHICH ONE IS THAT?
WAIT A SEC, CAN YOU TELEPORT *TWO* PEOPLE AT ONCE?
DUNNO, REALLY... BUT IF ONE OF 'EM'S GOT A FOOT IN THE GRAVE *ALREADY,* I DON'T SEE WHAT THE WORRY IS.
Oh, RIGHT! I REMEMBER! THE *FASTBALL SPECIAL!*™
RIGHT ON, *TOVARISCH!* GO GET HER!
"FASTBALL SPECIAL" IS AN **ORIGINAL** LIGHTNING ROD MANEUVER UNDER **EXCLUSIVE** LICENSE BY **LIGHTNING ROD™ INC.**
DON'T WORRY, LADY! I GOT YA! I GOT YA! I --
WORST CASE SCENARIO IS MIX UP OUR MOLECULES INTO SOME HIDEOUS ***AMALGAM*** THING. NO BIGGIE -- HAPPENS ALL THE *TIME* --
BFFA GGH
THERE ARE CERTAIN ***LAWS*** BY WHICH OUR UNIVERSE IS GOVERNED -- ***INCONTESTABLE TRUTHS*** WHICH SHOULD ***NEVER*** BE CHALLENGED...
... "FOR EVERY ACTION THERE IS AN ***EQUAL*** AND ***OPPOSITE*** REACTION"...
... "ALWAYS USE SPRAY PAINT IN ***WELL VENTILATED*** AREAS"...
... "NEVER DRINK ORANGE JUICE IMMEDIATELY AFTER BRUSHING"...
AAAAH!
... AND "NEVER... EVER... ***EVER*** ENGAGE TWO MODALITIES OF INSTANTANEOUS ***TELEPORTATION*** AT THE ***SAME*** TIME, ON THE ***SAME*** SUBJECTS."
WOE IS THE ***ARROGANCE*** OF MAN...


DOORMAN?
YOU WEREN'T %#@& *AUTHORIZED* TO DO THAT! WHAT THE %$#@ WERE YOU *THINKING?*
Uh-Oh, Mr. I'S *RAGING* AGAIN -- HEY... DOORMAN DOESN'T LOOK SO HOT. MAYBE WE SHOULD GET HIM TO A *DOCTOR* --
BACK OFF, *CIVILIAN!* THIS IS OFFICIAL *SUPER-HERO* BUSINESS --
-HUURK- -NNGH-
STOP! DO *NOT* MOVE THAT *MAN!*
NO, SIR. THIS...
ARF
... THIS IS *SIDEKICK* BUSINESS.
THESE READINGS ARE *DERANGED!* AMBIENT RADIATION LEVELS ALMOST TO THE *RED... TRANS-SPATIAL* DISTORTIONS --
-- WHAT DID YOU *DO,* MAN?
I TRIED TO -*URP*- TELEPORT THE *LADY* -- BUT THAT *MANIAC* --
-- *DEADPOOL?* HE WAS HERE?
Oh. MY. *GOD.*
UNLESS I'M *CRAZY,* AND BELIEVE ME, THAT'S *ENTIRELY* POSSIBLE, I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED...
... DEADPOOL AND AL
THEY'RE LOST IN TIME!
WELL AIN'T THAT JUST A LOAD OF HAPPY HORSE MANURE?
-BUURPP- excuse me...
SNIFF
NEXT ISSUE: WITH GREAT POWER COMES GREAT COINCIDENCE!


MARVEL COMICS
THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!
DEADPOOL®
DEC #11
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THIS SUCKER IS *64 PAGES* WITH ONLY *2 ADS*...
...GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CHEAPED OUT ON *THE ROPE!*
Moody 'n' NAM WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT TO Kirby AND Ditko
ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:
*AN UNIMPORTANT MESSAGE TO **YOU**, FROM THE EDITOR -- ABOUT **ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!***
KELLY WOODS

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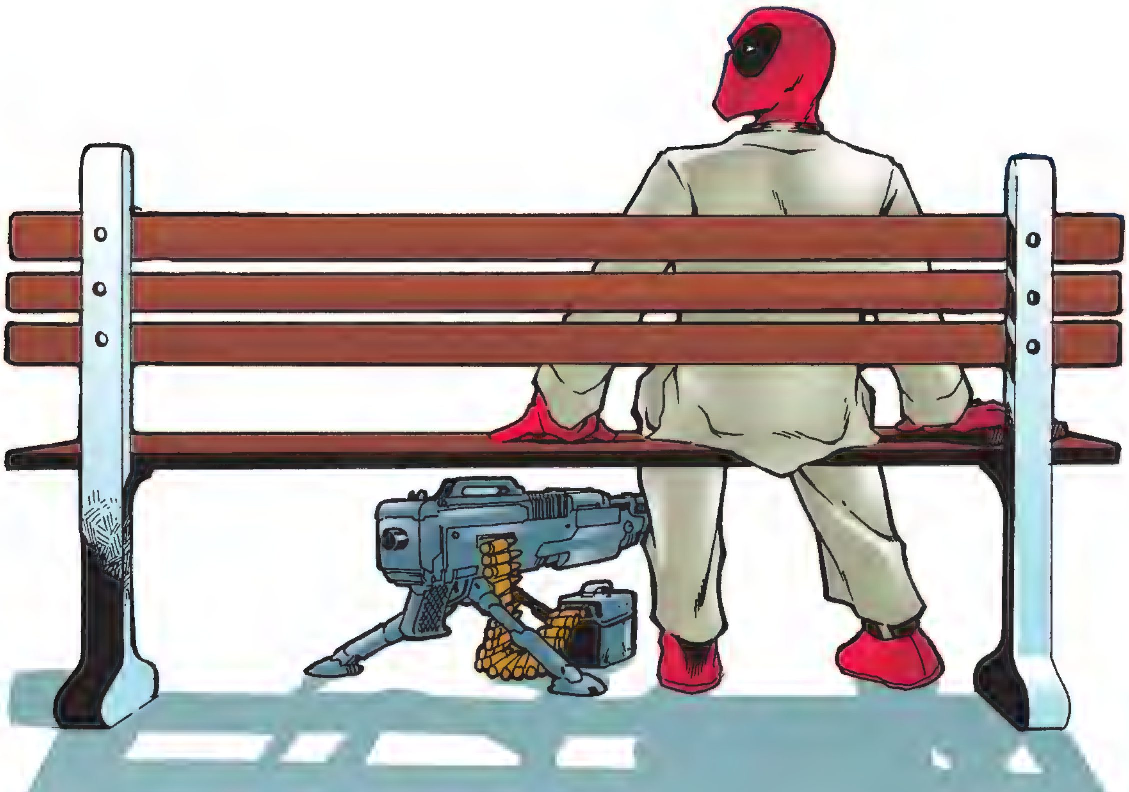
STAN LEE PRESENTS A VERY SPECIAL DEADPOOL BROUGHT TO YOU ACROSS THE VAST EXPANSE OF SPACE AND TIME BY:
JOE "MARTY MCFLY" KELLY WRITER PETE "H.G. WELLS" WOODS PENCILER NATHAN "TIME TRAVELLER™" MASSENGILL INKER (90S)
AL "TIME BY SEIKO" MILGROM & JOE "SPACE WARP" SINNOTT INKERS ('60S) CHRIS "SAGAN" SOTOMAYOR COLORIST
R "TIMECOP" S AND COMICRAFT/EMERSON MIRANDA LETTERING PAUL "TIME WARP AGAIN" TUTRONE ASSISTANT EDITOR
MATT "TIME TO MAKE THE DONUTS" IDELSON EDITOR BOB HARRAS TIME LOOP BOB HARRAS TIME LOOP BOB HARRAS TIME LOOP BOB HARRAS TIME LOOP BOB HARRAS TIME LOOP

BASED IN PART on AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #47 by STAN LEE and JOHN ROMITA, Sr.

SPECIAL THANKS TO DARREN AUCK, THE BULLPEN [illegible], PATTI DAZZO, RALPH MACCHIO, KAREEM MONTES, WILSON RAMOS, REPRO, POND SCUM
[illegible] STAN & JOHN FOR ALLOWING THIS TRAVESTY TO OCCUR!

With Great Power comes Great Coincidence



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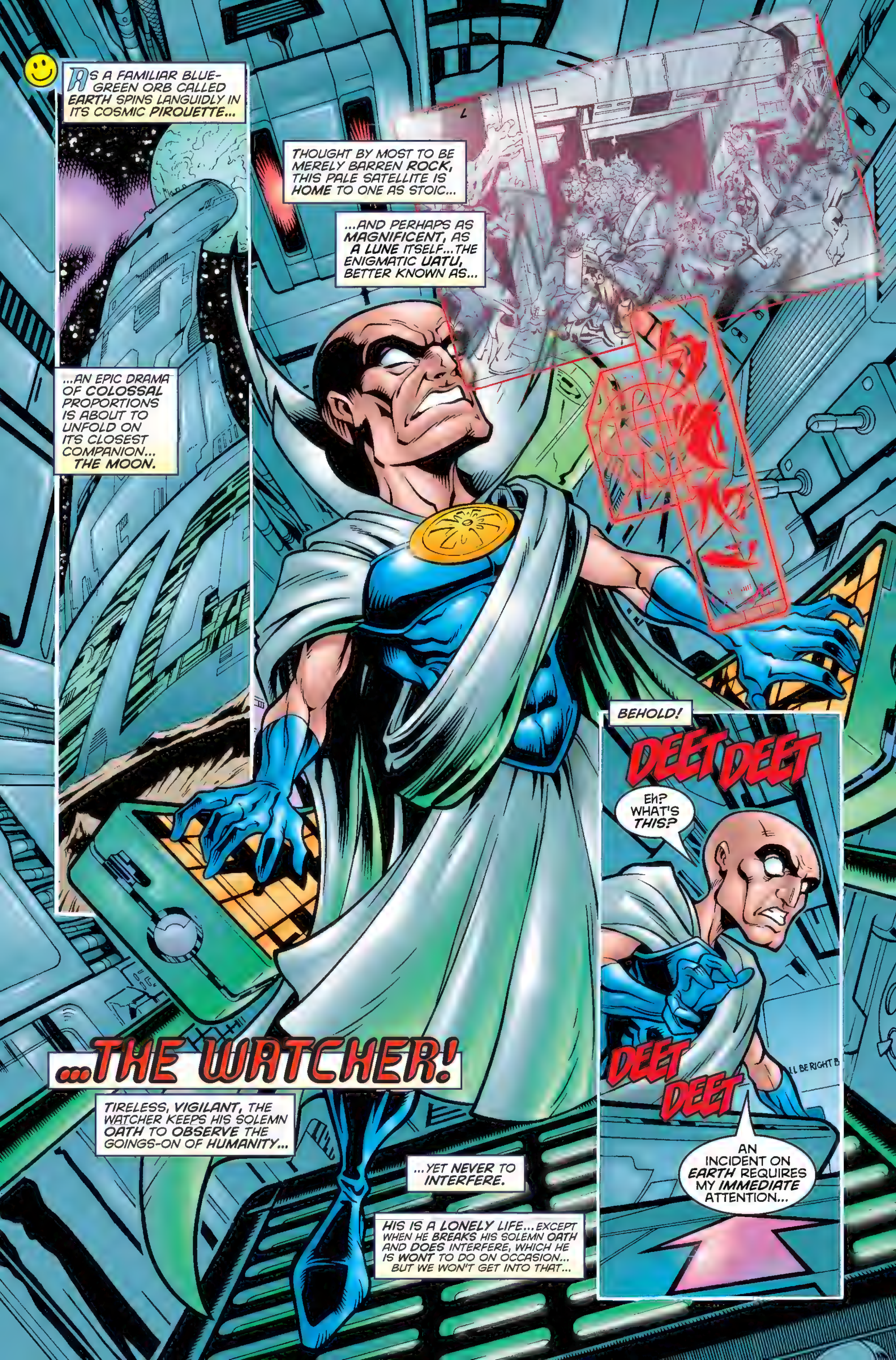
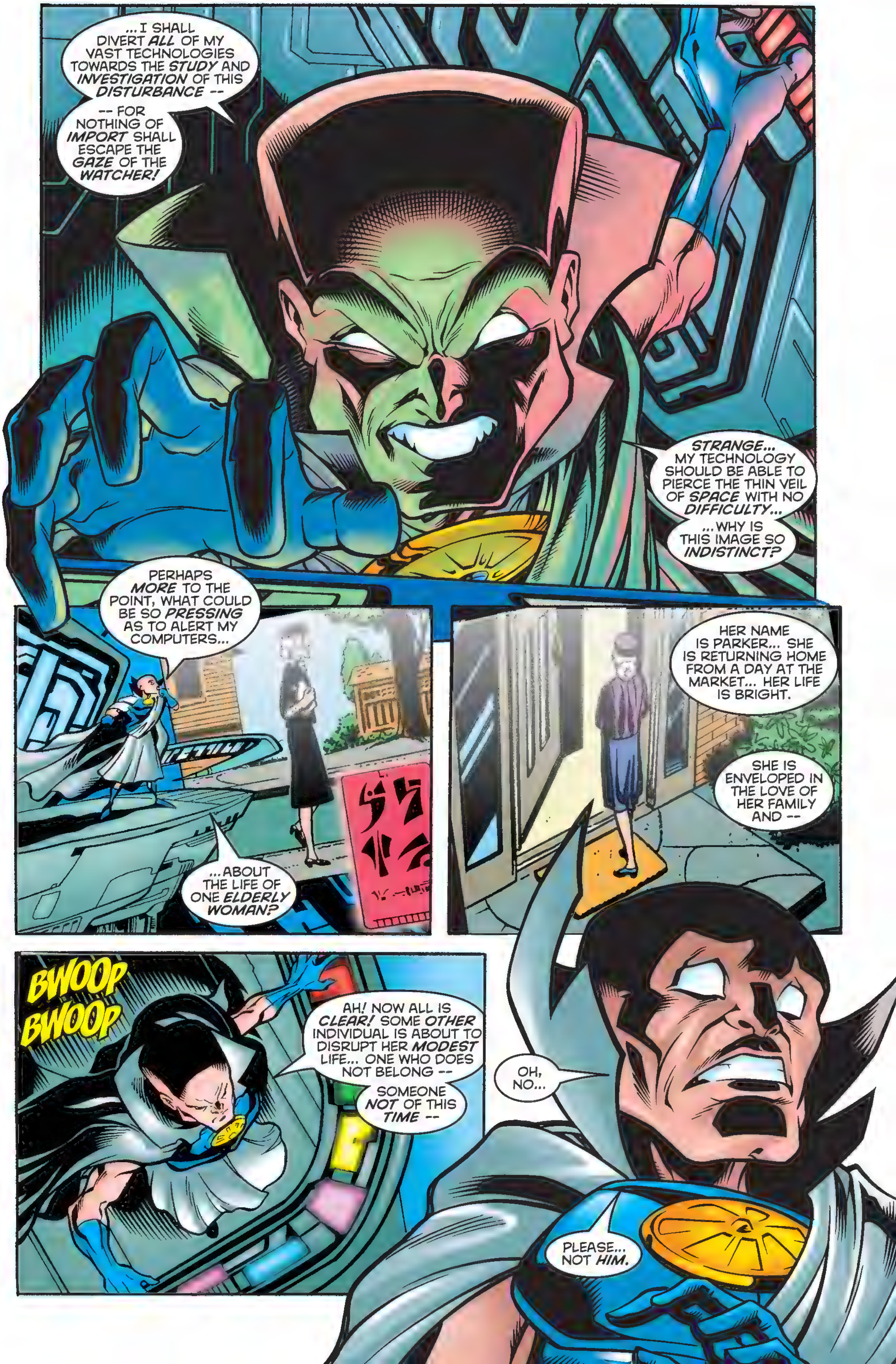
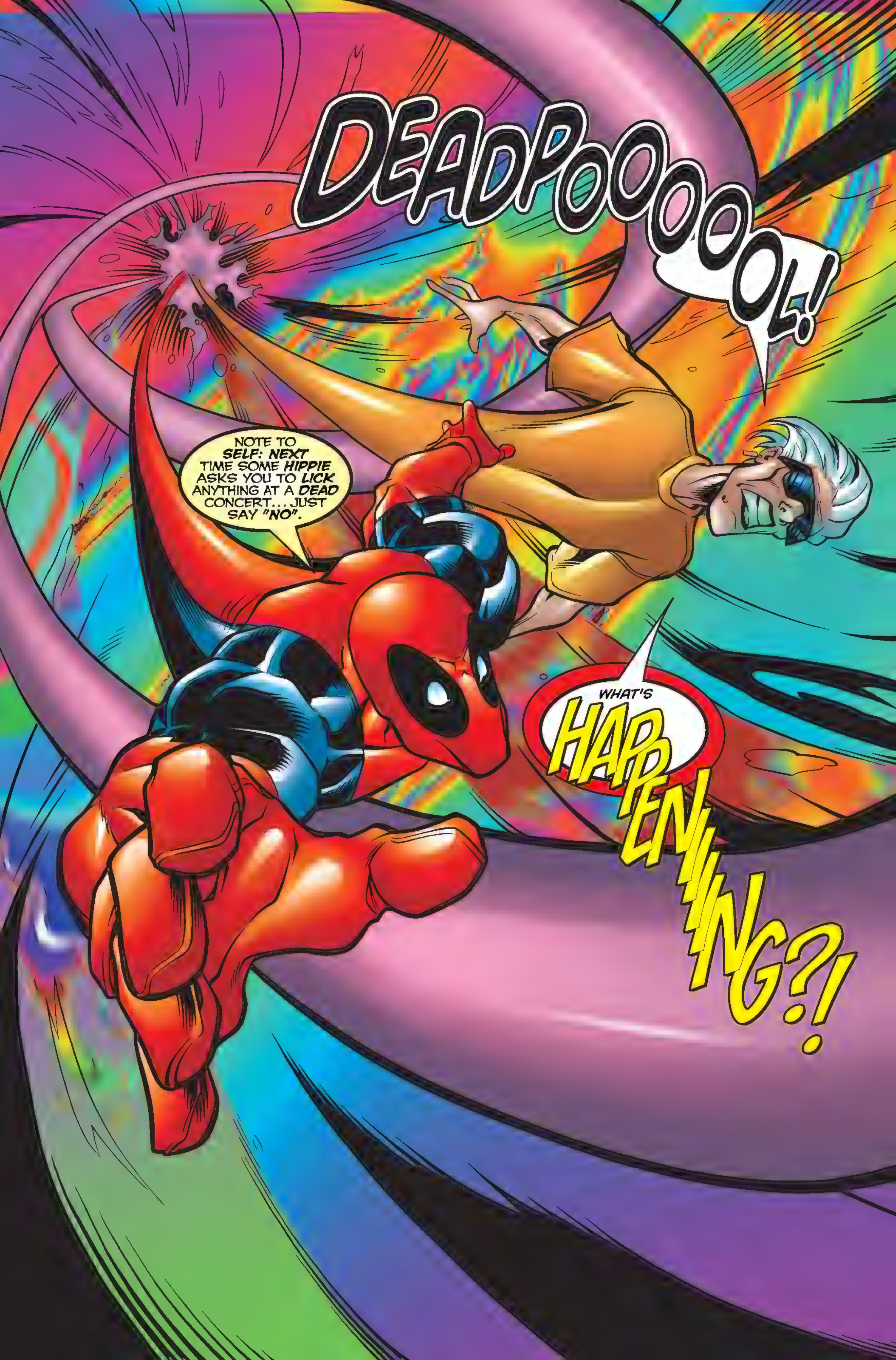
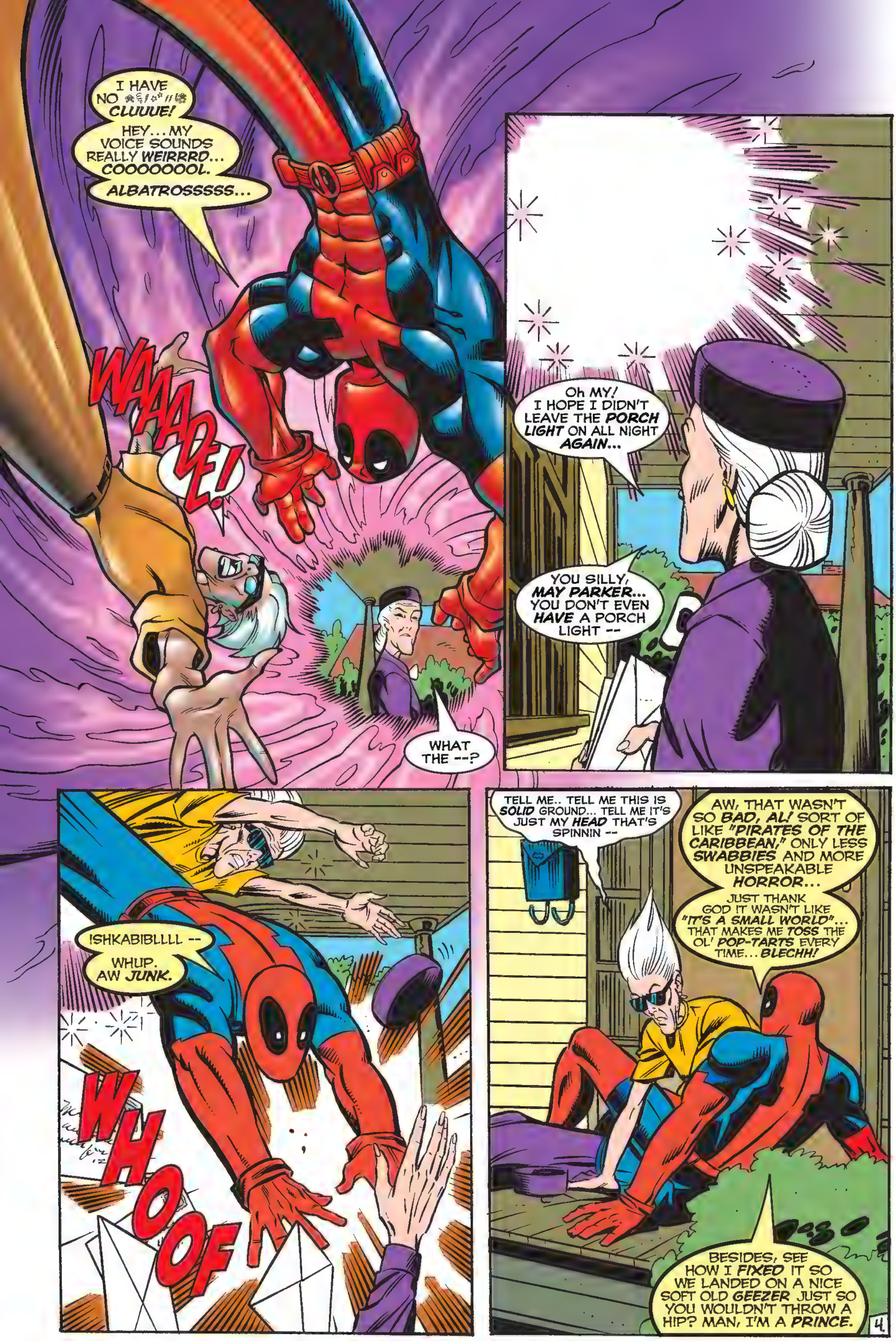
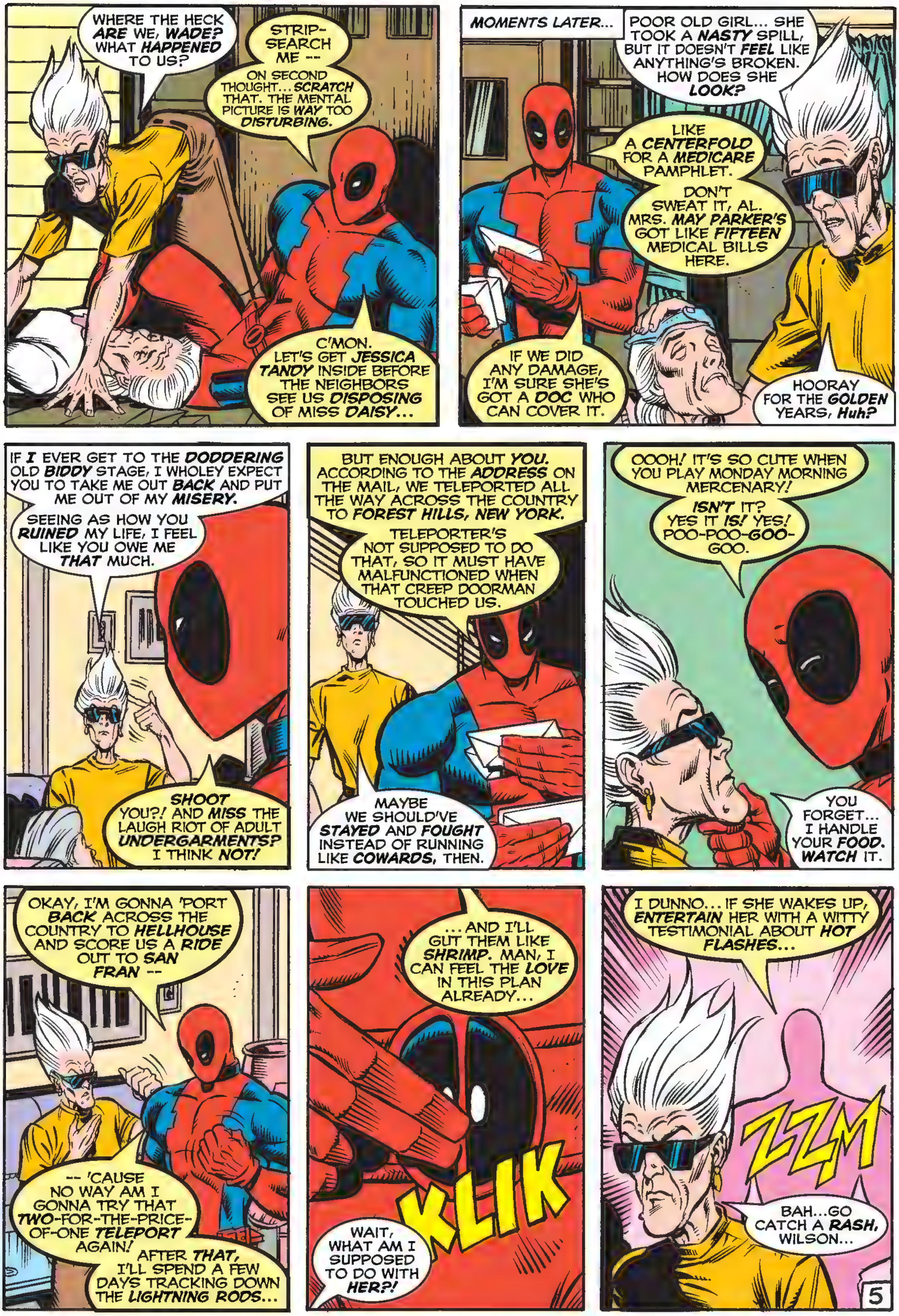
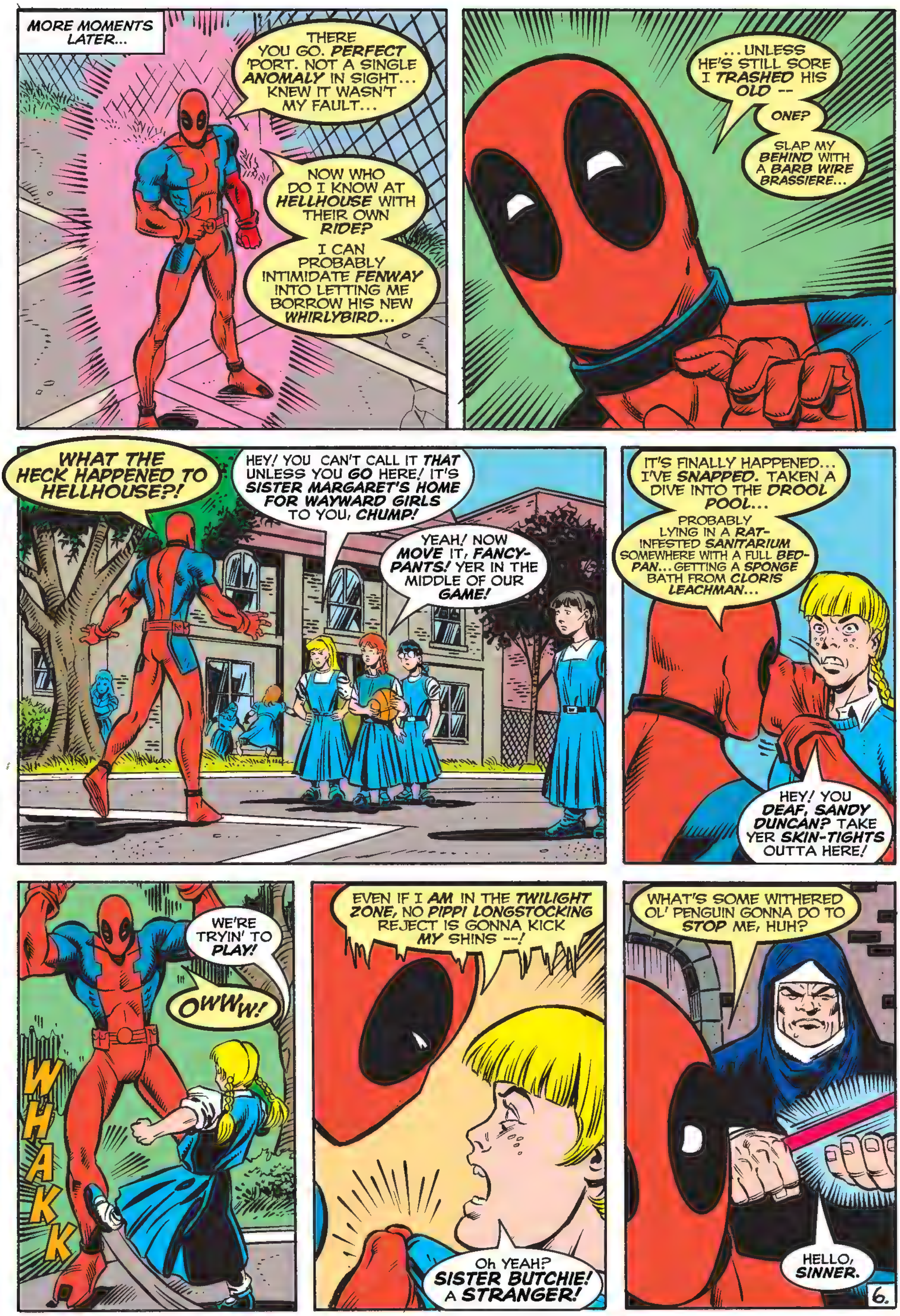

AS A FAMILIAR BLUE-GREEN ORB CALLED EARTH SPINS LANGUIDLY IN ITS COSMIC PIROUETTE...
...AN EPIC DRAMA OF COLOSSAL PROPORTIONS IS ABOUT TO UNFOLD ON ITS CLOSEST COMPANION... THE MOON.
THOUGHT BY MOST TO BE MERELY BARREN ROCK, THIS PALE SATELLITE IS HOME TO ONE AS STOIC...
...AND PERHAPS AS MAGNIFICENT, AS A LUNE ITSELF...THE ENIGMATIC UATU, BETTER KNOWN AS...
...THE WATCHER!
TIRELESS, VIGILANT, THE WATCHER KEEPS HIS SOLEMN OATH TO OBSERVE THE GOINGS-ON OF HUMANITY...
...YET NEVER TO INTERFERE.
HIS IS A LONELY LIFE... EXCEPT WHEN HE BREAKS HIS SOLEMN OATH AND DOES INTERFERE, WHICH HE IS WONT TO DO ON OCCASION... BUT WE WON'T GET INTO THAT...
BEHOLD!
DEET DEET
Eh? WHAT'S THIS?
LL BE RIGHT B
DEET DEET
AN INCIDENT ON EARTH REQUIRES MY IMMEDIATE ATTENTION...

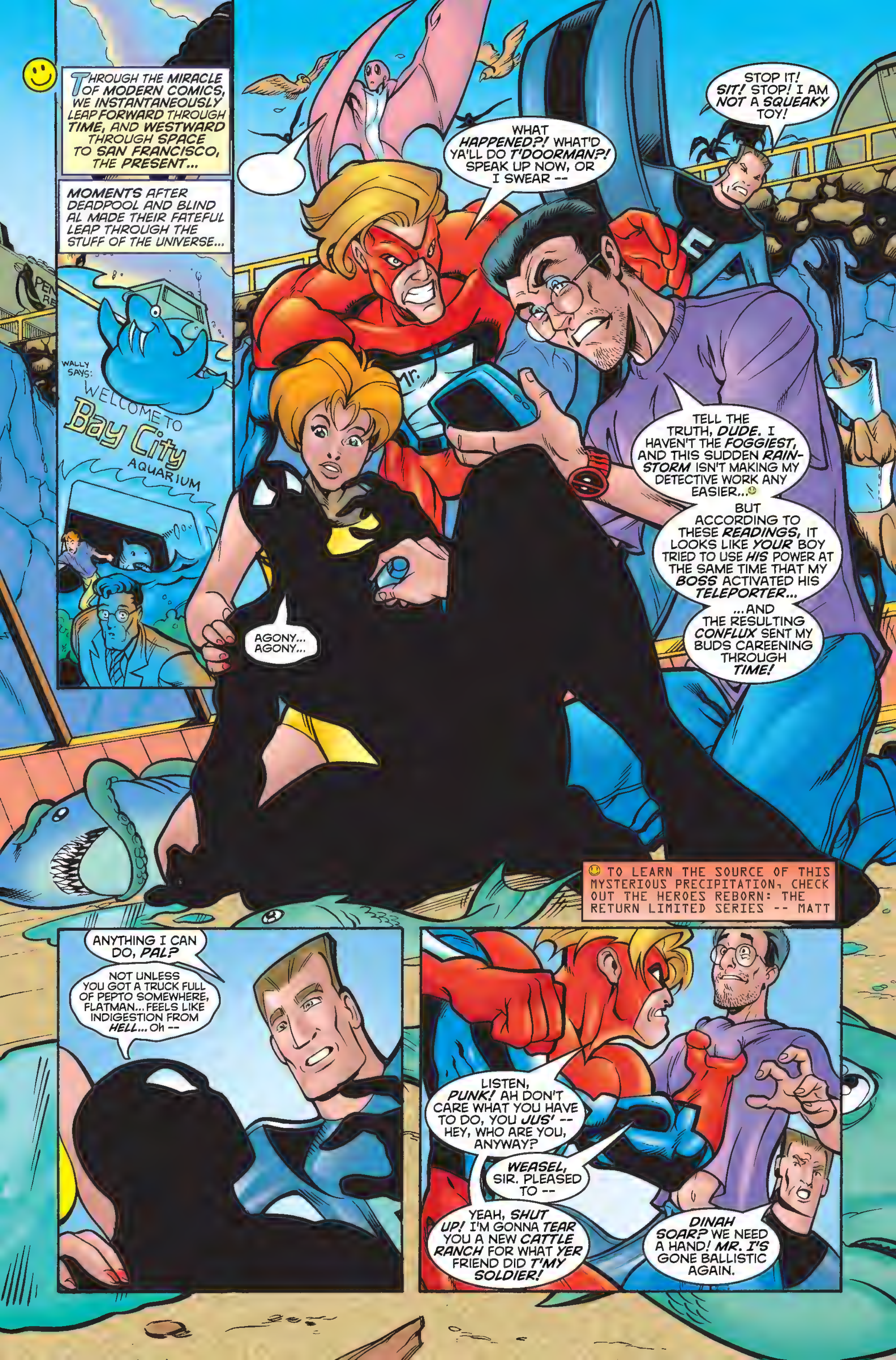

...I SHALL DIVERT *ALL* OF MY VAST TECHNOLOGIES TOWARDS THE *STUDY* AND *INVESTIGATION* OF THIS *DISTURBANCE* --
-- FOR NOTHING OF *IMPORT* SHALL ESCAPE THE *GAZE* OF THE *WATCHER!*
STRANGE... MY TECHNOLOGY SHOULD BE ABLE TO PIERCE THE THIN VEIL OF *SPACE* WITH NO *DIFFICULTY...*
...WHY IS THIS IMAGE SO *INDISTINCT?*
PERHAPS *MORE* TO THE POINT, WHAT COULD BE SO *PRESSING* AS TO ALERT MY COMPUTERS...
...ABOUT THE LIFE OF ONE *ELDERLY WOMAN?*
HER NAME IS PARKER... SHE IS RETURNING HOME FROM A DAY AT THE MARKET... HER LIFE IS BRIGHT.
SHE IS ENVELOPED IN THE LOVE OF HER FAMILY AND --
BWOOP BWOOP
AH! NOW ALL IS *CLEAR!* SOME *OTHER* INDIVIDUAL IS ABOUT TO DISRUPT HER *MODEST* LIFE... ONE WHO DOES NOT BELONG --
SOMEONE *NOT* OF THIS *TIME* --
OH, NO...
PLEASE... NOT *HIM.*

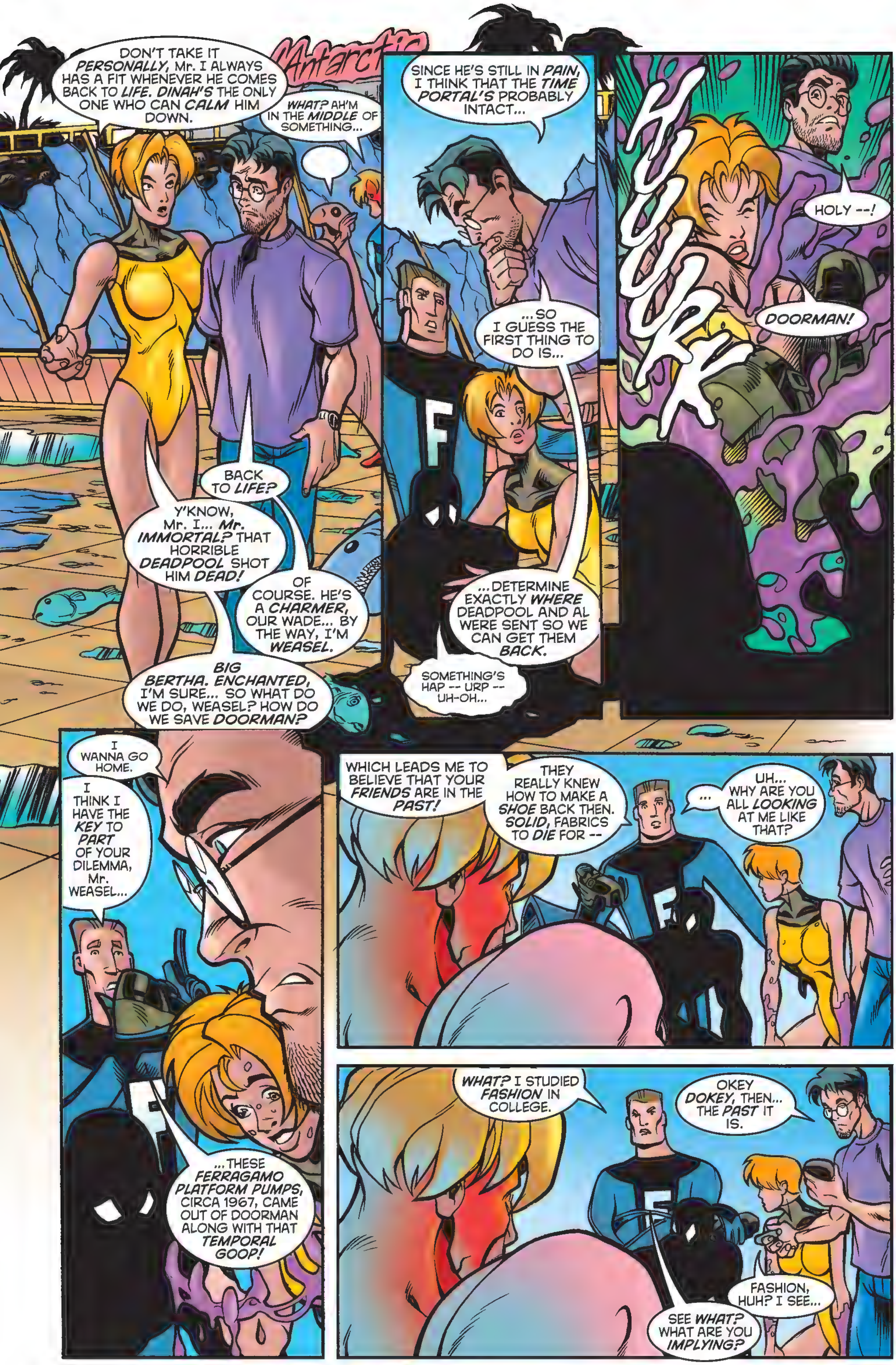

DEADPOOOOOOL!
NOTE TO SELF: NEXT TIME SOME HIPPIE ASKS YOU TO LICK ANYTHING AT A DEAD CONCERT... JUST SAY "NO".
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

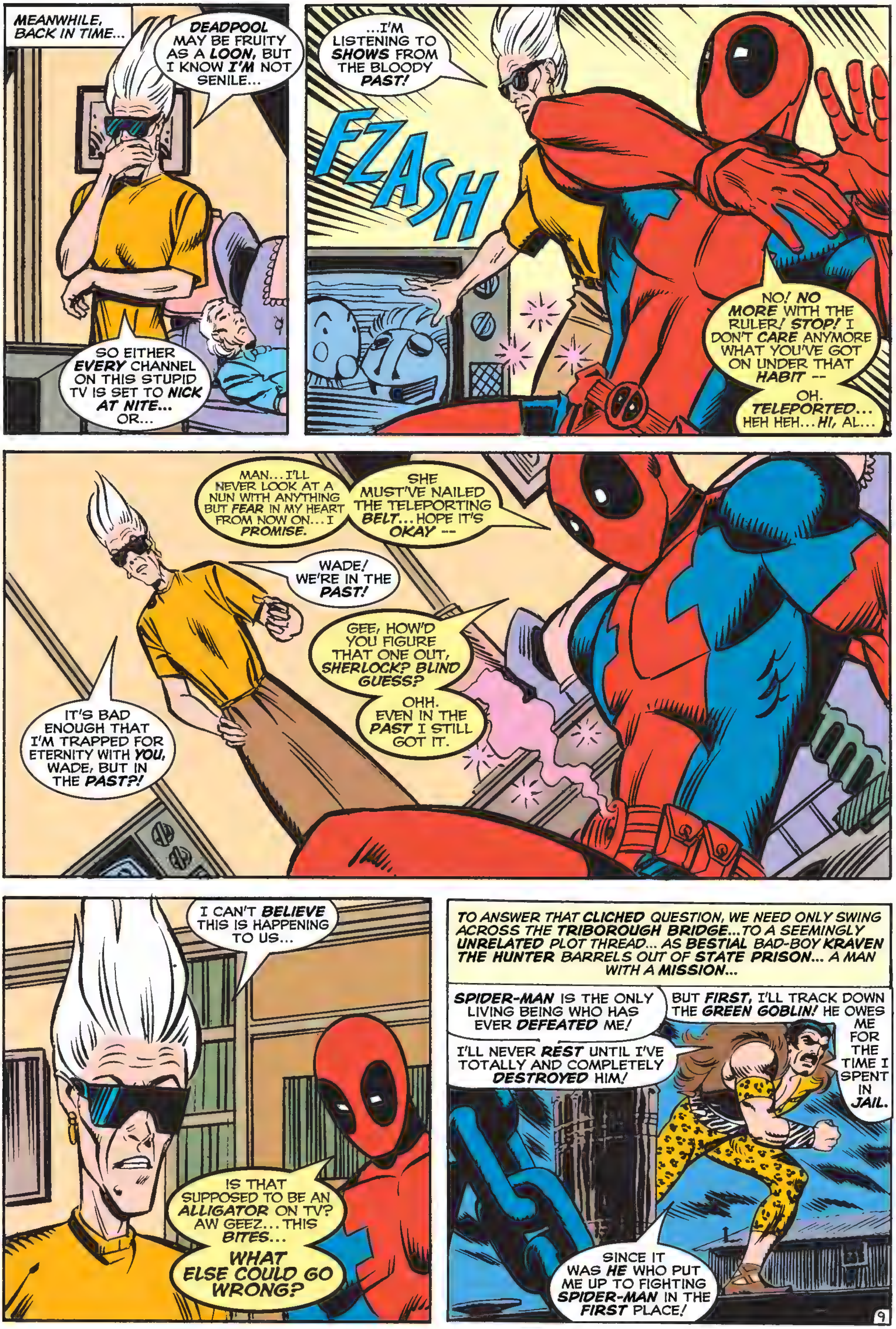

I HAVE NO ☠§!✱#☠ *CLUUUE!*
HEY... MY VOICE SOUNDS REALLY *WEIRRRD...* *COOOOOOOL.*
ALBATROSSSSS...
WAAADE!
WHAT THE --?
Oh MY! I HOPE I DIDN'T LEAVE THE *PORCH LIGHT* ON ALL NIGHT *AGAIN...*
YOU SILLY, *MAY PARKER...* YOU DON'T EVEN *HAVE* A PORCH LIGHT --
ISHKABIBLLLL -- WHUP. AW *JUNK.*
WHOOOF
TELL ME.. TELL ME THIS IS *SOLID* GROUND... TELL ME IT'S JUST MY *HEAD* THAT'S SPINNIN --
AW, THAT WASN'T SO *BAD, AL!* SORT OF LIKE *"PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN,"* ONLY LESS *SWABBIES* AND MORE UNSPEAKABLE *HORROR...*
JUST THANK GOD IT WASN'T LIKE *"IT'S A SMALL WORLD"*... THAT MAKES ME *TOSS* THE OL' *POP-TARTS* EVERY TIME... *BLECHH!*
BESIDES, SEE HOW I *FIXED* IT SO WE LANDED ON A NICE SOFT OLD *GEEZER* JUST SO YOU WOULDN'T THROW A HIP? MAN, I'M A *PRINCE.*

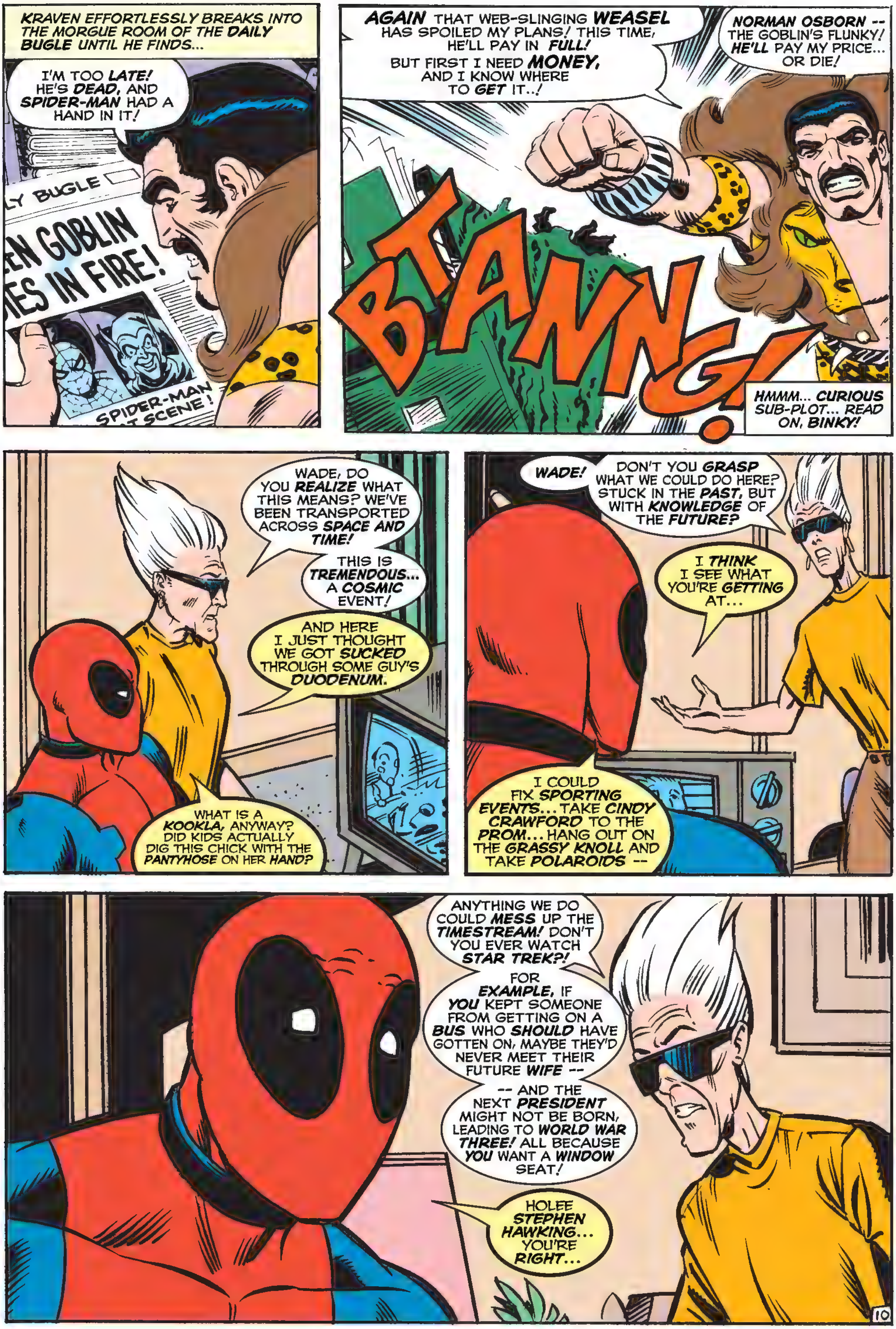

WHERE THE HECK ARE WE, WADE? WHAT HAPPENED TO US?
STRIP-SEARCH ME --
ON SECOND THOUGHT... SCRATCH THAT. THE MENTAL PICTURE IS WAY TOO DISTURBING.
C'MON. LET'S GET JESSICA TANDY INSIDE BEFORE THE NEIGHBORS SEE US DISPOSING OF MISS DAISY...
MOMENTS LATER...
POOR OLD GIRL... SHE TOOK A NASTY SPILL, BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE ANYTHING'S BROKEN. HOW DOES SHE LOOK?
LIKE A CENTERFOLD FOR A MEDICARE PAMPHLET.
DON'T SWEAT IT, AL. MRS. MAY PARKER'S GOT LIKE FIFTEEN MEDICAL BILLS HERE.
IF WE DID ANY DAMAGE, I'M SURE SHE'S GOT A DOC WHO CAN COVER IT.
HOORAY FOR THE GOLDEN YEARS, Huh?
IF I EVER GET TO THE DODDERING OLD BIDDY STAGE, I WHOLEY EXPECT YOU TO TAKE ME OUT BACK AND PUT ME OUT OF MY MISERY.
SEEING AS HOW YOU RUINED MY LIFE, I FEEL LIKE YOU OWE ME THAT MUCH.
SHOOT YOU?! AND MISS THE LAUGH RIOT OF ADULT UNDERGARMENTS? I THINK NOT!
BUT ENOUGH ABOUT YOU. ACCORDING TO THE ADDRESS ON THE MAIL, WE TELEPORTED ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO FOREST HILLS, NEW YORK.
TELEPORTER'S NOT SUPPOSED TO DO THAT, SO IT MUST HAVE MALFUNCTIONED WHEN THAT CREEP DOORMAN TOUCHED US.
MAYBE WE SHOULD'VE STAYED AND FOUGHT INSTEAD OF RUNNING LIKE COWARDS, THEN.
OOOH! IT'S SO CUTE WHEN YOU PLAY MONDAY MORNING MERCENARY!
ISN'T IT? YES IT IS! YES! POO-POO-GOO-GOO.
YOU FORGET... I HANDLE YOUR FOOD. WATCH IT.
OKAY, I'M GONNA 'PORT BACK ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO HELLHOUSE AND SCORE US A RIDE OUT TO SAN FRAN --
-- 'CAUSE NO WAY AM I GONNA TRY THAT TWO-FOR-THE-PRICE-OF-ONE TELEPORT AGAIN!
AFTER THAT, I'LL SPEND A FEW DAYS TRACKING DOWN THE LIGHTNING RODS...
... AND I'LL GUT THEM LIKE SHRIMP. MAN, I CAN FEEL THE LOVE IN THIS PLAN ALREADY...
KLIK
WAIT, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH HER?!
I DUNNO... IF SHE WAKES UP, ENTERTAIN HER WITH A WITTY TESTIMONIAL ABOUT HOT FLASHES...
ZZM
BAH...GO CATCH A RASH, WILSON...

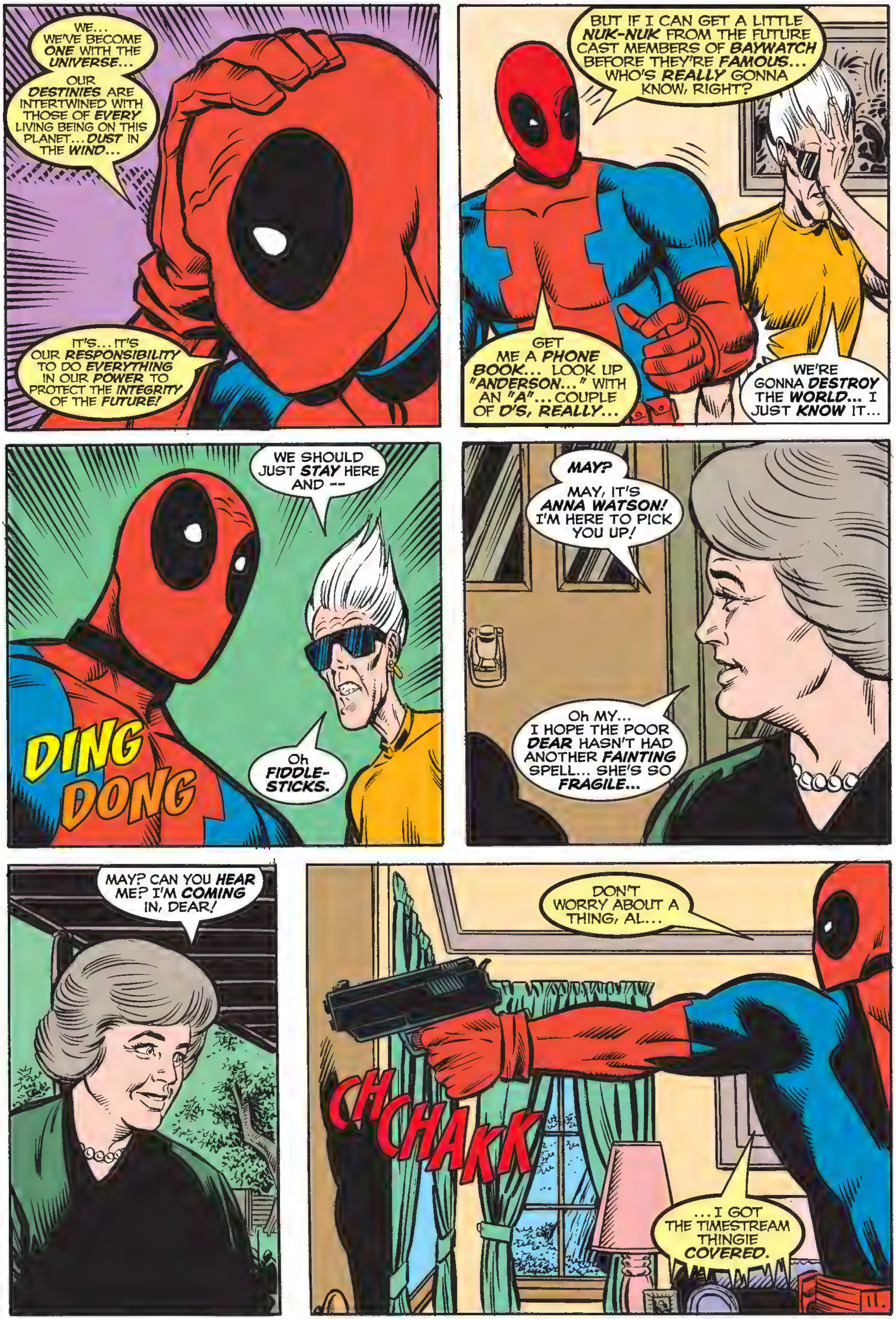

MORE MOMENTS LATER...
THERE YOU GO. PERFECT 'PORT. NOT A SINGLE ANOMALY IN SIGHT... KNEW IT WASN'T MY FAULT...
NOW WHO DO I KNOW AT HELLHOUSE WITH THEIR OWN RIDE?
I CAN PROBABLY INTIMIDATE FENWAY INTO LETTING ME BORROW HIS NEW WHIRLYBIRD...
...UNLESS HE'S STILL SORE I TRASHED HIS OLD --
ONE?
SLAP MY BEHIND WITH A BARB WIRE BRASSIERE...
WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED TO HELLHOUSE?!
HEY! YOU CAN'T CALL IT THAT UNLESS YOU GO HERE! IT'S SISTER MARGARET'S HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS TO YOU, CHUMP!
YEAH! NOW MOVE IT, FANCY-PANTS! YER IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR GAME!
IT'S FINALLY HAPPENED... I'VE SNAPPED. TAKEN A DIVE INTO THE DROOL POOL...
PROBABLY LYING IN A RAT-INFESTED SANITARIUM SOMEWHERE WITH A FULL BED-PAN... GETTING A SPONGE BATH FROM CLORIS LEACHMAN...
HEY! YOU DEAF, SANDY DUNCAN? TAKE YER SKIN-TIGHTS OUTTA HERE!
WE'RE TRYIN' TO PLAY!
OWWW!
WHAKK
EVEN IF I AM IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE, NO PIPPI LONGSTOCKING REJECT IS GONNA KICK MY SHINS --!
Oh YEAH? SISTER BUTCHIE! A STRANGER!
WHAT'S SOME WITHERED OL' PENGUIN GONNA DO TO STOP ME, HUH?
HELLO, SINNER.

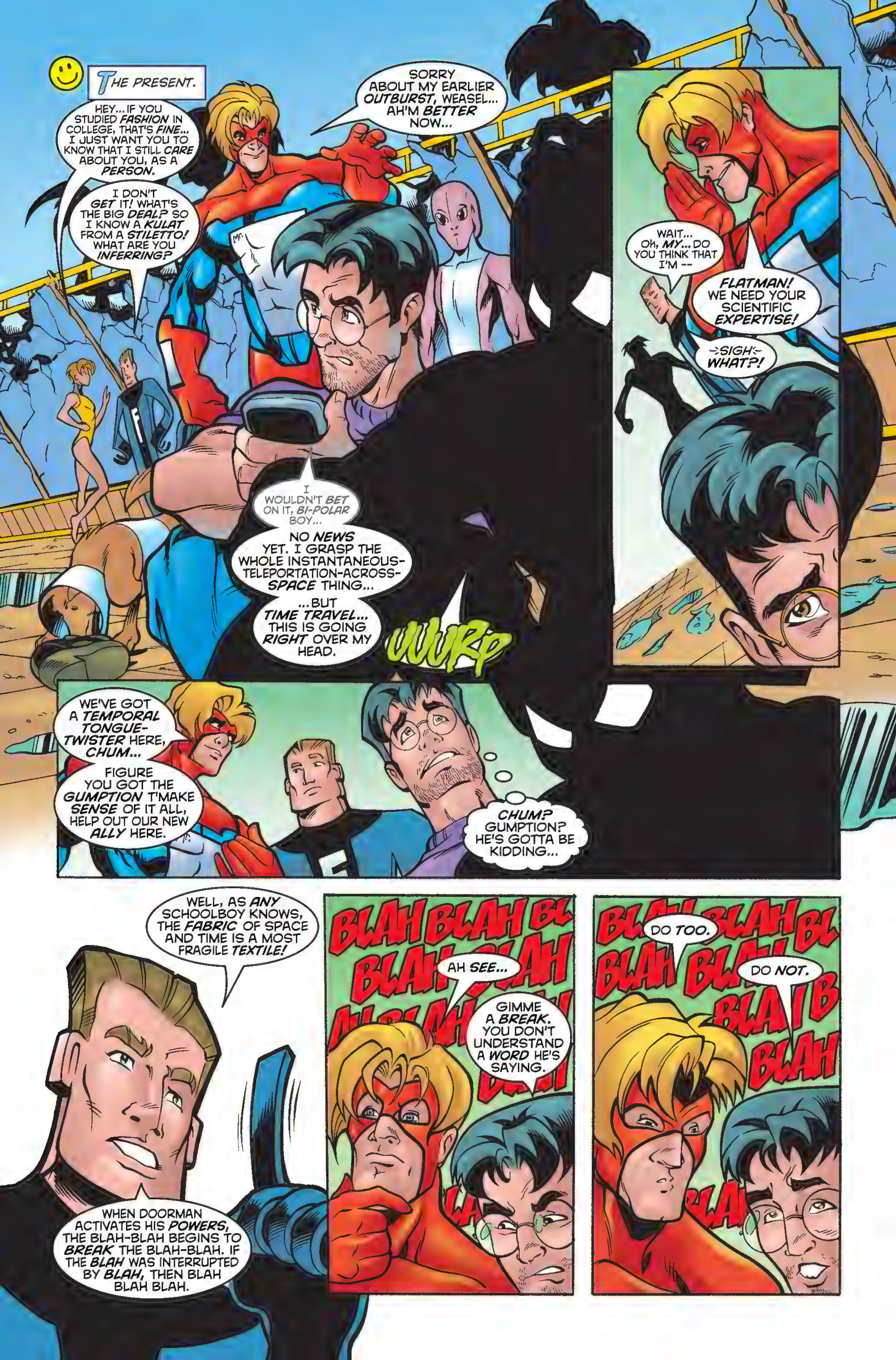

THROUGH THE MIRACLE OF MODERN COMICS, WE INSTANTANEOUSLY LEAP FORWARD THROUGH TIME, AND WESTWARD THROUGH SPACE TO SAN FRANCISCO, THE PRESENT...
MOMENTS AFTER DEADPOOL AND BLIND AL MADE THEIR FATEFUL LEAP THROUGH THE STUFF OF THE UNIVERSE...
WALLY SAYS:
WELCOME TO Bay City AQUARIUM
WHAT HAPPENED?! WHAT'D YA'LL DO T'DOORMAN?! SPEAK UP NOW, OR I SWEAR --
STOP IT! SIT! STOP! I AM NOT A SQUEAKY TOY!
TELL THE TRUTH, DUDE. I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST, AND THIS SUDDEN RAINSTORM ISN'T MAKING MY DETECTIVE WORK ANY EASIER...☺
BUT ACCORDING TO THESE READINGS, IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR BOY TRIED TO USE HIS POWER AT THE SAME TIME THAT MY BOSS ACTIVATED HIS TELEPORTER...
...AND THE RESULTING CONFLUX SENT MY BUDS CAREENING THROUGH TIME!
AGONY... AGONY...
☺ TO LEARN THE SOURCE OF THIS MYSTERIOUS PRECIPITATION, CHECK OUT THE HEROES REBORN: THE RETURN LIMITED SERIES -- MATT
ANYTHING I CAN DO, PAL?
NOT UNLESS YOU GOT A TRUCK FULL OF PEPTO SOMEWHERE, FLATMAN... FEELS LIKE INDIGESTION FROM HELL... Oh --
LISTEN, PUNK! AH DON'T CARE WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, YOU JUS' -- HEY, WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
WEASEL, SIR. PLEASED TO --
YEAH, SHUT UP! I'M GONNA TEAR YOU A NEW CATTLE RANCH FOR WHAT YER FRIEND DID T'MY SOLDIER!
DINAH SOAR? WE NEED A HAND! MR. I'S GONE BALLISTIC AGAIN.

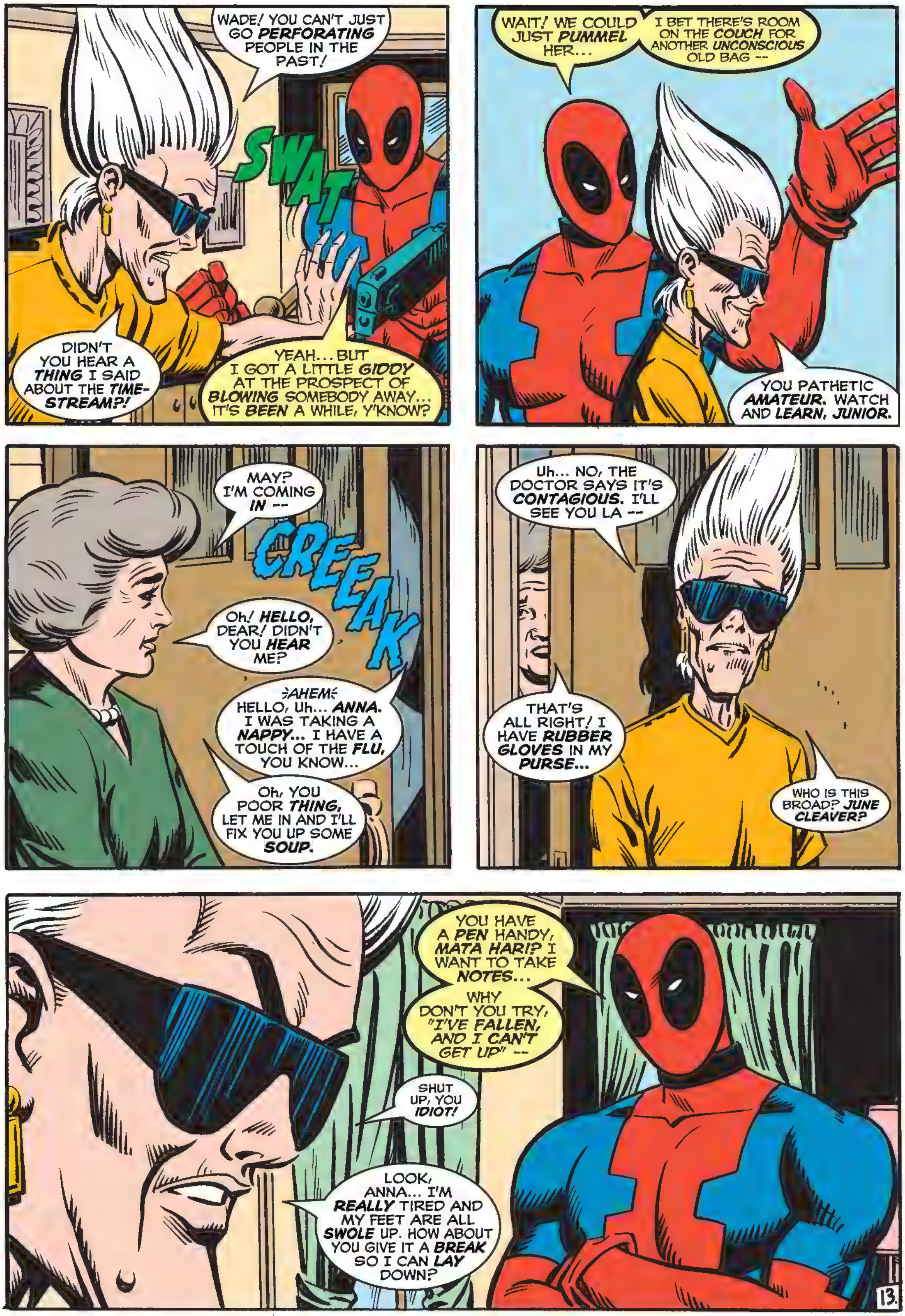

DON'T TAKE IT *PERSONALLY*, Mr. I ALWAYS HAS A FIT WHENEVER HE COMES BACK TO *LIFE*. *DINAH'S* THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN *CALM* HIM DOWN.
WHAT? AH'M IN THE *MIDDLE* OF SOMETHING...
BACK TO *LIFE?*
Y'KNOW, Mr. I... *Mr. IMMORTAL?* THAT HORRIBLE *DEADPOOL* SHOT HIM *DEAD!*
OF COURSE. HE'S A *CHARMER*, OUR WADE... BY THE WAY, I'M *WEASEL*.
BIG BERTHA. ENCHANTED, I'M SURE... SO WHAT DO WE DO, WEASEL? HOW DO WE SAVE *DOORMAN?*
SINCE HE'S STILL IN *PAIN*, I THINK THAT THE *TIME PORTAL'S* PROBABLY INTACT...
...SO I GUESS THE FIRST THING TO DO IS...
...DETERMINE EXACTLY *WHERE* DEADPOOL AND AL WERE SENT SO WE CAN GET THEM *BACK*.
SOMETHING'S HAP -- URP -- UH-OH...
HUUURK
HOLY --!
DOORMAN!
I WANNA GO HOME.
I THINK I HAVE THE *KEY* TO *PART* OF YOUR DILEMMA, Mr. WEASEL...
...THESE *FERRAGAMO PLATFORM PUMPS*, CIRCA 1967, CAME OUT OF DOORMAN ALONG WITH THAT *TEMPORAL GOOP!*
WHICH LEADS ME TO BELIEVE THAT YOUR *FRIENDS* ARE IN THE *PAST!*
THEY REALLY KNEW HOW TO MAKE A *SHOE* BACK THEN. *SOLID*, FABRICS TO *DIE* FOR --
...
UH... WHY ARE YOU ALL *LOOKING* AT ME LIKE THAT?
WHAT? I STUDIED *FASHION* IN COLLEGE.
OKEY *DOKEY*, THEN... THE *PAST* IT IS.
FASHION, HUH? I SEE...
SEE *WHAT?* WHAT ARE YOU *IMPLYING?*

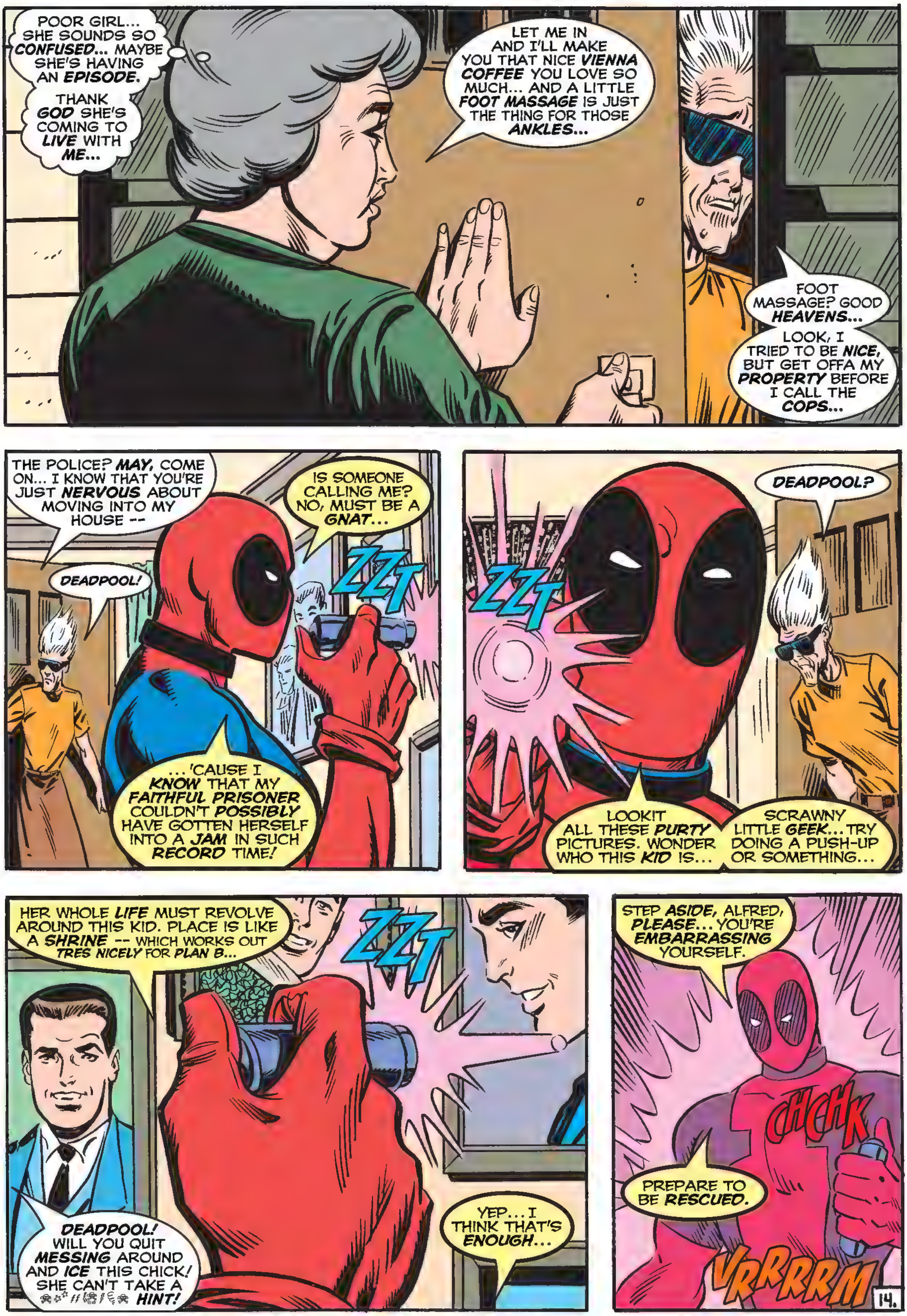

MEANWHILE, BACK IN TIME...
DEADPOOL MAY BE FRUITY AS A LOON, BUT I KNOW I'M NOT SENILE...
SO EITHER EVERY CHANNEL ON THIS STUPID TV IS SET TO NICK AT NITE... OR...
...I'M LISTENING TO SHOWS FROM THE BLOODY PAST!
FZASH
NO! NO MORE WITH THE RULER! STOP! I DON'T CARE ANYMORE WHAT YOU'VE GOT ON UNDER THAT HABIT --
OH. TELEPORTED... HEH HEH... HI, AL...
MAN... I'LL NEVER LOOK AT A NUN WITH ANYTHING BUT FEAR IN MY HEART FROM NOW ON... I PROMISE.
SHE MUST'VE NAILED THE TELEPORTING BELT... HOPE IT'S OKAY --
WADE! WE'RE IN THE PAST!
GEE, HOW'D YOU FIGURE THAT ONE OUT, SHERLOCK? BLIND GUESS?
OHH. EVEN IN THE PAST I STILL GOT IT.
IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT I'M TRAPPED FOR ETERNITY WITH YOU, WADE, BUT IN THE PAST?!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING TO US...
IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE AN ALLIGATOR ON TV? AW GEEZ... THIS BITES...
WHAT ELSE COULD GO WRONG?
TO ANSWER THAT CLICHED QUESTION, WE NEED ONLY SWING ACROSS THE TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE...TO A SEEMINGLY UNRELATED PLOT THREAD... AS BESTIAL BAD-BOY KRAVEN THE HUNTER BARRELS OUT OF STATE PRISON... A MAN WITH A MISSION...
SPIDER-MAN IS THE ONLY LIVING BEING WHO HAS EVER DEFEATED ME!
I'LL NEVER REST UNTIL I'VE TOTALLY AND COMPLETELY DESTROYED HIM!
BUT FIRST, I'LL TRACK DOWN THE GREEN GOBLIN! HE OWES ME FOR THE TIME I SPENT IN JAIL.
SINCE IT WAS HE WHO PUT ME UP TO FIGHTING SPIDER-MAN IN THE FIRST PLACE!

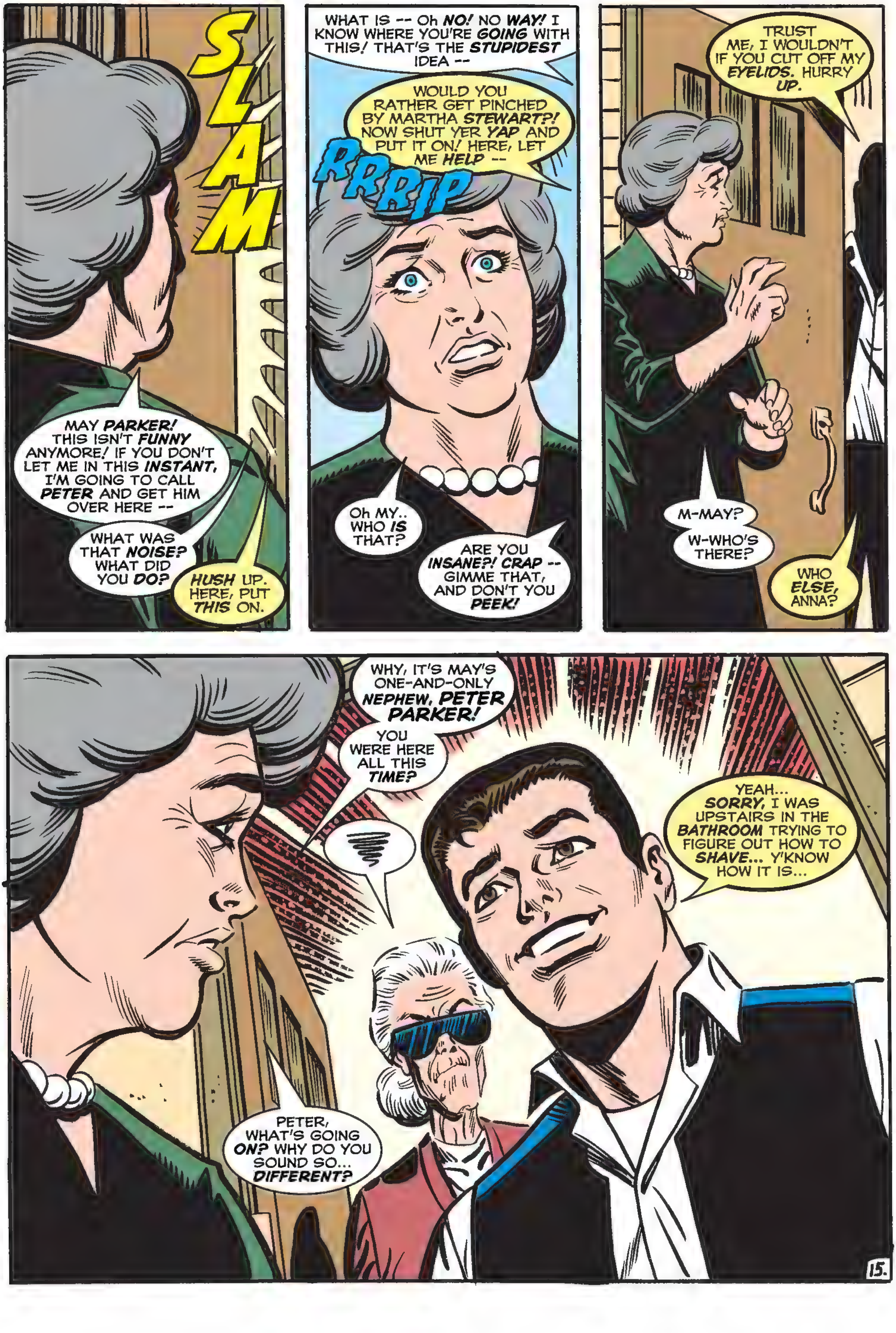

KRAVEN EFFORTLESSLY BREAKS INTO THE MORGUE ROOM OF THE DAILY BUGLE UNTIL HE FINDS...
I'M TOO LATE! HE'S DEAD, AND SPIDER-MAN HAD A HAND IN IT!
LY BUGLE
EN GOBLIN
ES IN FIRE!
SPIDER-MAN
T SCENE!
AGAIN THAT WEB-SLINGING WEASEL HAS SPOILED MY PLANS! THIS TIME, HE'LL PAY IN FULL!
BUT FIRST I NEED MONEY, AND I KNOW WHERE TO GET IT...!
NORMAN OSBORN -- THE GOBLIN'S FLUNKY! HE'LL PAY MY PRICE... OR DIE!
BTANNG!
HMMM... CURIOUS SUB-PLOT... READ ON, BINKY!
WADE, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS? WE'VE BEEN TRANSPORTED ACROSS SPACE AND TIME!
THIS IS TREMENDOUS... A COSMIC EVENT!
AND HERE I JUST THOUGHT WE GOT SUCKED THROUGH SOME GUY'S DUODENUM.
WHAT IS A KOOKLA, ANYWAY? DID KIDS ACTUALLY DIG THIS CHICK WITH THE PANTYHOSE ON HER HAND?
WADE!
DON'T YOU GRASP WHAT WE COULD DO HERE? STUCK IN THE PAST, BUT WITH KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUTURE?
I THINK I SEE WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT...
I COULD FIX SPORTING EVENTS... TAKE CINDY CRAWFORD TO THE PROM... HANG OUT ON THE GRASSY KNOLL AND TAKE POLAROIDS --
ANYTHING WE DO COULD MESS UP THE TIMESTREAM! DON'T YOU EVER WATCH STAR TREK?!
FOR EXAMPLE, IF YOU KEPT SOMEONE FROM GETTING ON A BUS WHO SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN ON, MAYBE THEY'D NEVER MEET THEIR FUTURE WIFE --
-- AND THE NEXT PRESIDENT MIGHT NOT BE BORN, LEADING TO WORLD WAR THREE! ALL BECAUSE YOU WANT A WINDOW SEAT!
HOLEE STEPHEN HAWKING... YOU'RE RIGHT...

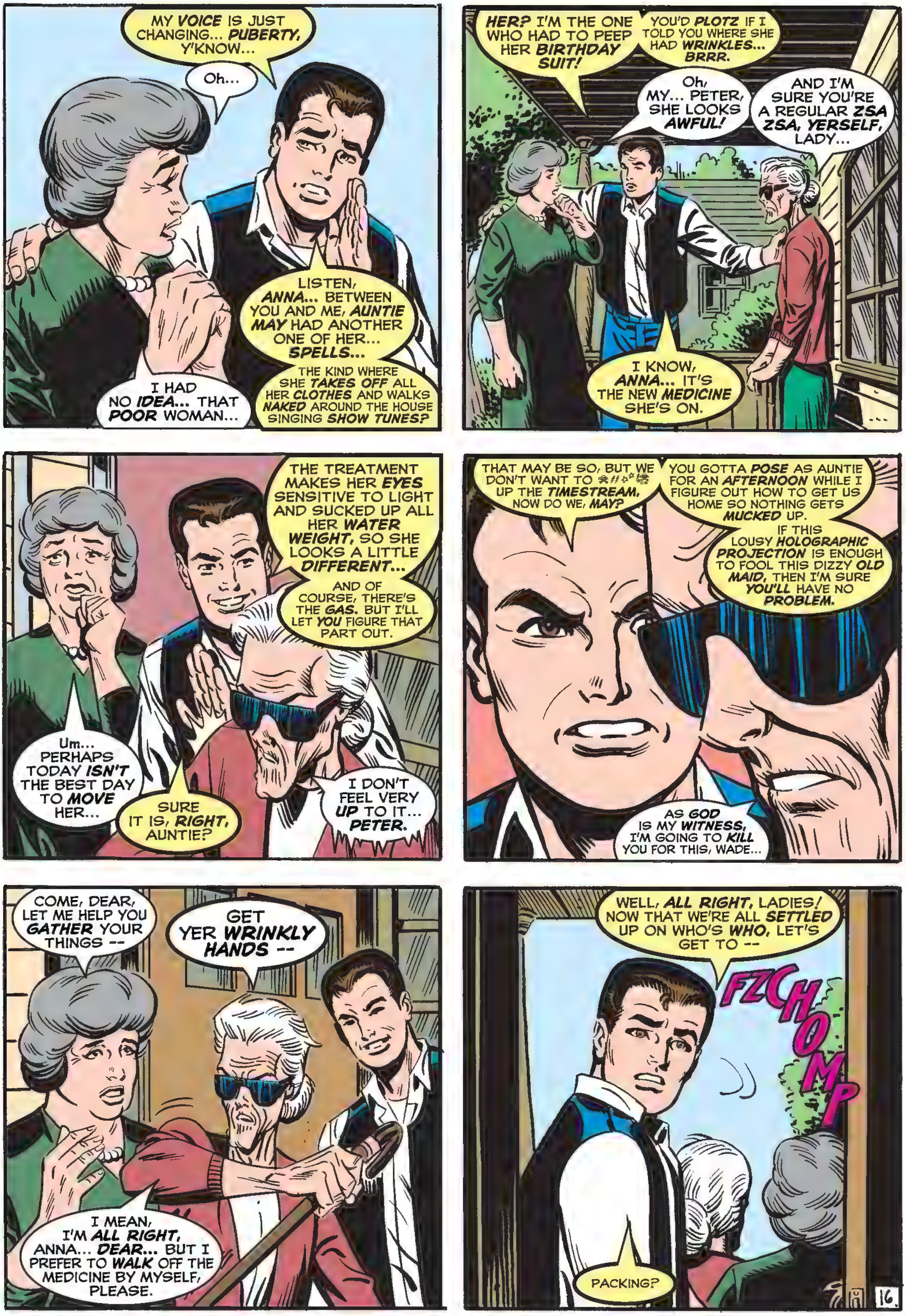

WE... WE'VE BECOME ONE WITH THE UNIVERSE...
OUR DESTINIES ARE INTERTWINED WITH THOSE OF EVERY LIVING BEING ON THIS PLANET... DUST IN THE WIND...
IT'S... IT'S OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO DO EVERYTHING IN OUR POWER TO PROTECT THE INTEGRITY OF THE FUTURE!
BUT IF I CAN GET A LITTLE NUK-NUK FROM THE FUTURE CAST MEMBERS OF BAYWATCH BEFORE THEY'RE FAMOUS... WHO'S REALLY GONNA KNOW, RIGHT?
GET ME A PHONE BOOK... LOOK UP "ANDERSON..." WITH AN "A"... COUPLE OF D'S, REALLY...
WE'RE GONNA DESTROY THE WORLD... I JUST KNOW IT...
WE SHOULD JUST STAY HERE AND --
DING DONG
Oh FIDDLE-STICKS.
MAY?
MAY, IT'S ANNA WATSON! I'M HERE TO PICK YOU UP!
Oh MY... I HOPE THE POOR DEAR HASN'T HAD ANOTHER FAINTING SPELL... SHE'S SO FRAGILE...
MAY? CAN YOU HEAR ME? I'M COMING IN, DEAR!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING, AL...
CHCHAKK
...I GOT THE TIMESTREAM THINGIE COVERED.

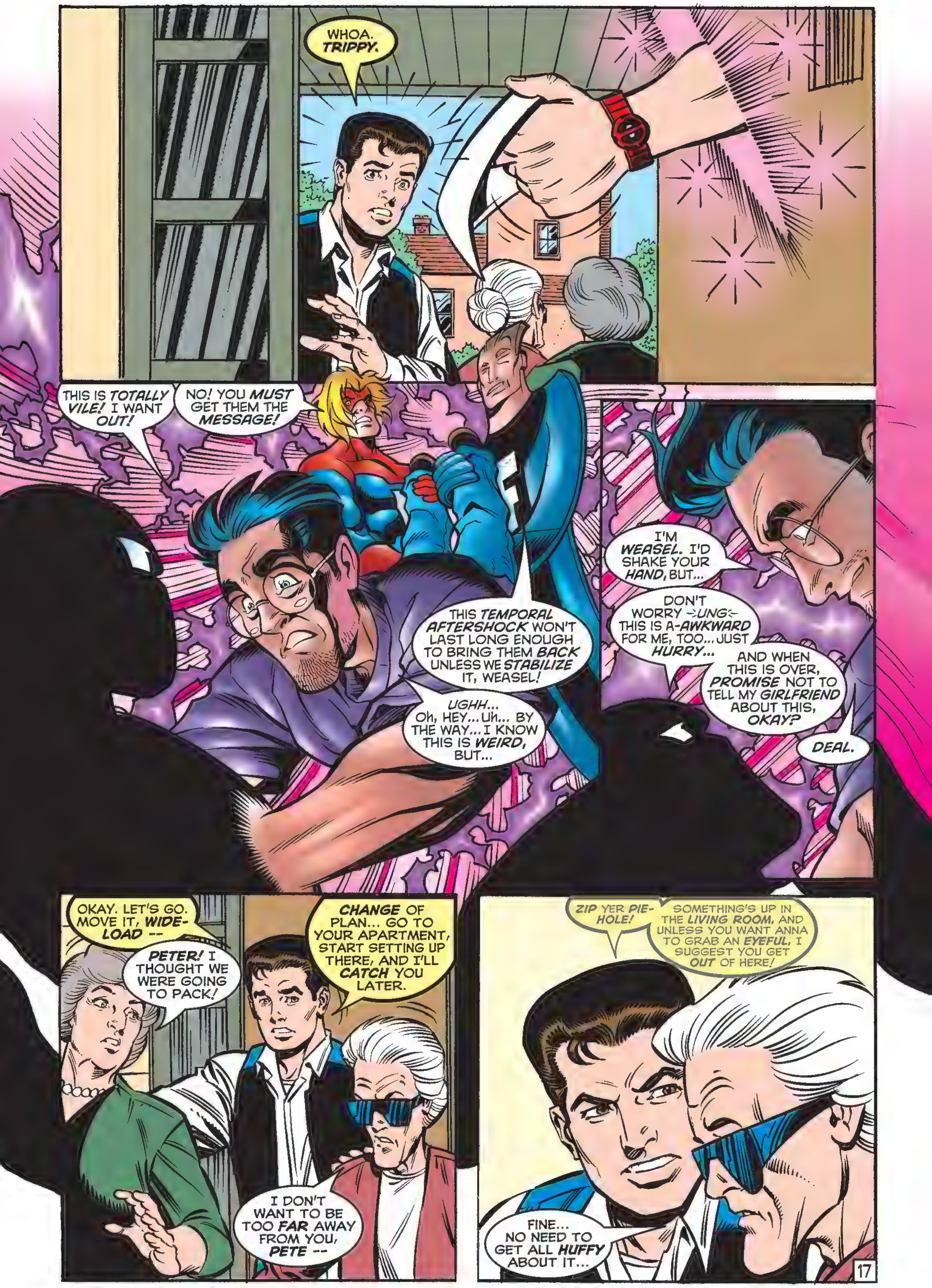

THE PRESENT.
HEY...IF YOU STUDIED *FASHION* IN COLLEGE, THAT'S *FINE*... I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I STILL *CARE* ABOUT YOU, AS A *PERSON*.
I DON'T *GET* IT! WHAT'S THE BIG *DEAL?* SO I KNOW A *KULAT* FROM A *STILETTO!* WHAT ARE YOU *INFERRING?*
SORRY ABOUT MY EARLIER *OUTBURST*, WEASEL... AH'M *BETTER* NOW...
I WOULDN'T *BET* ON IT, *BI-POLAR* BOY...
NO *NEWS* YET. I GRASP THE WHOLE INSTANTANEOUS-TELEPORTATION-ACROSS-*SPACE* THING...
...BUT *TIME TRAVEL*... THIS IS GOING *RIGHT* OVER MY HEAD.
UUURP
WAIT... Oh, *MY*... DO YOU THINK THAT I'M --
FLATMAN! WE NEED YOUR SCIENTIFIC *EXPERTISE!*
-SIGH- *WHAT?!*
WE'VE GOT A *TEMPORAL TONGUE-TWISTER* HERE, *CHUM*...
FIGURE YOU GOT THE *GUMPTION* T'MAKE *SENSE* OF IT ALL, HELP OUT OUR NEW *ALLY* HERE.
CHUM? GUMPTION? HE'S GOTTA BE KIDDING...
WELL, AS *ANY* SCHOOLBOY KNOWS, THE *FABRIC* OF SPACE AND TIME IS A MOST FRAGILE *TEXTILE!*
WHEN DOORMAN ACTIVATES HIS *POWERS*, THE BLAH-BLAH BEGINS TO *BREAK* THE BLAH-BLAH. IF THE *BLAH* WAS INTERRUPTED BY *BLAH*, THEN BLAH BLAH BLAH.
BLAH BLAH BL
AH *SEE*...
GIMME A *BREAK*. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND A *WORD* HE'S SAYING.
BLAH BL
DO *TOO*.
DO *NOT*.
BLAH

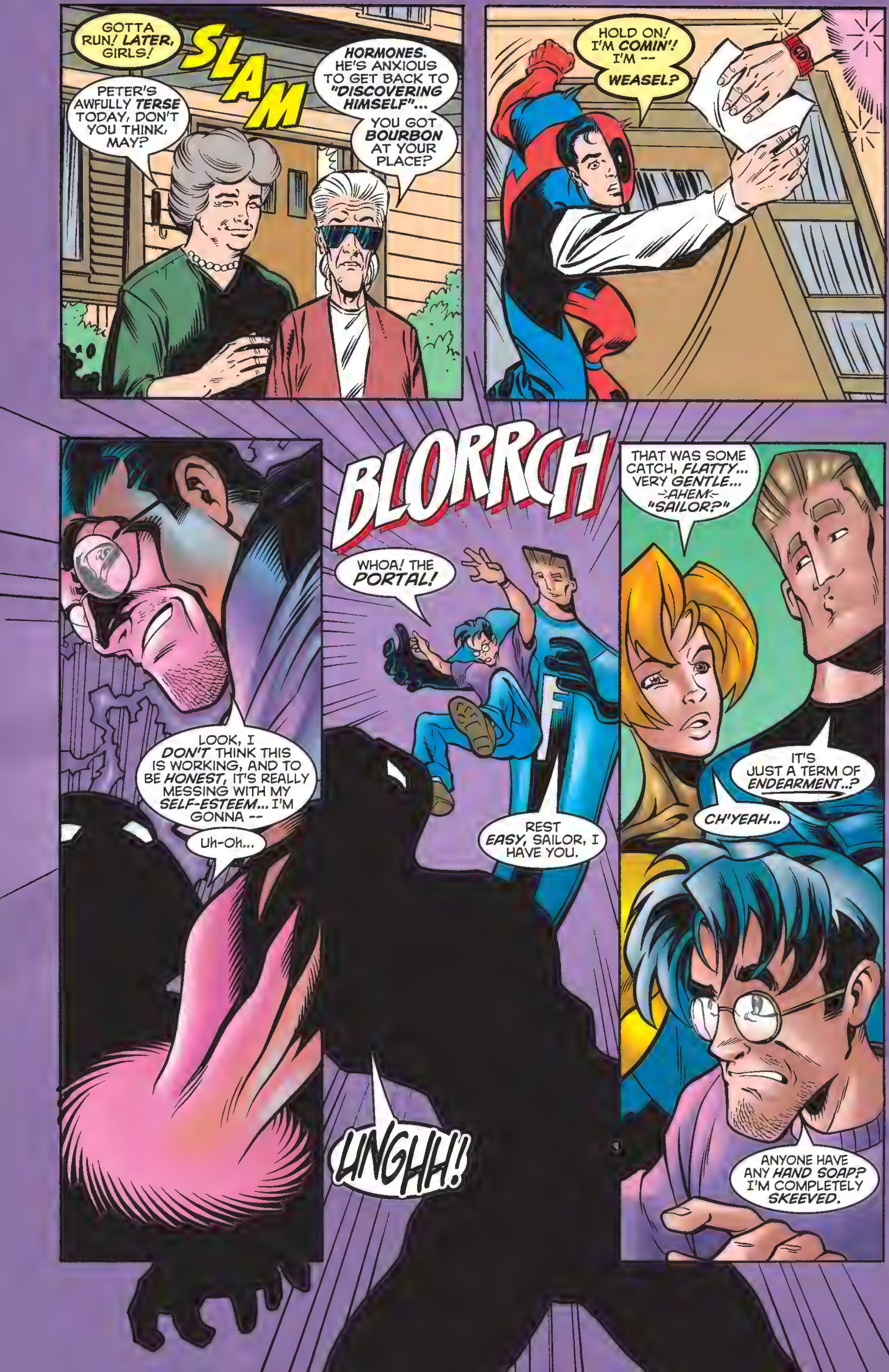

WADE! YOU CAN'T JUST GO **PERFORATING** PEOPLE IN THE PAST!
SWAT
DIDN'T YOU HEAR A **THING** I SAID ABOUT THE **TIME-STREAM?!**
YEAH... BUT I GOT A LITTLE **GIDDY** AT THE PROSPECT OF **BLOWING** SOMEBODY AWAY... IT'S **BEEN** A WHILE, Y'KNOW?
WAIT! WE COULD JUST **PUMMEL** HER...
I BET THERE'S ROOM ON THE **COUCH** FOR ANOTHER **UNCONSCIOUS** OLD BAG --
YOU PATHETIC **AMATEUR.** WATCH AND **LEARN, JUNIOR.**
MAY? I'M COMING **IN** --
CREEEAK
Oh! **HELLO,** DEAR! DIDN'T YOU **HEAR** ME?
AHEM HELLO, Uh... **ANNA.** I WAS TAKING A **NAPPY...** I HAVE A TOUCH OF THE **FLU,** YOU KNOW...
Oh, YOU POOR **THING,** LET ME IN AND I'LL FIX YOU UP SOME **SOUP.**
Uh... NO, THE DOCTOR SAYS IT'S **CONTAGIOUS.** I'LL SEE YOU LA --
THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I HAVE **RUBBER GLOVES** IN MY **PURSE...**
WHO IS THIS BROAD? **JUNE CLEAVER?**
YOU HAVE A **PEN** HANDY, **MATA HARI?** I WANT TO TAKE **NOTES...**
WHY DON'T YOU TRY, **"I'VE FALLEN, AND I CAN'T GET UP"** --
SHUT UP, YOU **IDIOT!**
LOOK, ANNA... I'M **REALLY** TIRED AND MY FEET ARE ALL **SWOLE** UP. HOW ABOUT YOU GIVE IT A **BREAK** SO I CAN **LAY** DOWN?

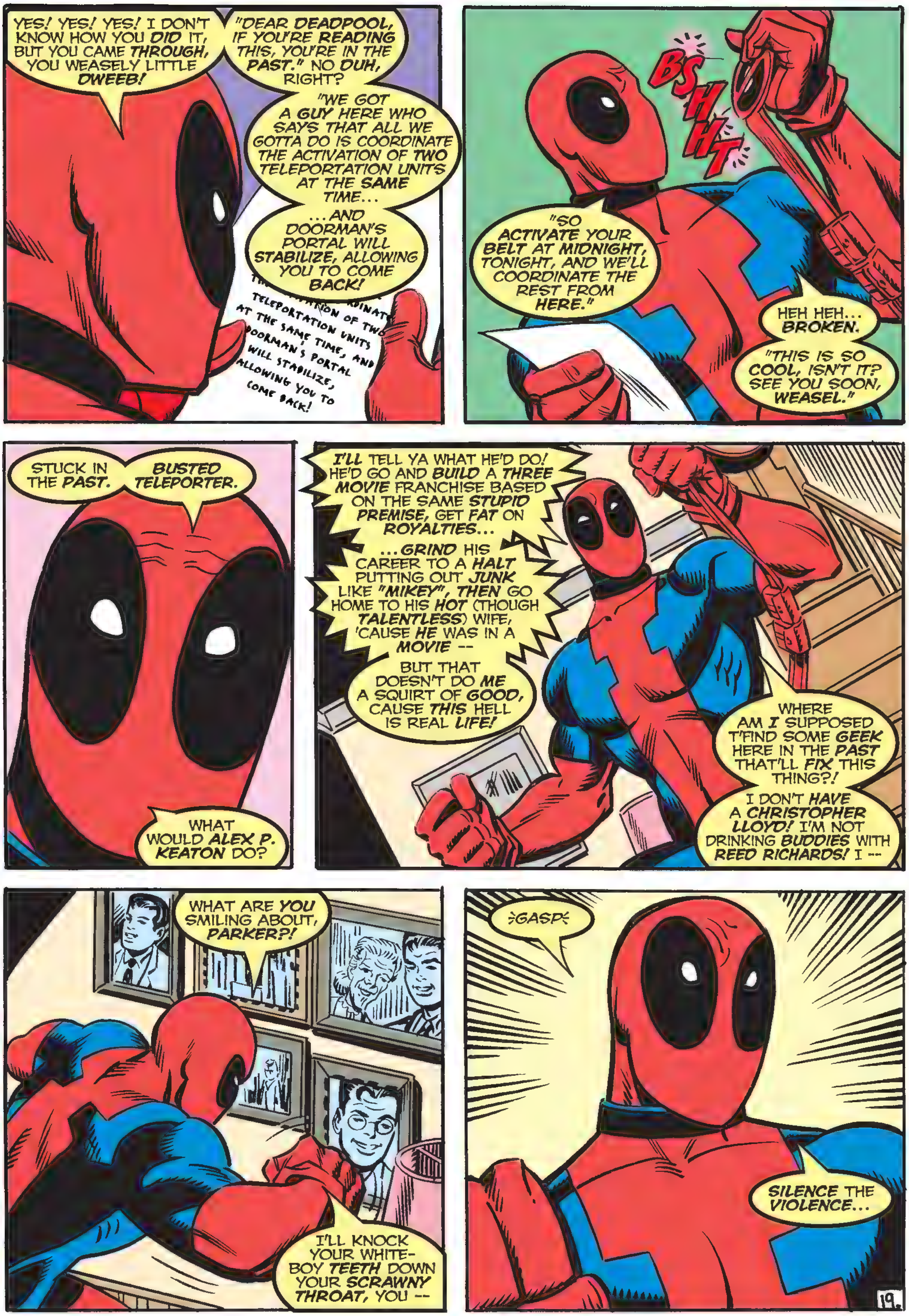

POOR GIRL... SHE SOUNDS SO **CONFUSED**... MAYBE SHE'S HAVING AN **EPISODE**.
THANK **GOD** SHE'S COMING TO **LIVE** WITH **ME**...
LET ME IN AND I'LL MAKE YOU THAT NICE **VIENNA COFFEE** YOU LOVE SO MUCH... AND A LITTLE **FOOT MASSAGE** IS JUST THE THING FOR THOSE **ANKLES**...
FOOT MASSAGE? GOOD **HEAVENS**...
LOOK, I TRIED TO BE **NICE**, BUT GET OFFA MY **PROPERTY** BEFORE I CALL THE **COPS**...
THE POLICE? **MAY**, COME ON... I KNOW THAT YOU'RE JUST **NERVOUS** ABOUT MOVING INTO MY HOUSE --
IS SOMEONE CALLING ME? NO, MUST BE A **GNAT**...
DEADPOOL!
ZZT
... 'CAUSE I **KNOW** THAT MY **FAITHFUL PRISONER** COULDN'T **POSSIBLY** HAVE GOTTEN HERSELF INTO A **JAM** IN SUCH **RECORD** TIME!
DEADPOOL?
ZZT
LOOKIT ALL THESE **PURTY** PICTURES. WONDER WHO THIS **KID** IS...
SCRAWNY LITTLE **GEEK**... TRY DOING A PUSH-UP OR SOMETHING...
HER WHOLE **LIFE** MUST REVOLVE AROUND THIS KID. PLACE IS LIKE A **SHRINE** -- WHICH WORKS OUT **TRES NICELY** FOR **PLAN B**...
ZZT
DEADPOOL! WILL YOU QUIT **MESSING** AROUND AND **ICE** THIS CHICK! SHE CAN'T TAKE A ☠*☆//☹/€☠ **HINT!**
YEP... I THINK THAT'S **ENOUGH**...
STEP **ASIDE**, ALFRED, **PLEASE**... YOU'RE **EMBARRASSING** YOURSELF.
CHCHK
PREPARE TO BE **RESCUED**.
VRRRRM

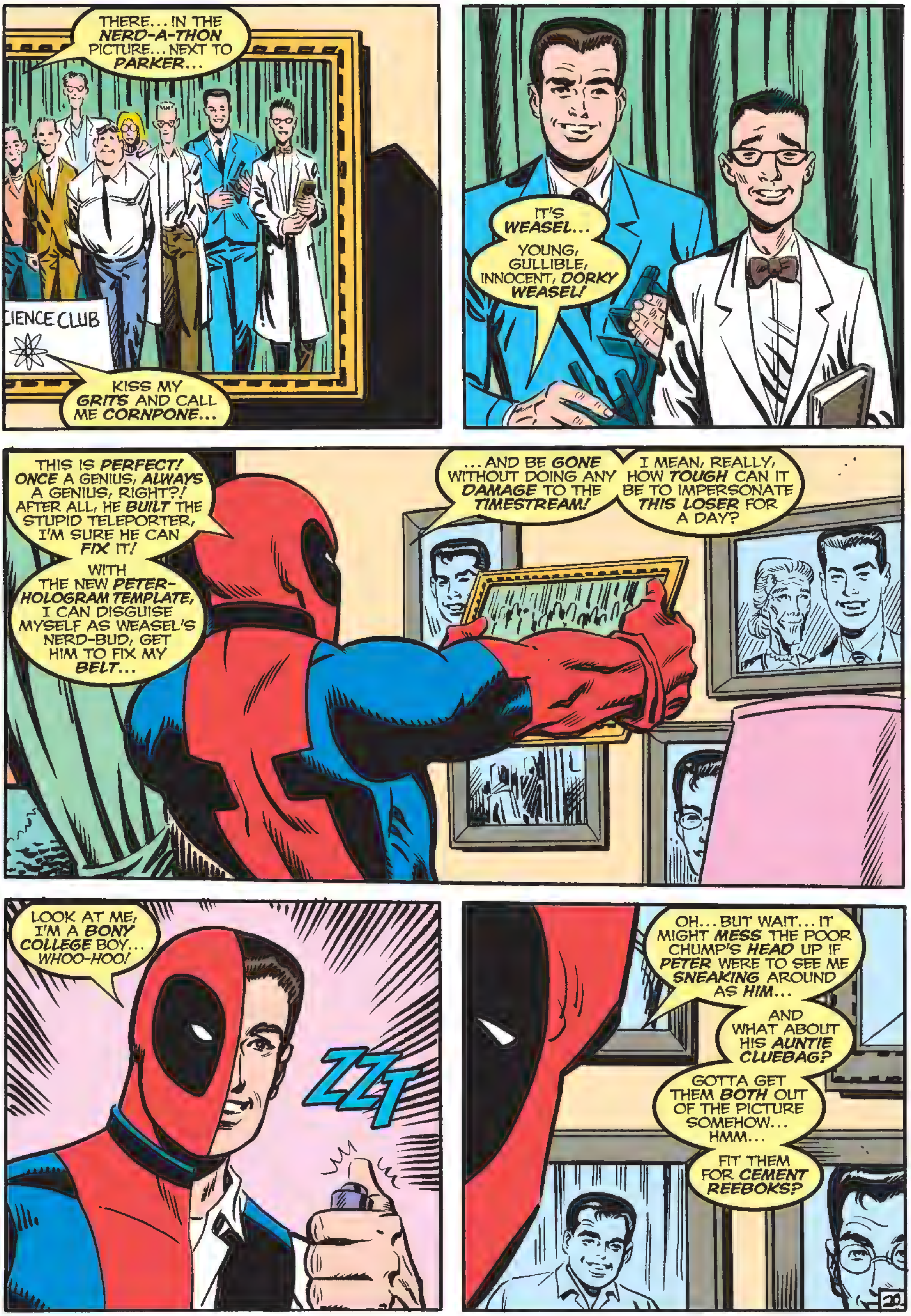

SLAM
MAY PARKER! THIS ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE! IF YOU DON'T LET ME IN THIS INSTANT, I'M GOING TO CALL PETER AND GET HIM OVER HERE --
WHAT WAS THAT NOISE? WHAT DID YOU DO?
HUSH UP. HERE, PUT THIS ON.
WHAT IS -- Oh NO! NO WAY! I KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING WITH THIS! THAT'S THE STUPIDEST IDEA --
WOULD YOU RATHER GET PINCHED BY MARTHA STEWART?! NOW SHUT YER YAP AND PUT IT ON! HERE, LET ME HELP --
RRRIP
Oh MY.. WHO IS THAT?
ARE YOU INSANE?! CRAP -- GIMME THAT, AND DON'T YOU PEEK!
TRUST ME, I WOULDN'T IF YOU CUT OFF MY EYELIDS. HURRY UP.
M-MAY?
W-WHO'S THERE?
WHO ELSE, ANNA?
WHY, IT'S MAY'S ONE-AND-ONLY NEPHEW, PETER PARKER!
YOU WERE HERE ALL THIS TIME?
YEAH... SORRY, I WAS UPSTAIRS IN THE BATHROOM TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO SHAVE... Y'KNOW HOW IT IS...
PETER, WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY DO YOU SOUND SO... DIFFERENT?

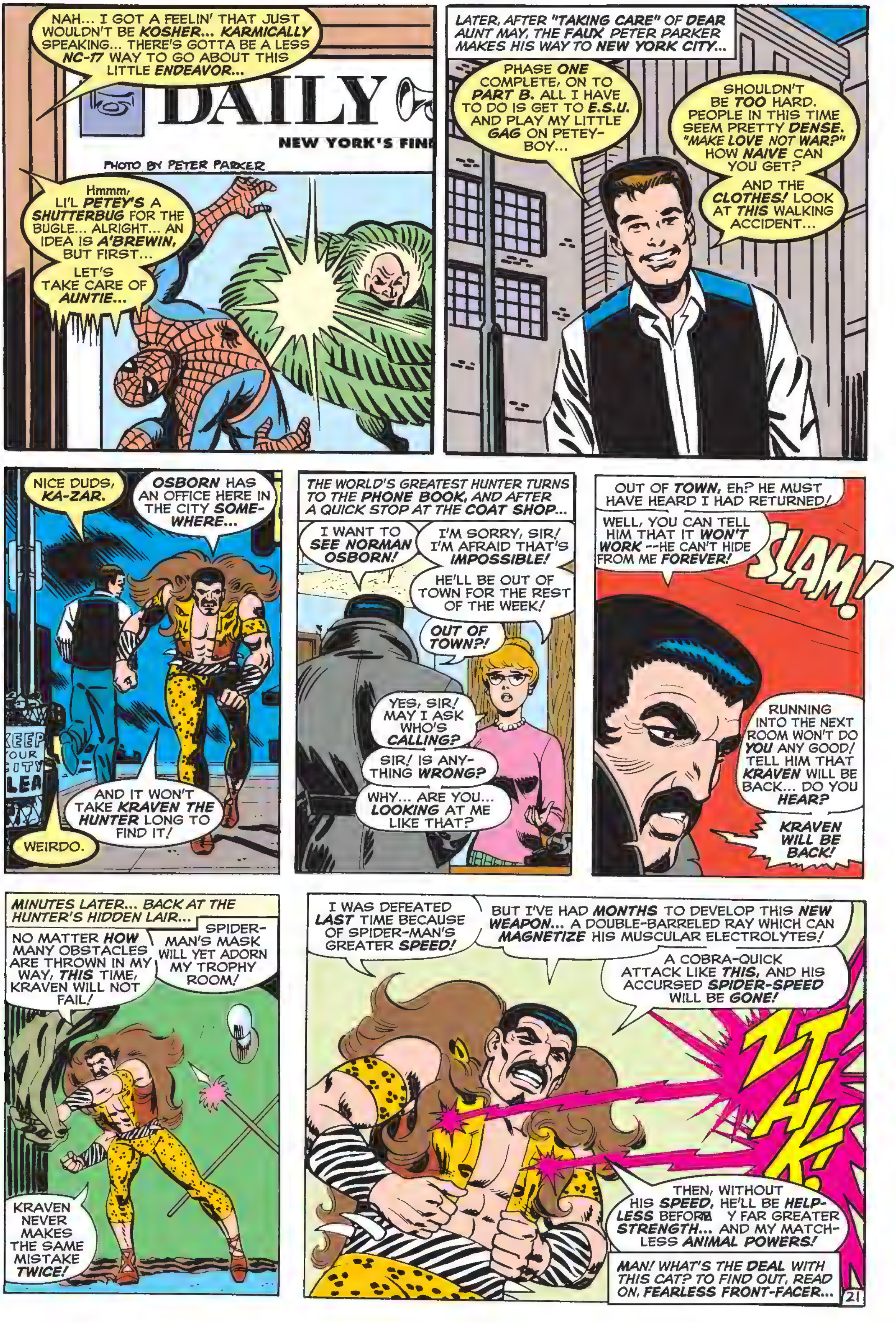

MY VOICE IS JUST CHANGING... PUBERTY, Y'KNOW...
Oh...
LISTEN, ANNA... BETWEEN YOU AND ME, AUNTIE MAY HAD ANOTHER ONE OF HER... SPELLS...
THE KIND WHERE SHE TAKES OFF ALL HER CLOTHES AND WALKS NAKED AROUND THE HOUSE SINGING SHOW TUNES?
I HAD NO IDEA... THAT POOR WOMAN...
HER? I'M THE ONE WHO HAD TO PEEP HER BIRTHDAY SUIT!
YOU'D PLOTZ IF I TOLD YOU WHERE SHE HAD WRINKLES... BRRR.
Oh, MY... PETER, SHE LOOKS AWFUL!
AND I'M SURE YOU'RE A REGULAR ZSA ZSA, YERSELF, LADY...
I KNOW, ANNA... IT'S THE NEW MEDICINE SHE'S ON.
...
THE TREATMENT MAKES HER EYES SENSITIVE TO LIGHT AND SUCKED UP ALL HER WATER WEIGHT, SO SHE LOOKS A LITTLE DIFFERENT...
AND OF COURSE, THERE'S THE GAS. BUT I'LL LET YOU FIGURE THAT PART OUT.
Um... PERHAPS TODAY ISN'T THE BEST DAY TO MOVE HER...
SURE IT IS, RIGHT, AUNTIE?
I DON'T FEEL VERY UP TO IT... PETER.
THAT MAY BE SO, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO ☠#*✲ UP THE TIMESTREAM, NOW DO WE, MAY?
YOU GOTTA POSE AS AUNTIE FOR AN AFTERNOON WHILE I FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET US HOME SO NOTHING GETS MUCKED UP.
IF THIS LOUSY HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION IS ENOUGH TO FOOL THIS DIZZY OLD MAID, THEN I'M SURE YOU'LL HAVE NO PROBLEM.
AS GOD IS MY WITNESS, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU FOR THIS, WADE...
COME, DEAR, LET ME HELP YOU GATHER YOUR THINGS --
GET YER WRINKLY HANDS --
I MEAN, I'M ALL RIGHT, ANNA... DEAR... BUT I PREFER TO WALK OFF THE MEDICINE BY MYSELF, PLEASE.
WELL, ALL RIGHT, LADIES! NOW THAT WE'RE ALL SETTLED UP ON WHO'S WHO, LET'S GET TO --
FZCHOMP
PACKING?

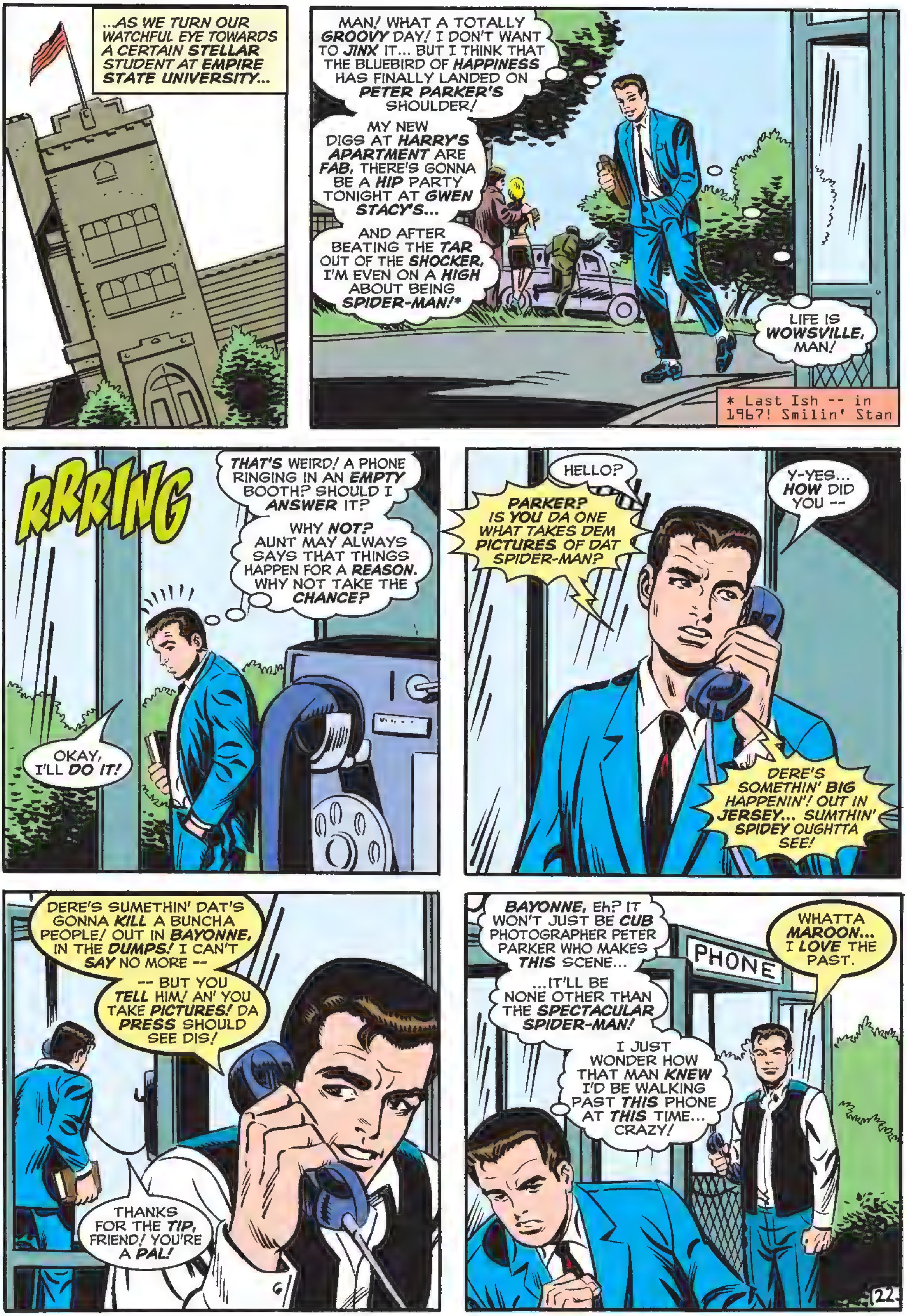

WHOA. *TRIPPY.*
THIS IS *TOTALLY VILE!* I WANT *OUT!*
NO! YOU *MUST* GET THEM THE *MESSAGE!*
THIS *TEMPORAL AFTERSHOCK* WON'T LAST LONG ENOUGH TO BRING THEM *BACK* UNLESS WE *STABILIZE* IT, WEASEL!
UGHH... Oh, HEY... Uh... BY THE WAY... I KNOW THIS IS *WEIRD,* BUT...
I'M *WEASEL.* I'D SHAKE YOUR *HAND,* BUT...
DON'T WORRY *-UNG-* THIS IS A-*AWKWARD* FOR ME, TOO... JUST *HURRY...*
AND WHEN THIS IS OVER, *PROMISE* NOT TO TELL MY *GIRLFRIEND* ABOUT THIS, *OKAY?*
DEAL.
OKAY. LET'S GO. MOVE IT, *WIDE-LOAD --*
PETER! I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO PACK!
CHANGE OF PLAN... GO TO YOUR APARTMENT, START SETTING UP THERE, AND I'LL *CATCH* YOU LATER.
I DON'T WANT TO BE TOO *FAR* AWAY FROM YOU, *PETE --*
ZIP YER *PIE-HOLE!*
SOMETHING'S UP IN THE *LIVING ROOM,* AND UNLESS YOU WANT ANNA TO GRAB AN *EYEFUL,* I SUGGEST YOU GET *OUT* OF HERE!
FINE... NO NEED TO GET ALL *HUFFY* ABOUT IT...

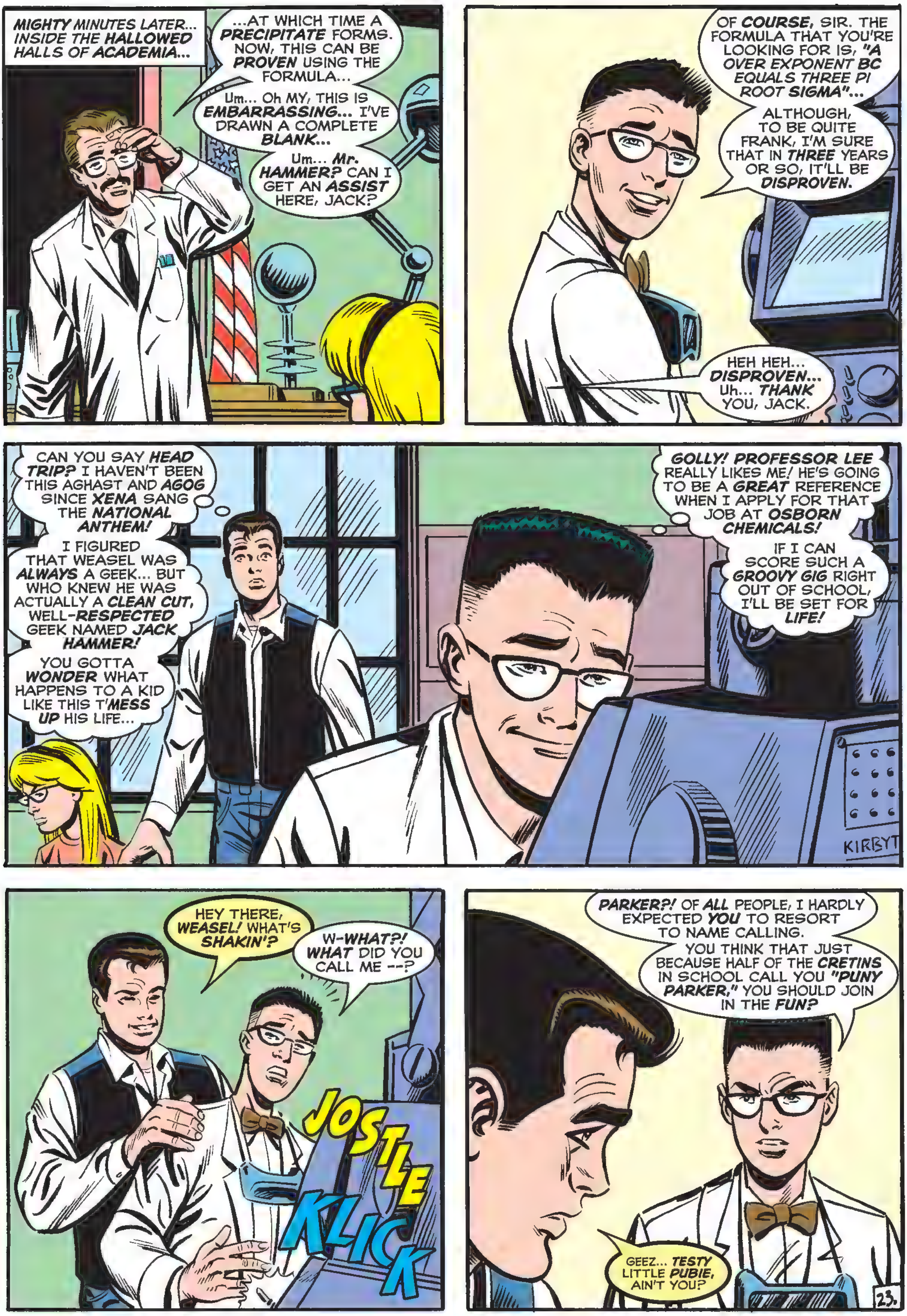

GOTTA RUN! LATER, GIRLS!
SLAM
PETER'S AWFULLY TERSE TODAY, DON'T YOU THINK, MAY?
HORMONES. HE'S ANXIOUS TO GET BACK TO "DISCOVERING HIMSELF"...
YOU GOT BOURBON AT YOUR PLACE?
HOLD ON! I'M COMIN'! I'M --
WEASEL?
BLORRCH
LOOK, I DON'T THINK THIS IS WORKING, AND TO BE HONEST, IT'S REALLY MESSING WITH MY SELF-ESTEEM... I'M GONNA --
Uh-Oh...
WHOA! THE PORTAL!
REST EASY, SAILOR, I HAVE YOU.
UNGHH!
THAT WAS SOME CATCH, FLATTY... VERY GENTLE... AHEM "SAILOR?"
IT'S JUST A TERM OF ENDEARMENT..?
CH'YEAH...
ANYONE HAVE ANY HAND SOAP? I'M COMPLETELY SKEEVED.

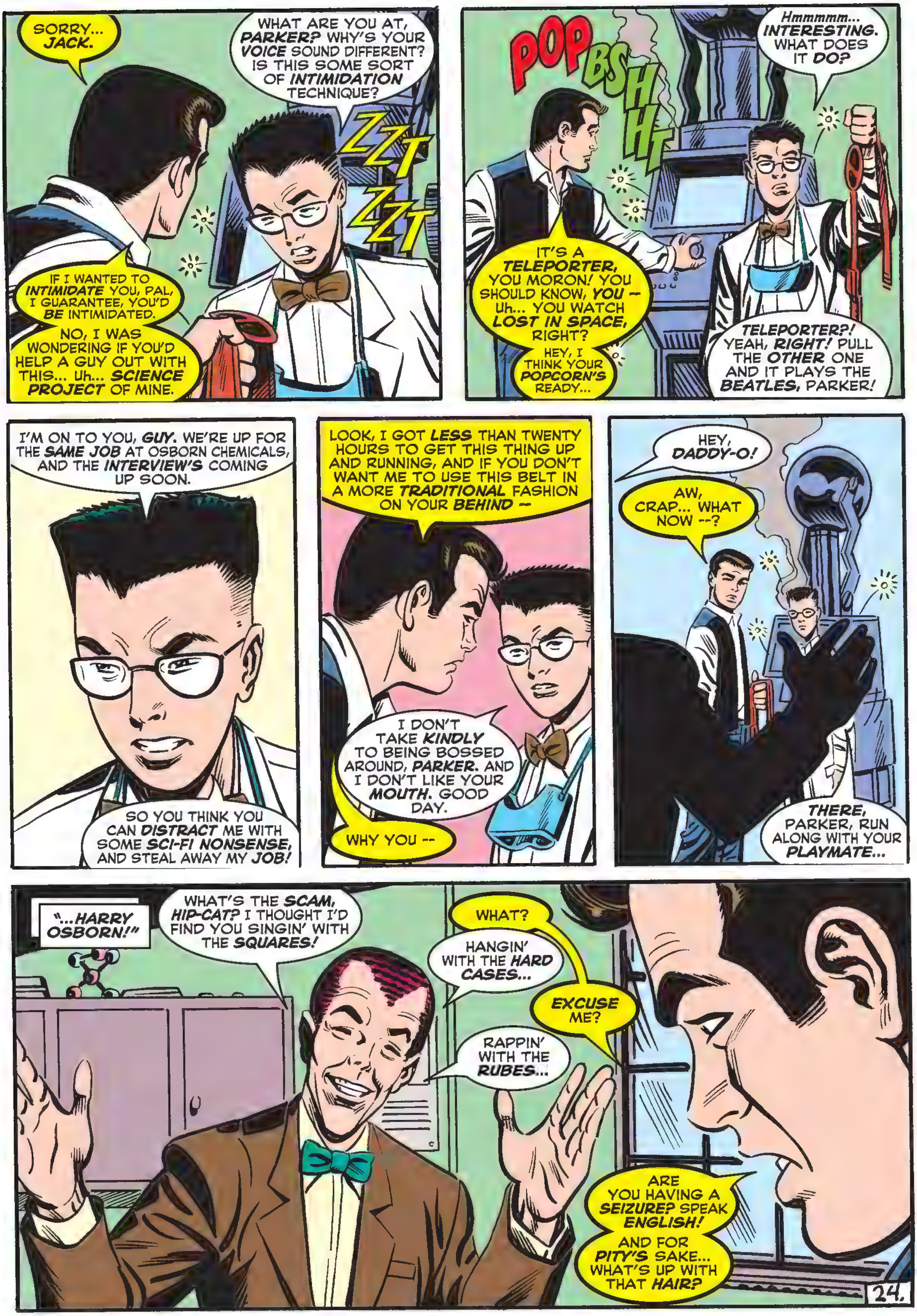

YES! YES! YES! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, BUT YOU CAME THROUGH, YOU WEASELY LITTLE DWEEB!
"DEAR DEADPOOL, IF YOU'RE READING THIS, YOU'RE IN THE PAST." NO DUH, RIGHT?
"WE GOT A GUY HERE WHO SAYS THAT ALL WE GOTTA DO IS COORDINATE THE ACTIVATION OF TWO TELEPORTATION UNITS AT THE SAME TIME...
...AND DOORMAN'S PORTAL WILL STABILIZE, ALLOWING YOU TO COME BACK!
TELEPORTATION UNITS AT THE SAME TIME, AND DOORMAN'S PORTAL WILL STABILIZE, ALLOWING YOU TO COME BACK!
BSHHT
"SO ACTIVATE YOUR BELT AT MIDNIGHT, TONIGHT, AND WE'LL COORDINATE THE REST FROM HERE."
HEH HEH... BROKEN.
"THIS IS SO COOL, ISN'T IT? SEE YOU SOON, WEASEL."
STUCK IN THE PAST.
BUSTED TELEPORTER.
WHAT WOULD ALEX P. KEATON DO?
I'LL TELL YA WHAT HE'D DO! HE'D GO AND BUILD A THREE MOVIE FRANCHISE BASED ON THE SAME STUPID PREMISE, GET FAT ON ROYALTIES...
...GRIND HIS CAREER TO A HALT PUTTING OUT JUNK LIKE "MIKEY", THEN GO HOME TO HIS HOT (THOUGH TALENTLESS) WIFE, 'CAUSE HE WAS IN A MOVIE --
BUT THAT DOESN'T DO ME A SQUIRT OF GOOD, CAUSE THIS HELL IS REAL LIFE!
WHERE AM I SUPPOSED T'FIND SOME GEEK HERE IN THE PAST THAT'LL FIX THIS THING?!
I DON'T HAVE A CHRISTOPHER LLOYD! I'M NOT DRINKING BUDDIES WITH REED RICHARDS! I --
WHAT ARE YOU SMILING ABOUT, PARKER?!
I'LL KNOCK YOUR WHITE-BOY TEETH DOWN YOUR SCRAWNY THROAT, YOU --
⁑GASP⁑
SILENCE THE VIOLENCE...

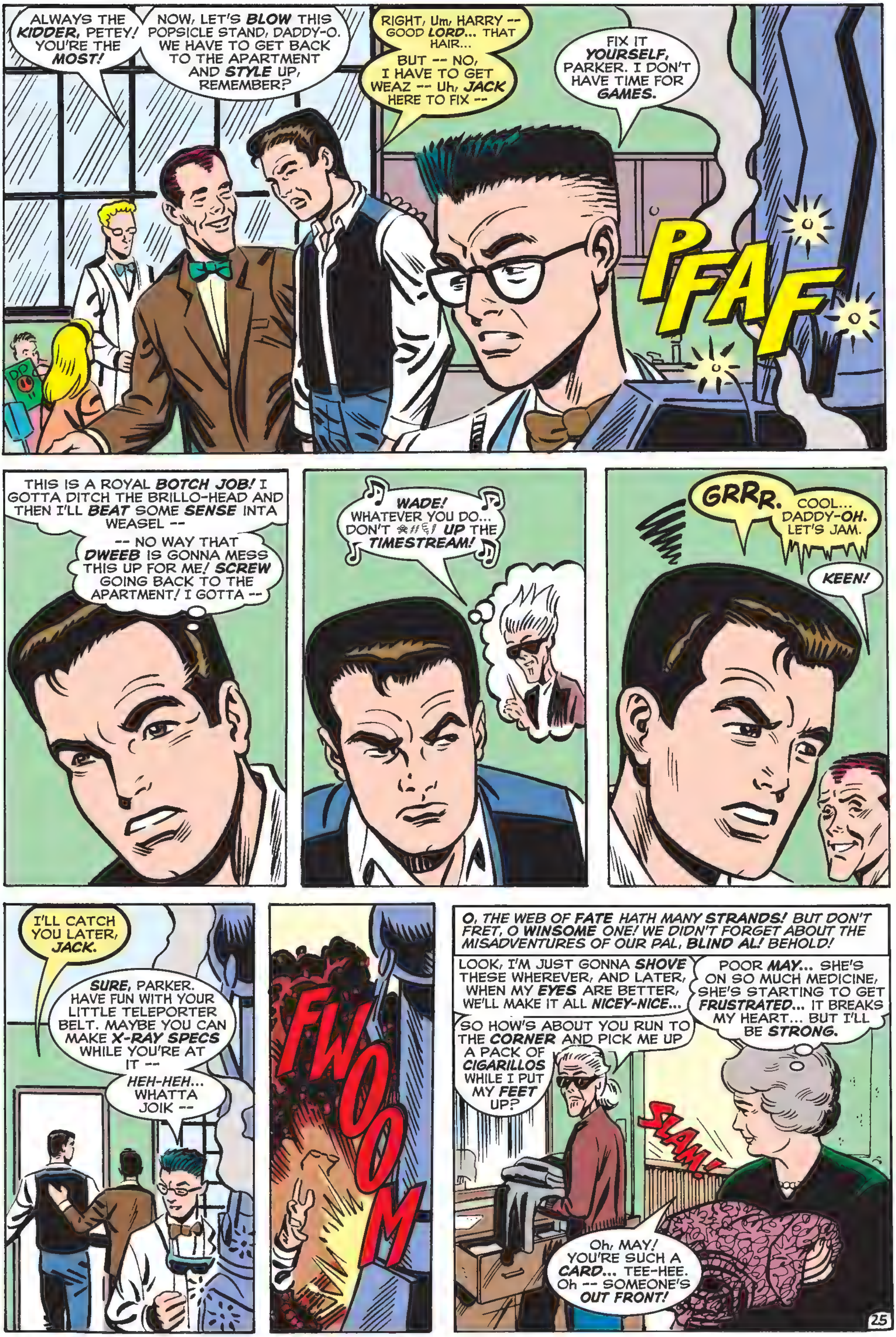

THERE... IN THE NERD-A-THON PICTURE... NEXT TO PARKER...
SCIENCE CLUB
KISS MY GRITS AND CALL ME CORNPONE...
IT'S WEASEL...
YOUNG, GULLIBLE, INNOCENT, DORKY WEASEL!
THIS IS PERFECT! ONCE A GENIUS, ALWAYS A GENIUS, RIGHT?! AFTER ALL, HE BUILT THE STUPID TELEPORTER, I'M SURE HE CAN FIX IT!
WITH THE NEW PETER-HOLOGRAM TEMPLATE, I CAN DISGUISE MYSELF AS WEASEL'S NERD-BUD, GET HIM TO FIX MY BELT...
...AND BE GONE WITHOUT DOING ANY DAMAGE TO THE TIMESTREAM!
I MEAN, REALLY, HOW TOUGH CAN IT BE TO IMPERSONATE THIS LOSER FOR A DAY?
LOOK AT ME, I'M A BONY COLLEGE BOY... WHOO-HOO!
ZZZT
OH... BUT WAIT... IT MIGHT MESS THE POOR CHUMP'S HEAD UP IF PETER WERE TO SEE ME SNEAKING AROUND AS HIM...
AND WHAT ABOUT HIS AUNTIE CLUEBAG?
GOTTA GET THEM BOTH OUT OF THE PICTURE SOMEHOW... HMM...
FIT THEM FOR CEMENT REEBOKS?

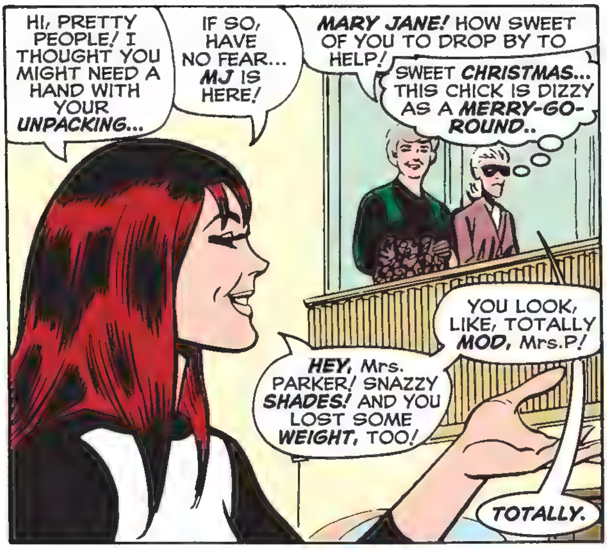

NAH... I GOT A FEELIN' THAT JUST WOULDN'T BE KOSHER... KARMICALLY SPEAKING... THERE'S GOTTA BE A LESS NC-17 WAY TO GO ABOUT THIS LITTLE ENDEAVOR...
DAILY
NEW YORK'S FIN
PHOTO BY PETER PARKER
Hmmm, LI'L PETEY'S A SHUTTERBUG FOR THE BUGLE... ALRIGHT... AN IDEA IS A'BREWIN, BUT FIRST...
LET'S TAKE CARE OF AUNTIE...
LATER, AFTER "TAKING CARE" OF DEAR AUNT MAY, THE FAUX PETER PARKER MAKES HIS WAY TO NEW YORK CITY...
PHASE ONE COMPLETE, ON TO PART B. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET TO E.S.U. AND PLAY MY LITTLE GAG ON PETEY-BOY...
SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD. PEOPLE IN THIS TIME SEEM PRETTY DENSE. "MAKE LOVE NOT WAR?" HOW NAIVE CAN YOU GET?
AND THE CLOTHES! LOOK AT THIS WALKING ACCIDENT...
NICE DUDS, KA-ZAR.
OSBORN HAS AN OFFICE HERE IN THE CITY SOMEWHERE...
KEEP OUR CITY LEA
AND IT WON'T TAKE KRAVEN THE HUNTER LONG TO FIND IT!
WEIRDO.
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HUNTER TURNS TO THE PHONE BOOK, AND AFTER A QUICK STOP AT THE COAT SHOP...
I WANT TO SEE NORMAN OSBORN!
I'M SORRY, SIR! I'M AFRAID THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HE'LL BE OUT OF TOWN FOR THE REST OF THE WEEK!
OUT OF TOWN?!
YES, SIR! MAY I ASK WHO'S CALLING?
SIR! IS ANYTHING WRONG?
WHY... ARE YOU... LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?
OUT OF TOWN, Eh? HE MUST HAVE HEARD I HAD RETURNED!
WELL, YOU CAN TELL HIM THAT IT WON'T WORK --HE CAN'T HIDE FROM ME FOREVER!
SLAM!
RUNNING INTO THE NEXT ROOM WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! TELL HIM THAT KRAVEN WILL BE BACK... DO YOU HEAR?
KRAVEN WILL BE BACK!
MINUTES LATER... BACK AT THE HUNTER'S HIDDEN LAIR...
NO MATTER HOW MANY OBSTACLES ARE THROWN IN MY WAY, THIS TIME, KRAVEN WILL NOT FAIL!
SPIDER-MAN'S MASK WILL YET ADORN MY TROPHY ROOM!
KRAVEN NEVER MAKES THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE!
I WAS DEFEATED LAST TIME BECAUSE OF SPIDER-MAN'S GREATER SPEED!
BUT I'VE HAD MONTHS TO DEVELOP THIS NEW WEAPON... A DOUBLE-BARRELED RAY WHICH CAN MAGNETIZE HIS MUSCULAR ELECTROLYTES!
A COBRA-QUICK ATTACK LIKE THIS, AND HIS ACCURSED SPIDER-SPEED WILL BE GONE!
ZZAK!
THEN, WITHOUT HIS SPEED, HE'LL BE HELPLESS BEFORE Y FAR GREATER STRENGTH... AND MY MATCHLESS ANIMAL POWERS!
MAN! WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THIS CAT? TO FIND OUT, READ ON, FEARLESS FRONT-FACER...

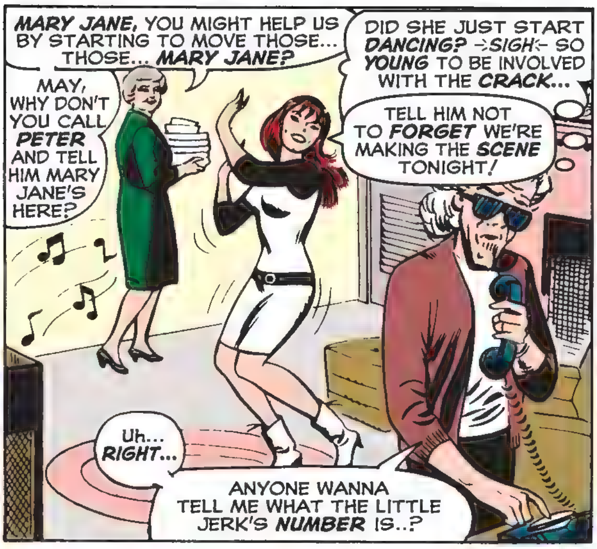

...AS WE TURN OUR WATCHFUL EYE TOWARDS A CERTAIN STELLAR STUDENT AT EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY...
MAN! WHAT A TOTALLY GROOVY DAY! I DON'T WANT TO JINX IT... BUT I THINK THAT THE BLUEBIRD OF HAPPINESS HAS FINALLY LANDED ON PETER PARKER'S SHOULDER!
MY NEW DIGS AT HARRY'S APARTMENT ARE FAB, THERE'S GONNA BE A HIP PARTY TONIGHT AT GWEN STACY'S...
AND AFTER BEATING THE TAR OUT OF THE SHOCKER, I'M EVEN ON A HIGH ABOUT BEING SPIDER-MAN!*
LIFE IS WOWSVILLE, MAN!
* Last Ish -- in 1967! Smilin' Stan
RRRING
THAT'S WEIRD! A PHONE RINGING IN AN EMPTY BOOTH? SHOULD I ANSWER IT?
WHY NOT? AUNT MAY ALWAYS SAYS THAT THINGS HAPPEN FOR A REASON. WHY NOT TAKE THE CHANCE?
OKAY, I'LL DO IT!
HELLO?
PARKER? IS YOU DA ONE WHAT TAKES DEM PICTURES OF DAT SPIDER-MAN?
Y-YES... HOW DID YOU --
DERE'S SOMETHIN' BIG HAPPENIN'! OUT IN JERSEY... SUMTHIN' SPIDEY OUGHTTA SEE!
DERE'S SUMETHIN' DAT'S GONNA KILL A BUNCHA PEOPLE! OUT IN BAYONNE, IN THE DUMPS! I CAN'T SAY NO MORE --
-- BUT YOU TELL HIM! AN' YOU TAKE PICTURES! DA PRESS SHOULD SEE DIS!
THANKS FOR THE TIP, FRIEND! YOU'RE A PAL!
BAYONNE, Eh? IT WON'T JUST BE CUB PHOTOGRAPHER PETER PARKER WHO MAKES THIS SCENE...
...IT'LL BE NONE OTHER THAN THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!
I JUST WONDER HOW THAT MAN KNEW I'D BE WALKING PAST THIS PHONE AT THIS TIME... CRAZY!
PHONE
WHATTA MAROON... I LOVE THE PAST.

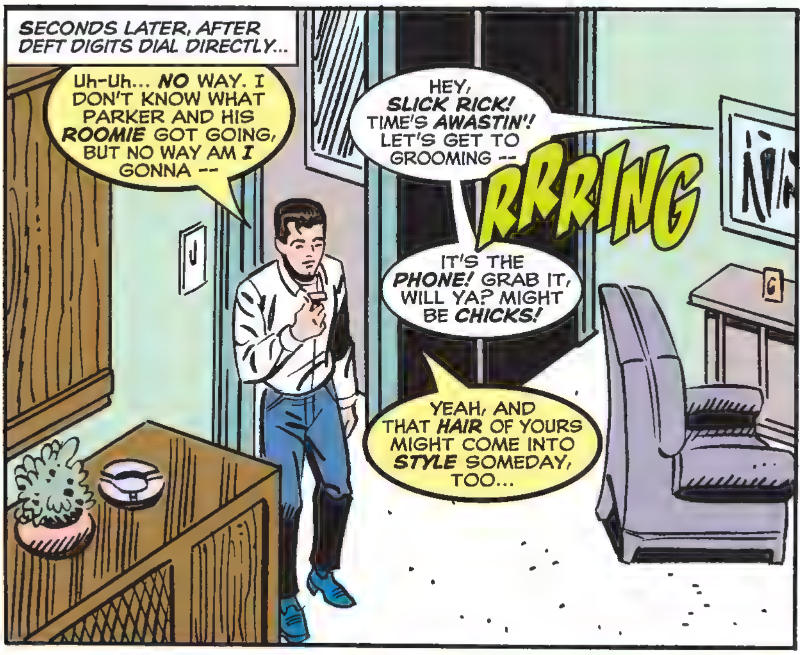

MIGHTY MINUTES LATER... INSIDE THE HALLOWED HALLS OF ACADEMIA...
...AT WHICH TIME A PRECIPITATE FORMS. NOW, THIS CAN BE PROVEN USING THE FORMULA...
Um... Oh MY, THIS IS EMBARRASSING... I'VE DRAWN A COMPLETE BLANK...
Um... Mr. HAMMER? CAN I GET AN ASSIST HERE, JACK?
OF COURSE, SIR. THE FORMULA THAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS, "A OVER EXPONENT BC EQUALS THREE PI ROOT SIGMA"...
ALTHOUGH, TO BE QUITE FRANK, I'M SURE THAT IN THREE YEARS OR SO, IT'LL BE DISPROVEN.
HEH HEH... DISPROVEN... Uh... THANK YOU, JACK.
CAN YOU SAY HEAD TRIP? I HAVEN'T BEEN THIS AGHAST AND AGOG SINCE XENA SANG THE NATIONAL ANTHEM!
I FIGURED THAT WEASEL WAS ALWAYS A GEEK... BUT WHO KNEW HE WAS ACTUALLY A CLEAN CUT, WELL-RESPECTED GEEK NAMED JACK HAMMER!
YOU GOTTA WONDER WHAT HAPPENS TO A KID LIKE THIS T'MESS UP HIS LIFE...
GOLLY! PROFESSOR LEE REALLY LIKES ME! HE'S GOING TO BE A GREAT REFERENCE WHEN I APPLY FOR THAT JOB AT OSBORN CHEMICALS!
IF I CAN SCORE SUCH A GROOVY GIG RIGHT OUT OF SCHOOL, I'LL BE SET FOR LIFE!
KIRBYT
HEY THERE, WEASEL! WHAT'S SHAKIN'?
W-WHAT?! WHAT DID YOU CALL ME --?
JOSTLE
KLICK
PARKER?! OF ALL PEOPLE, I HARDLY EXPECTED YOU TO RESORT TO NAME CALLING.
YOU THINK THAT JUST BECAUSE HALF OF THE CRETINS IN SCHOOL CALL YOU "PUNY PARKER," YOU SHOULD JOIN IN THE FUN?
GEEZ... TESTY LITTLE PUBIE, AIN'T YOU?

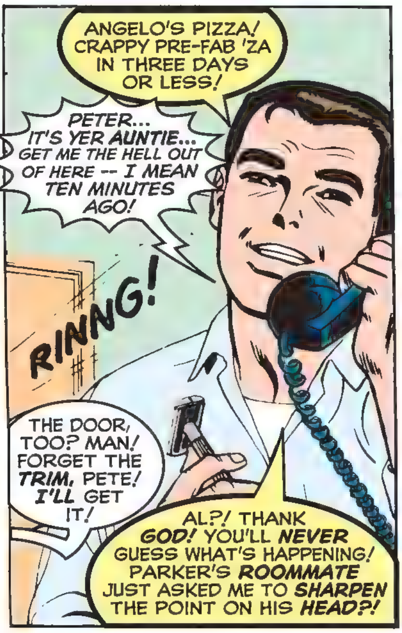

SORRY... JACK.
WHAT ARE YOU AT, PARKER? WHY'S YOUR VOICE SOUND DIFFERENT? IS THIS SOME SORT OF INTIMIDATION TECHNIQUE?
ZZZT ZZZT
IF I WANTED TO INTIMIDATE YOU, PAL, I GUARANTEE, YOU'D BE INTIMIDATED.
NO, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D HELP A GUY OUT WITH THIS... Uh... SCIENCE PROJECT OF MINE.
POP
BSHHT
Hmmmmm... INTERESTING. WHAT DOES IT DO?
IT'S A TELEPORTER, YOU MORON! YOU SHOULD KNOW, YOU -- Uh... YOU WATCH LOST IN SPACE, RIGHT?
HEY, I THINK YOUR POPCORN'S READY...
TELEPORTER?! YEAH, RIGHT! PULL THE OTHER ONE AND IT PLAYS THE BEATLES, PARKER!
I'M ON TO YOU, GUY. WE'RE UP FOR THE SAME JOB AT OSBORN CHEMICALS, AND THE INTERVIEW'S COMING UP SOON.
SO YOU THINK YOU CAN DISTRACT ME WITH SOME SCI-FI NONSENSE, AND STEAL AWAY MY JOB!
LOOK, I GOT LESS THAN TWENTY HOURS TO GET THIS THING UP AND RUNNING, AND IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO USE THIS BELT IN A MORE TRADITIONAL FASHION ON YOUR BEHIND --
I DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO BEING BOSSED AROUND, PARKER. AND I DON'T LIKE YOUR MOUTH. GOOD DAY.
WHY YOU --
HEY, DADDY-O!
AW, CRAP... WHAT NOW --?
THERE, PARKER, RUN ALONG WITH YOUR PLAYMATE...
"...HARRY OSBORN!"
WHAT'S THE SCAM, HIP-CAT? I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU SINGIN' WITH THE SQUARES!
WHAT?
HANGIN' WITH THE HARD CASES...
EXCUSE ME?
RAPPIN' WITH THE RUBES...
ARE YOU HAVING A SEIZURE? SPEAK ENGLISH!
AND FOR PITY'S SAKE... WHAT'S UP WITH THAT HAIR?

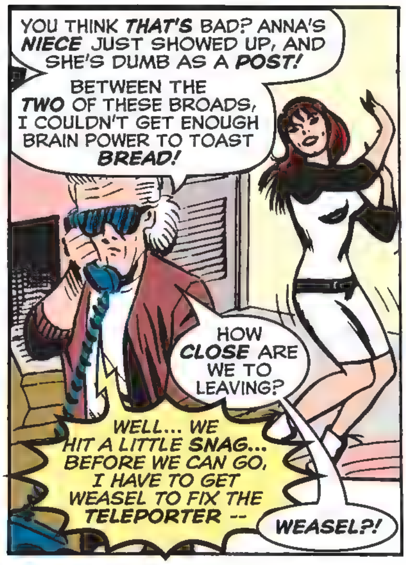

ALWAYS THE **KIDDER**, PETEY! YOU'RE THE **MOST!**
NOW, LET'S **BLOW** THIS POPSICLE STAND, DADDY-O. WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE APARTMENT AND **STYLE** UP, REMEMBER?
RIGHT, Um, HARRY -- GOOD **LORD**... THAT HAIR...
BUT -- NO, I HAVE TO GET WEAZ -- Uh, **JACK** HERE TO FIX --
FIX IT **YOURSELF**, PARKER. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR **GAMES.**
PFAF
DP
THIS IS A ROYAL **BOTCH JOB!** I GOTTA DITCH THE BRILLO-HEAD AND THEN I'LL **BEAT** SOME **SENSE** INTA WEASEL --
-- NO WAY THAT **DWEEB** IS GONNA MESS THIS UP FOR ME! **SCREW** GOING BACK TO THE APARTMENT! I GOTTA --
♫ **WADE!** WHATEVER YOU DO... DON'T ☠#§! **UP** THE **TIMESTREAM!** ♫
GRRR.
COOL... DADDY-**OH.** LET'S JAM.
KEEN!
I'LL CATCH YOU LATER, **JACK.**
SURE, PARKER. HAVE FUN WITH YOUR LITTLE TELEPORTER BELT. MAYBE YOU CAN MAKE **X-RAY SPECS** WHILE YOU'RE AT IT --
HEH-HEH... WHATTA JOIK --
FWOOOM
O, THE WEB OF FATE HATH MANY STRANDS! BUT DON'T FRET, O WINSOME ONE! WE DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT THE MISADVENTURES OF OUR PAL, BLIND AL! BEHOLD!
LOOK, I'M JUST GONNA **SHOVE** THESE WHEREVER, AND LATER, WHEN MY **EYES** ARE BETTER, WE'LL MAKE IT ALL **NICEY-NICE...**
SO HOW'S ABOUT YOU RUN TO THE **CORNER** AND PICK ME UP A PACK OF **CIGARILLOS** WHILE I PUT MY **FEET** UP?
POOR **MAY...** SHE'S ON SO MUCH MEDICINE, SHE'S STARTING TO GET **FRUSTRATED...** IT BREAKS MY HEART... BUT I'LL BE **STRONG.**
SLAM!
Oh, MAY! YOU'RE SUCH A **CARD...** TEE-HEE. Oh -- SOMEONE'S **OUT FRONT!**

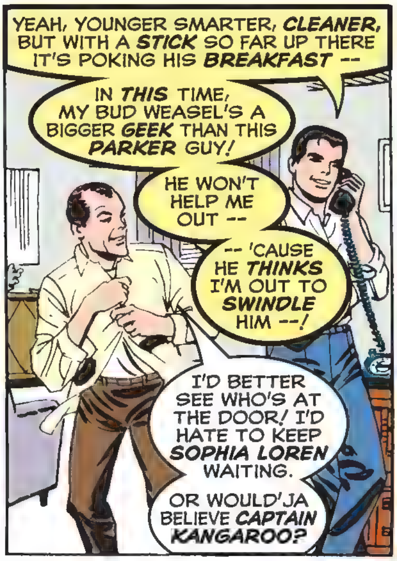

HI, PRETTY PEOPLE! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED A HAND WITH YOUR UNPACKING...
IF SO, HAVE NO FEAR... MJ IS HERE!
MARY JANE! HOW SWEET OF YOU TO DROP BY TO HELP!
SWEET CHRISTMAS... THIS CHICK IS DIZZY AS A MERRY-GO-ROUND..
HEY, Mrs. PARKER! SNAZZY SHADES! AND YOU LOST SOME WEIGHT, TOO!
YOU LOOK, LIKE, TOTALLY MOD, Mrs.P!
TOTALLY.

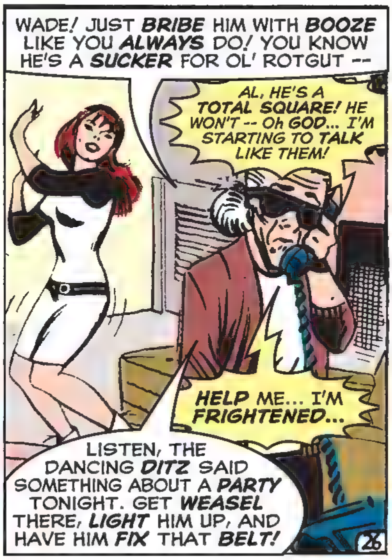

MARY JANE, YOU MIGHT HELP US BY STARTING TO MOVE THOSE... THOSE... MARY JANE?
DID SHE JUST START DANCING? -SIGH- SO YOUNG TO BE INVOLVED WITH THE CRACK...
MAY, WHY DON'T YOU CALL PETER AND TELL HIM MARY JANE'S HERE?
TELL HIM NOT TO FORGET WE'RE MAKING THE SCENE TONIGHT!
Uh... RIGHT...
ANYONE WANNA TELL ME WHAT THE LITTLE JERK'S NUMBER IS..?

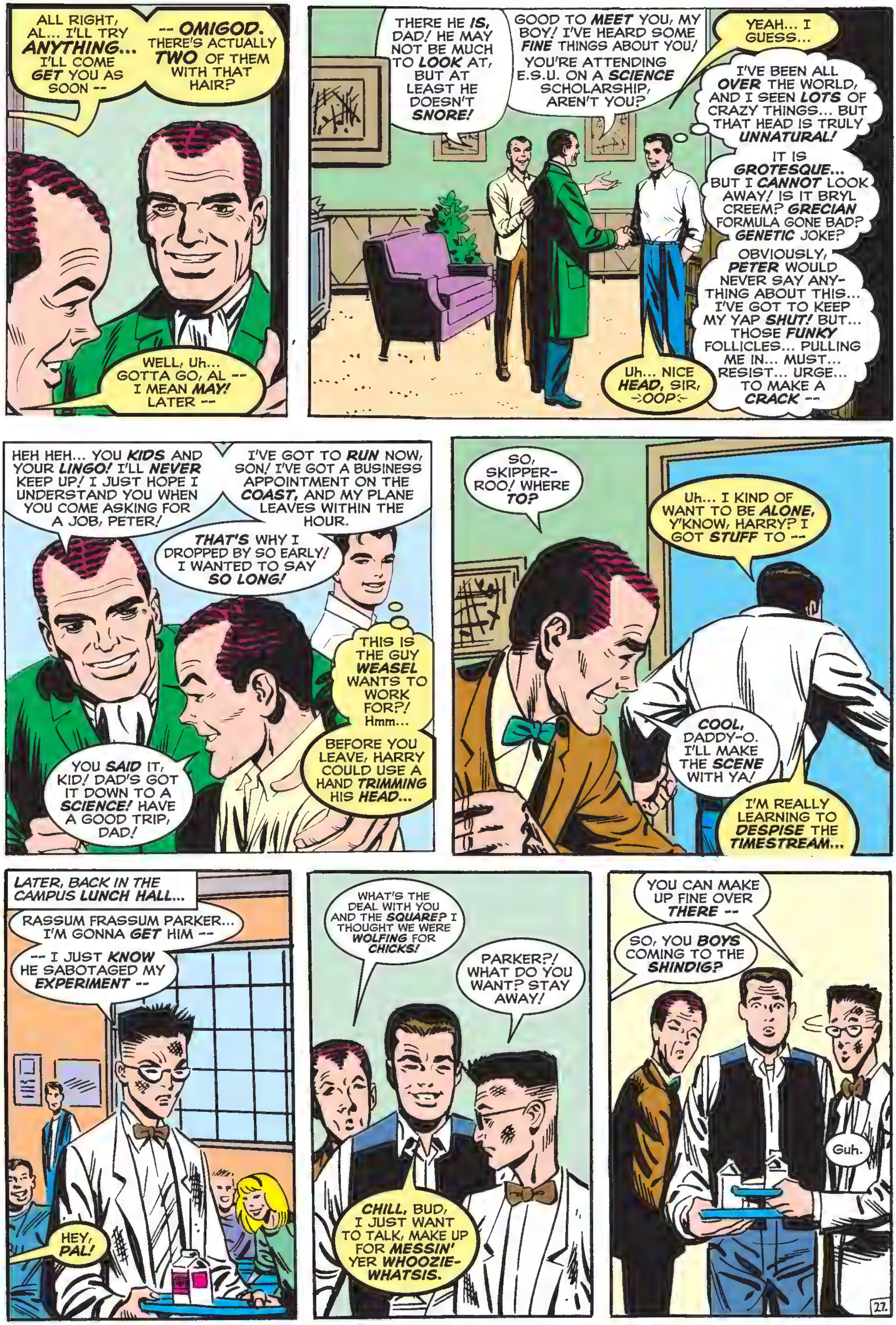

SECONDS LATER, AFTER DEFT DIGITS DIAL DIRECTLY...
Uh-Uh... NO WAY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT PARKER AND HIS ROOMIE GOT GOING, BUT NO WAY AM I GONNA --
HEY, SLICK RICK! TIME'S AWASTIN'! LET'S GET TO GROOMING --
RRRING
IT'S THE PHONE! GRAB IT, WILL YA? MIGHT BE CHICKS!
YEAH, AND THAT HAIR OF YOURS MIGHT COME INTO STYLE SOMEDAY, TOO...

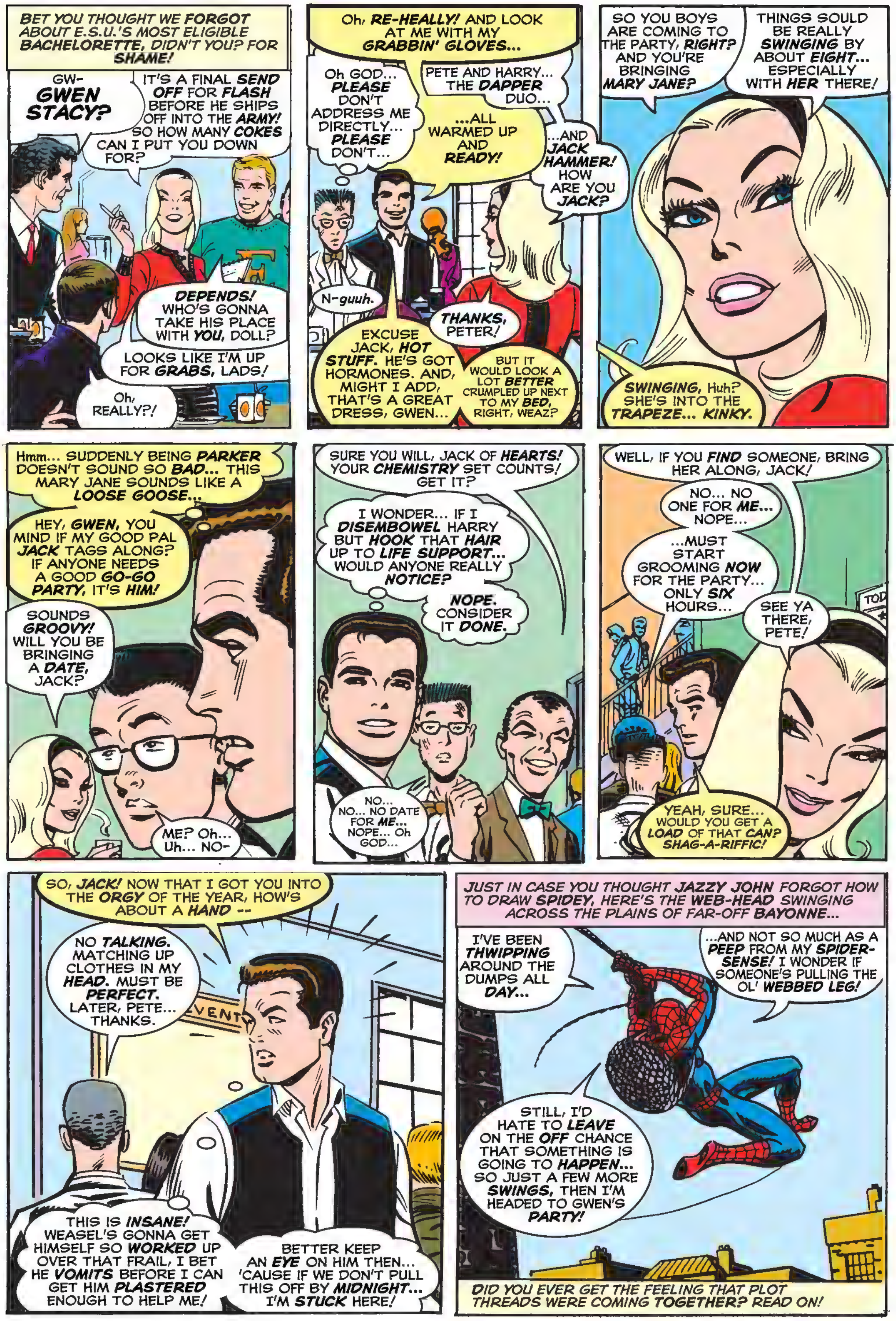

ANGELO'S PIZZA! CRAPPY PRE-FAB 'ZA IN THREE DAYS OR LESS!
PETER... IT'S YER AUNTIE... GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE -- I MEAN TEN MINUTES AGO!
RINNG!
THE DOOR, TOO? MAN! FORGET THE TRIM, PETE! I'LL GET IT!
AL?! THANK GOD! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT'S HAPPENING! PARKER'S ROOMMATE JUST ASKED ME TO SHARPEN THE POINT ON HIS HEAD?!

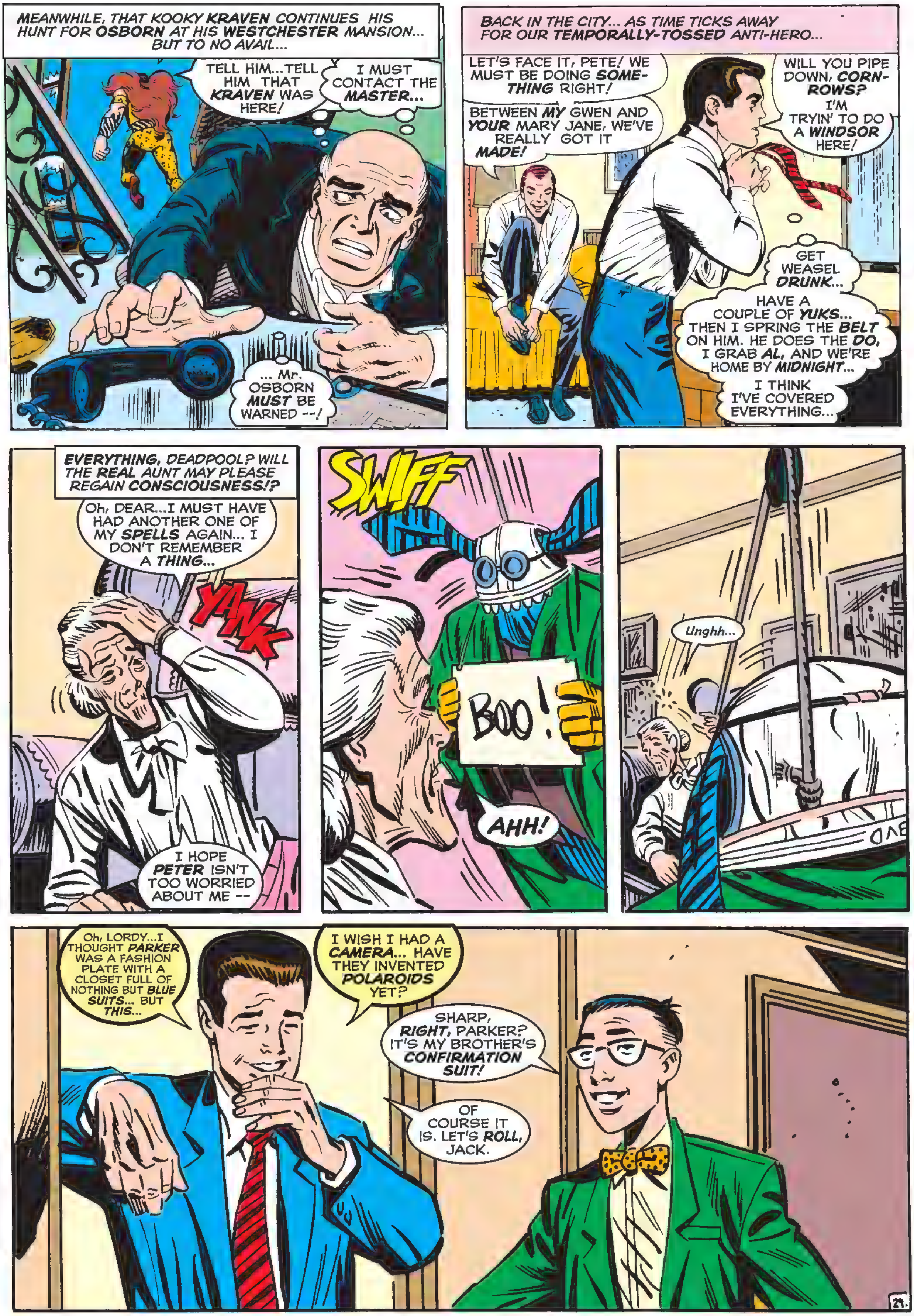

YOU THINK THAT'S BAD? ANNA'S NIECE JUST SHOWED UP, AND SHE'S DUMB AS A POST!
BETWEEN THE TWO OF THESE BROADS, I COULDN'T GET ENOUGH BRAIN POWER TO TOAST BREAD!
HOW CLOSE ARE WE TO LEAVING?
WELL... WE HIT A LITTLE SNAG... BEFORE WE CAN GO, I HAVE TO GET WEASEL TO FIX THE TELEPORTER --
WEASEL?!

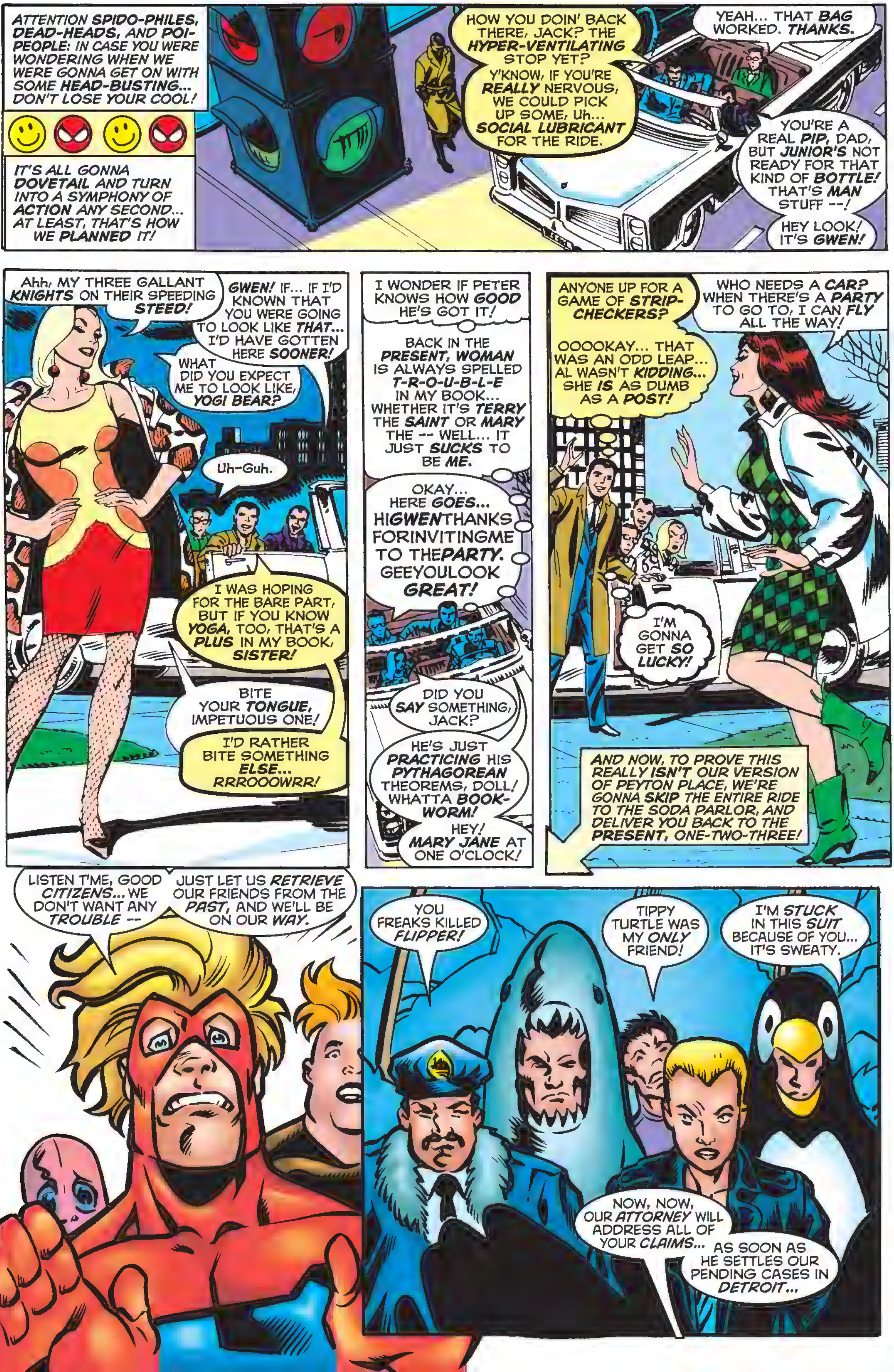

YEAH, YOUNGER SMARTER, CLEANER, BUT WITH A STICK SO FAR UP THERE IT'S POKING HIS BREAKFAST --
IN THIS TIME, MY BUD WEASEL'S A BIGGER GEEK THAN THIS PARKER GUY!
HE WON'T HELP ME OUT --
-- 'CAUSE HE THINKS I'M OUT TO SWINDLE HIM --!
I'D BETTER SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR! I'D HATE TO KEEP SOPHIA LOREN WAITING.
OR WOULD'JA BELIEVE CAPTAIN KANGAROO?

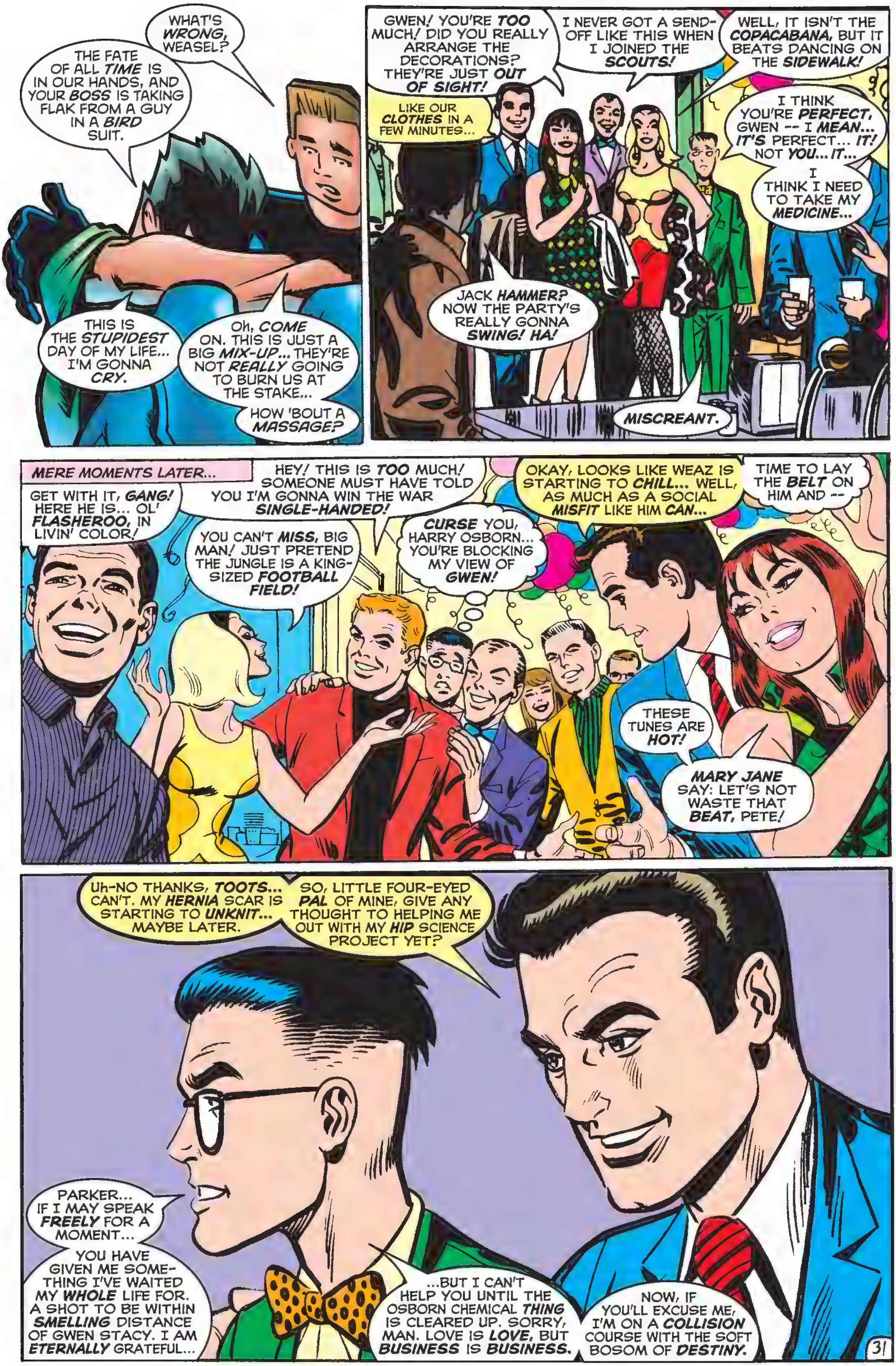

WADE! JUST BRIBE HIM WITH BOOZE LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO! YOU KNOW HE'S A SUCKER FOR OL' ROTGUT --
AL, HE'S A TOTAL SQUARE! HE WON'T -- Oh GOD... I'M STARTING TO TALK LIKE THEM!
HELP ME... I'M FRIGHTENED...
LISTEN, THE DANCING DITZ SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A PARTY TONIGHT. GET WEASEL THERE, LIGHT HIM UP, AND HAVE HIM FIX THAT BELT!

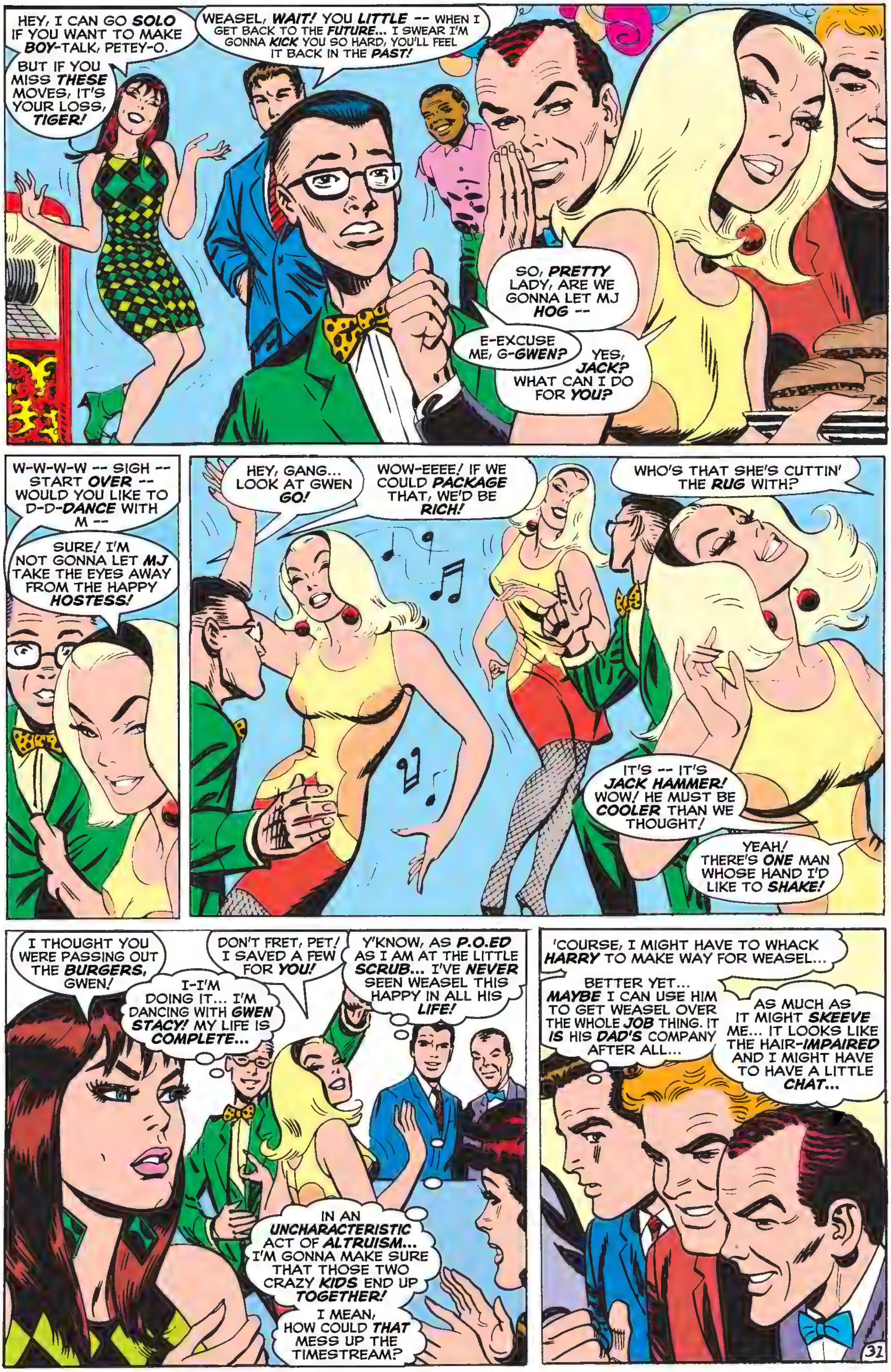

ALL RIGHT, AL... I'LL TRY ANYTHING... I'LL COME GET YOU AS SOON --
-- OMIGOD. THERE'S ACTUALLY TWO OF THEM WITH THAT HAIR?
WELL, Uh... GOTTA GO, AL -- I MEAN MAY! LATER --
THERE HE IS, DAD! HE MAY NOT BE MUCH TO LOOK AT, BUT AT LEAST HE DOESN'T SNORE!
GOOD TO MEET YOU, MY BOY! I'VE HEARD SOME FINE THINGS ABOUT YOU! YOU'RE ATTENDING E.S.U. ON A SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIP, AREN'T YOU?
YEAH... I GUESS...
I'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE WORLD, AND I SEEN LOTS OF CRAZY THINGS... BUT THAT HEAD IS TRULY UNNATURAL!
IT IS GROTESQUE... BUT I CANNOT LOOK AWAY! IS IT BRYL CREEM? GRECIAN FORMULA GONE BAD? GENETIC JOKE?
OBVIOUSLY, PETER WOULD NEVER SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS... I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY YAP SHUT! BUT... THOSE FUNKY FOLLICLES... PULLING ME IN... MUST... RESIST... URGE... TO MAKE A CRACK --
Uh... NICE HEAD, SIR, -OOP-
HEH HEH... YOU KIDS AND YOUR LINGO! I'LL NEVER KEEP UP! I JUST HOPE I UNDERSTAND YOU WHEN YOU COME ASKING FOR A JOB, PETER!
I'VE GOT TO RUN NOW, SON! I'VE GOT A BUSINESS APPOINTMENT ON THE COAST, AND MY PLANE LEAVES WITHIN THE HOUR.
THAT'S WHY I DROPPED BY SO EARLY! I WANTED TO SAY SO LONG!
THIS IS THE GUY WEASEL WANTS TO WORK FOR?! Hmm...
BEFORE YOU LEAVE, HARRY COULD USE A HAND TRIMMING HIS HEAD...
YOU SAID IT, KID! DAD'S GOT IT DOWN TO A SCIENCE! HAVE A GOOD TRIP, DAD!
SO, SKIPPER-ROO! WHERE TO?
Uh... I KIND OF WANT TO BE ALONE, Y'KNOW, HARRY? I GOT STUFF TO --
COOL, DADDY-O. I'LL MAKE THE SCENE WITH YA!
I'M REALLY LEARNING TO DESPISE THE TIMESTREAM...
LATER, BACK IN THE CAMPUS LUNCH HALL...
RASSUM FRASSUM PARKER... I'M GONNA GET HIM --
-- I JUST KNOW HE SABOTAGED MY EXPERIMENT --
HEY, PAL!
WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH YOU AND THE SQUARE? I THOUGHT WE WERE WOLFING FOR CHICKS!
PARKER?! WHAT DO YOU WANT? STAY AWAY!
CHILL, BUD, I JUST WANT TO TALK, MAKE UP FOR MESSIN' YER WHOOZIE-WHATSIS.
YOU CAN MAKE UP FINE OVER THERE --
SO, YOU BOYS COMING TO THE SHINDIG?
Guh.

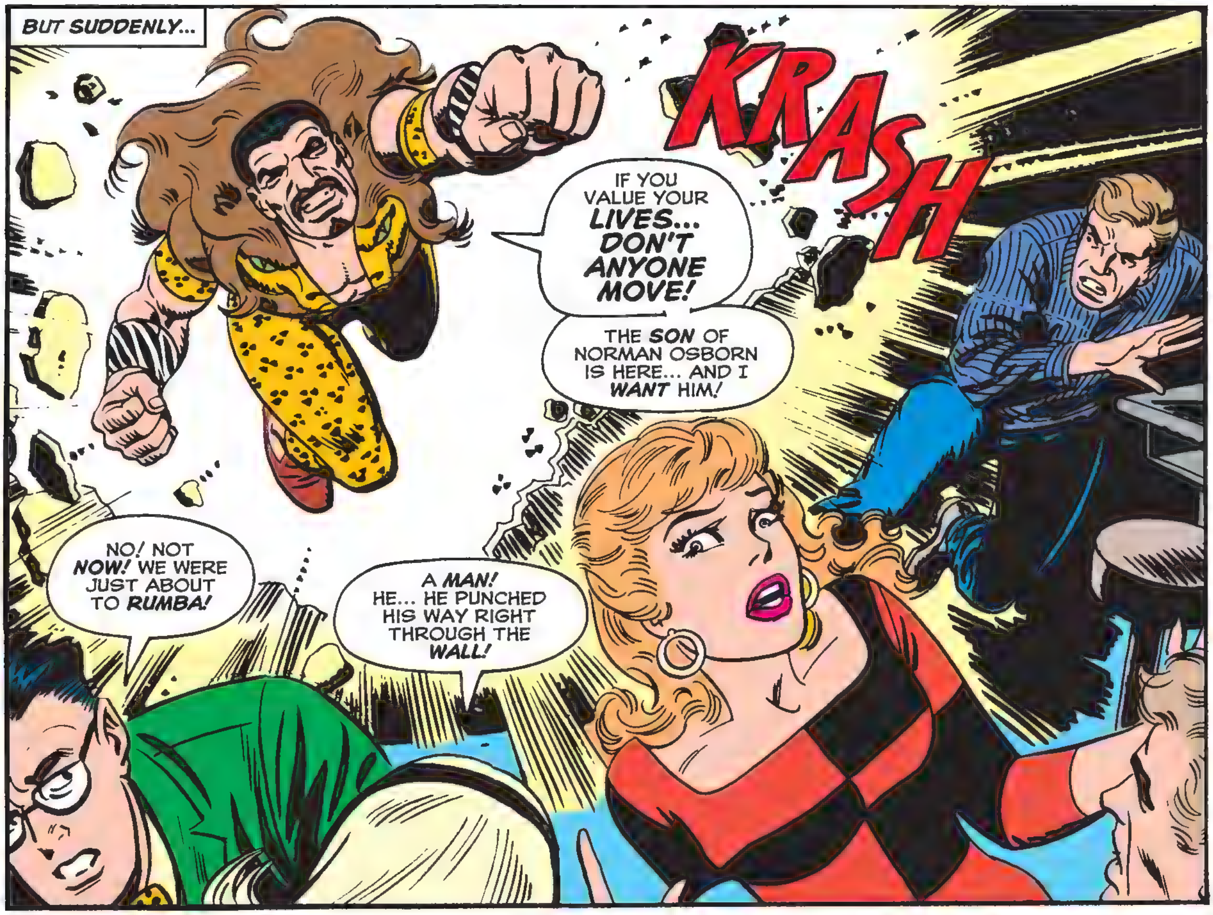

BET YOU THOUGHT WE FORGOT ABOUT E.S.U.'S MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELORETTE, DIDN'T YOU? FOR SHAME!
GW- GWEN STACY?
IT'S A FINAL SEND OFF FOR FLASH BEFORE HE SHIPS OFF INTO THE ARMY! SO HOW MANY COKES CAN I PUT YOU DOWN FOR?
DEPENDS! WHO'S GONNA TAKE HIS PLACE WITH YOU, DOLL?
LOOKS LIKE I'M UP FOR GRABS, LADS!
Oh, REALLY?!
Oh, RE-HEALLY! AND LOOK AT ME WITH MY GRABBIN' GLOVES...
Oh GOD... PLEASE DON'T ADDRESS ME DIRECTLY... PLEASE DON'T...
PETE AND HARRY... THE DAPPER DUO...
...ALL WARMED UP AND READY!
...AND JACK HAMMER! HOW ARE YOU JACK?
N-guuh.
THANKS, PETER!
EXCUSE JACK, HOT STUFF. HE'S GOT HORMONES. AND, MIGHT I ADD, THAT'S A GREAT DRESS, GWEN...
BUT IT WOULD LOOK A LOT BETTER CRUMPLED UP NEXT TO MY BED, RIGHT, WEAZ?
SO YOU BOYS ARE COMING TO THE PARTY, RIGHT? AND YOU'RE BRINGING MARY JANE?
THINGS SOULD BE REALLY SWINGING BY ABOUT EIGHT... ESPECIALLY WITH HER THERE!
SWINGING, Huh? SHE'S INTO THE TRAPEZE... KINKY.
Hmm... SUDDENLY BEING PARKER DOESN'T SOUND SO BAD... THIS MARY JANE SOUNDS LIKE A LOOSE GOOSE...
HEY, GWEN, YOU MIND IF MY GOOD PAL JACK TAGS ALONG? IF ANYONE NEEDS A GOOD GO-GO PARTY, IT'S HIM!
SOUNDS GROOVY! WILL YOU BE BRINGING A DATE, JACK?
ME? Oh... Uh... NO-
SURE YOU WILL, JACK OF HEARTS! YOUR CHEMISTRY SET COUNTS! GET IT?
I WONDER... IF I DISEMBOWEL HARRY BUT HOOK THAT HAIR UP TO LIFE SUPPORT... WOULD ANYONE REALLY NOTICE?
NOPE. CONSIDER IT DONE.
NO... NO... NO DATE FOR ME... NOPE... Oh GOD...
WELL, IF YOU FIND SOMEONE, BRING HER ALONG, JACK!
NO... NO ONE FOR ME... NOPE...
...MUST START GROOMING NOW FOR THE PARTY... ONLY SIX HOURS...
SEE YA THERE, PETE!
YEAH, SURE... WOULD YOU GET A LOAD OF THAT CAN? SHAG-A-RIFFIC!
SO, JACK! NOW THAT I GOT YOU INTO THE ORGY OF THE YEAR, HOW'S ABOUT A HAND --
NO TALKING. MATCHING UP CLOTHES IN MY HEAD. MUST BE PERFECT. LATER, PETE... THANKS.
VENT
THIS IS INSANE! WEASEL'S GONNA GET HIMSELF SO WORKED UP OVER THAT FRAIL, I BET HE VOMITS BEFORE I CAN GET HIM PLASTERED ENOUGH TO HELP ME!
BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM THEN... 'CAUSE IF WE DON'T PULL THIS OFF BY MIDNIGHT... I'M STUCK HERE!
JUST IN CASE YOU THOUGHT JAZZY JOHN FORGOT HOW TO DRAW SPIDEY, HERE'S THE WEB-HEAD SWINGING ACROSS THE PLAINS OF FAR-OFF BAYONNE...
I'VE BEEN THWIPPING AROUND THE DUMPS ALL DAY...
...AND NOT SO MUCH AS A PEEP FROM MY SPIDER-SENSE! I WONDER IF SOMEONE'S PULLING THE OL' WEBBED LEG!
STILL, I'D HATE TO LEAVE ON THE OFF CHANCE THAT SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN... SO JUST A FEW MORE SWINGS, THEN I'M HEADED TO GWEN'S PARTY!
DID YOU EVER GET THE FEELING THAT PLOT THREADS WERE COMING TOGETHER? READ ON!

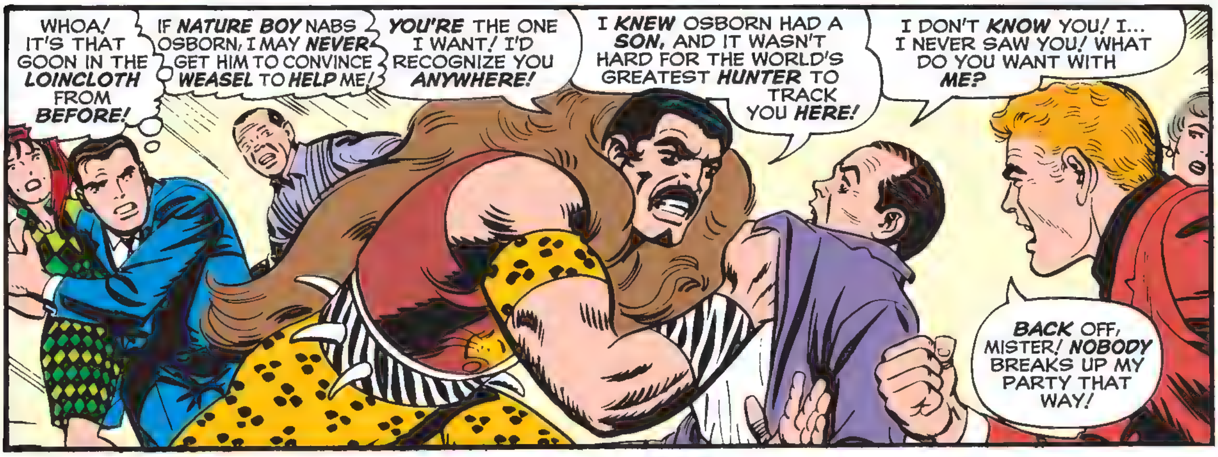

MEANWHILE, THAT KOOKY KRAVEN CONTINUES HIS HUNT FOR OSBORN AT HIS WESTCHESTER MANSION... BUT TO NO AVAIL...
TELL HIM...TELL HIM THAT KRAVEN WAS HERE!
I MUST CONTACT THE MASTER...
... Mr. OSBORN MUST BE WARNED --!
BACK IN THE CITY... AS TIME TICKS AWAY FOR OUR TEMPORALLY-TOSSED ANTI-HERO...
LET'S FACE IT, PETE! WE MUST BE DOING SOMETHING RIGHT!
BETWEEN MY GWEN AND YOUR MARY JANE, WE'VE REALLY GOT IT MADE!
WILL YOU PIPE DOWN, CORN-ROWS? I'M TRYIN' TO DO A WINDSOR HERE!
GET WEASEL DRUNK...
HAVE A COUPLE OF YUKS... THEN I SPRING THE BELT ON HIM. HE DOES THE DO, I GRAB AL, AND WE'RE HOME BY MIDNIGHT...
I THINK I'VE COVERED EVERYTHING...
EVERYTHING, DEADPOOL? WILL THE REAL AUNT MAY PLEASE REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS!?
Oh, DEAR...I MUST HAVE HAD ANOTHER ONE OF MY SPELLS AGAIN... I DON'T REMEMBER A THING...
YANK
I HOPE PETER ISN'T TOO WORRIED ABOUT ME --
SWIFF
BOO!
AHH!
Unghh...
Oh, LORDY...I THOUGHT PARKER WAS A FASHION PLATE WITH A CLOSET FULL OF NOTHING BUT BLUE SUITS... BUT THIS...
I WISH I HAD A CAMERA... HAVE THEY INVENTED POLAROIDS YET?
SHARP, RIGHT, PARKER? IT'S MY BROTHER'S CONFIRMATION SUIT!
OF COURSE IT IS. LET'S ROLL, JACK.

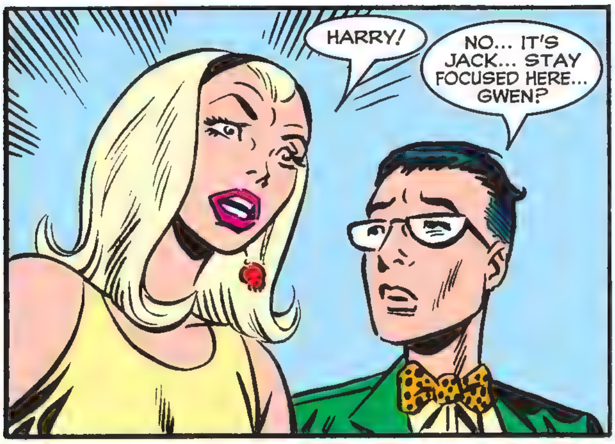

ATTENTION SPIDO-PHILES, DEAD-HEADS, AND POI-PEOPLE: IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING WHEN WE WERE GONNA GET ON WITH SOME HEAD-BUSTING... DON'T LOSE YOUR COOL!
IT'S ALL GONNA DOVETAIL AND TURN INTO A SYMPHONY OF ACTION ANY SECOND... AT LEAST, THAT'S HOW WE PLANNED IT!
HOW YOU DOIN' BACK THERE, JACK? THE HYPER-VENTILATING STOP YET?
Y'KNOW, IF YOU'RE REALLY NERVOUS, WE COULD PICK UP SOME, Uh... SOCIAL LUBRICANT FOR THE RIDE.
YEAH... THAT BAG WORKED. THANKS.
YOU'RE A REAL PIP, DAD, BUT JUNIOR'S NOT READY FOR THAT KIND OF BOTTLE! THAT'S MAN STUFF --!
HEY LOOK! IT'S GWEN!
Ahh, MY THREE GALLANT KNIGHTS ON THEIR SPEEDING STEED!
GWEN! IF... IF I'D KNOWN THAT YOU WERE GOING TO LOOK LIKE THAT... I'D HAVE GOTTEN HERE SOONER!
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT ME TO LOOK LIKE, YOGI BEAR?
Uh-Guh.
I WAS HOPING FOR THE BARE PART, BUT IF YOU KNOW YOGA, TOO, THAT'S A PLUS IN MY BOOK, SISTER!
BITE YOUR TONGUE, IMPETUOUS ONE!
I'D RATHER BITE SOMETHING ELSE... RRROOOWRR!
I WONDER IF PETER KNOWS HOW GOOD HE'S GOT IT!
BACK IN THE PRESENT, WOMAN IS ALWAYS SPELLED T-R-O-U-B-L-E IN MY BOOK... WHETHER IT'S TERRY THE SAINT OR MARY THE -- WELL... IT JUST SUCKS TO BE ME.
OKAY... HERE GOES... HIGWENTHANKS FORINVITINGME TO THEPARTY. GEEYOULOOK GREAT!
DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, JACK?
HE'S JUST PRACTICING HIS PYTHAGOREAN THEOREMS, DOLL! WHATTA BOOK-WORM!
HEY! MARY JANE AT ONE O'CLOCK!
ANYONE UP FOR A GAME OF STRIP-CHECKERS?
WHO NEEDS A CAR? WHEN THERE'S A PARTY TO GO TO, I CAN FLY ALL THE WAY!
OOOOKAY... THAT WAS AN ODD LEAP... AL WASN'T KIDDING... SHE IS AS DUMB AS A POST!
I'M GONNA GET SO LUCKY!
AND NOW, TO PROVE THIS REALLY ISN'T OUR VERSION OF PEYTON PLACE, WE'RE GONNA SKIP THE ENTIRE RIDE TO THE SODA PARLOR, AND DELIVER YOU BACK TO THE PRESENT, ONE-TWO-THREE!
LISTEN T'ME, GOOD CITIZENS... WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE --
JUST LET US RETRIEVE OUR FRIENDS FROM THE PAST, AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
YOU FREAKS KILLED FLIPPER!
TIPPY TURTLE WAS MY ONLY FRIEND!
I'M STUCK IN THIS SUIT BECAUSE OF YOU... IT'S SWEATY.
NOW, NOW, OUR ATTORNEY WILL ADDRESS ALL OF YOUR CLAIMS...
AS SOON AS HE SETTLES OUR PENDING CASES IN DETROIT...

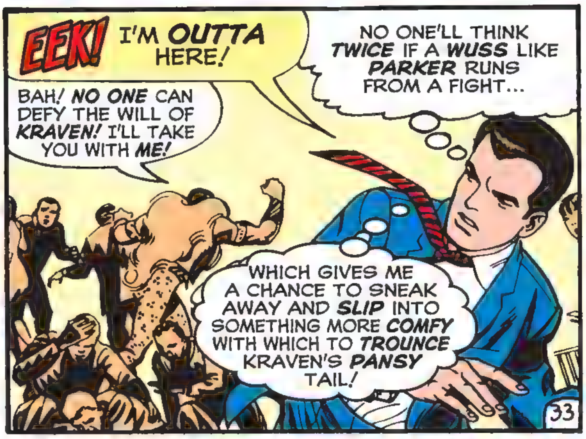

WHAT'S *WRONG*, WEASEL?
THE FATE OF ALL *TIME* IS IN OUR HANDS, AND YOUR *BOSS* IS TAKING FLAK FROM A GUY IN A *BIRD* SUIT.
THIS IS THE *STUPIDEST* DAY OF MY LIFE... I'M GONNA *CRY*.
Oh, *COME* ON. THIS IS JUST A BIG *MIX-UP*... THEY'RE NOT *REALLY* GOING TO BURN US AT THE STAKE...
HOW 'BOUT A *MASSAGE?*
GWEN! YOU'RE *TOO* MUCH! DID YOU REALLY ARRANGE THE DECORATIONS? THEY'RE JUST *OUT OF SIGHT!*
LIKE OUR *CLOTHES* IN A FEW MINUTES...
I NEVER GOT A SEND-OFF LIKE THIS WHEN I JOINED THE *SCOUTS!*
WELL, IT ISN'T THE *COPACABANA*, BUT IT BEATS DANCING ON THE *SIDEWALK!*
I THINK YOU'RE *PERFECT*, GWEN -- I *MEAN*... *IT'S* PERFECT... *IT!* NOT *YOU*... *IT*...
I THINK I NEED TO TAKE MY *MEDICINE*...
JACK *HAMMER?* NOW THE PARTY'S REALLY GONNA *SWING! HA!*
MISCREANT.
MERE MOMENTS LATER...
GET WITH IT, *GANG!* HERE HE IS... OL' *FLASHEROO*, IN LIVIN' COLOR!
HEY! THIS IS *TOO* MUCH! SOMEONE MUST HAVE TOLD YOU I'M GONNA WIN THE WAR *SINGLE-HANDED!*
YOU CAN'T *MISS*, BIG MAN! JUST PRETEND THE JUNGLE IS A KING-SIZED *FOOTBALL FIELD!*
CURSE YOU, HARRY OSBORN... YOU'RE BLOCKING MY VIEW OF *GWEN!*
OKAY, LOOKS LIKE WEAZ IS STARTING TO *CHILL*... WELL, AS MUCH AS A SOCIAL *MISFIT* LIKE HIM *CAN*...
TIME TO LAY THE *BELT* ON HIM AND --
THESE TUNES ARE *HOT!*
MARY JANE SAY: LET'S NOT WASTE THAT *BEAT*, PETE!
Uh-NO THANKS, *TOOTS*... CAN'T. MY *HERNIA* SCAR IS STARTING TO *UNKNIT*... MAYBE LATER.
SO, LITTLE FOUR-EYED *PAL* OF MINE, GIVE ANY THOUGHT TO HELPING ME OUT WITH MY *HIP* SCIENCE PROJECT YET?
PARKER... IF I MAY SPEAK *FREELY* FOR A MOMENT...
YOU HAVE GIVEN ME SOMETHING I'VE WAITED MY *WHOLE* LIFE FOR. A SHOT TO BE WITHIN *SMELLING* DISTANCE OF GWEN STACY. I AM *ETERNALLY* GRATEFUL...
...BUT I CAN'T HELP YOU UNTIL THE OSBORN CHEMICAL *THING* IS CLEARED UP. SORRY, MAN. LOVE IS *LOVE*, BUT *BUSINESS* IS *BUSINESS*.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M ON A *COLLISION* COURSE WITH THE SOFT BOSOM OF *DESTINY*.

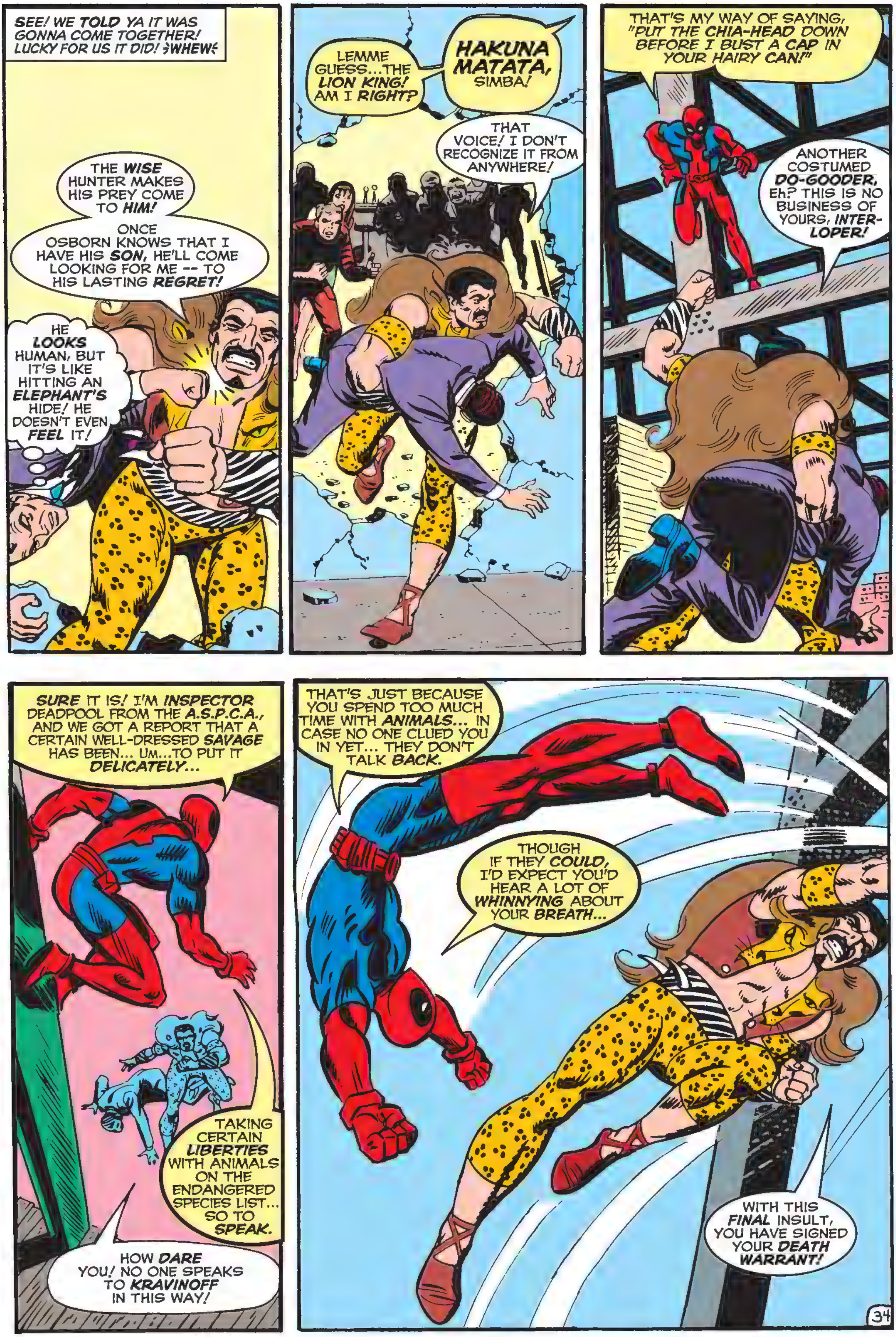

HEY, I CAN GO **SOLO** IF YOU WANT TO MAKE **BOY**-TALK, PETEY-O.
BUT IF YOU MISS **THESE** MOVES, IT'S YOUR LOSS, **TIGER!**
WEASEL, **WAIT!** YOU **LITTLE** -- WHEN I GET BACK TO THE **FUTURE...** I SWEAR I'M GONNA **KICK** YOU SO HARD, YOU'LL FEEL IT BACK IN THE **PAST!**
SO, **PRETTY** LADY, ARE WE GONNA LET MJ **HOG** --
E-EXCUSE ME, G-**GWEN?**
YES, **JACK?** WHAT CAN I DO FOR **YOU?**
W-W-W-W -- SIGH -- START **OVER** -- WOULD YOU LIKE TO D-D-**DANCE** WITH M --
SURE! I'M NOT GONNA LET **MJ** TAKE THE EYES AWAY FROM THE HAPPY **HOSTESS!**
HEY, GANG... LOOK AT GWEN **GO!**
WOW-EEEE! IF WE COULD **PACKAGE** THAT, WE'D BE **RICH!**
WHO'S THAT SHE'S CUTTIN' THE **RUG** WITH?
IT'S -- IT'S **JACK HAMMER!** WOW! HE MUST BE **COOLER** THAN WE THOUGHT!
YEAH! THERE'S **ONE** MAN WHOSE HAND I'D LIKE TO **SHAKE!**
I THOUGHT YOU WERE PASSING OUT THE **BURGERS,** GWEN!
DON'T FRET, PET! I SAVED A FEW FOR **YOU!**
I-I'M DOING IT... I'M DANCING WITH **GWEN STACY!** MY LIFE IS **COMPLETE...**
Y'KNOW, AS **P.O.ED** AS I AM AT THE LITTLE **SCRUB...** I'VE **NEVER** SEEN WEASEL THIS HAPPY IN ALL HIS **LIFE!**
IN AN **UNCHARACTERISTIC** ACT OF **ALTRUISM...** I'M GONNA MAKE SURE THAT THOSE TWO CRAZY **KIDS** END UP **TOGETHER!**
I MEAN, HOW COULD **THAT** MESS UP THE TIMESTREAM?
'COURSE, I MIGHT HAVE TO WHACK **HARRY** TO MAKE WAY FOR WEASEL...
BETTER YET... **MAYBE** I CAN USE HIM TO GET WEASEL OVER THE WHOLE **JOB** THING. IT **IS** HIS **DAD'S** COMPANY AFTER ALL...
AS MUCH AS IT MIGHT **SKEEVE** ME... IT LOOKS LIKE THE HAIR-**IMPAIRED** AND I MIGHT HAVE TO HAVE A LITTLE **CHAT...**

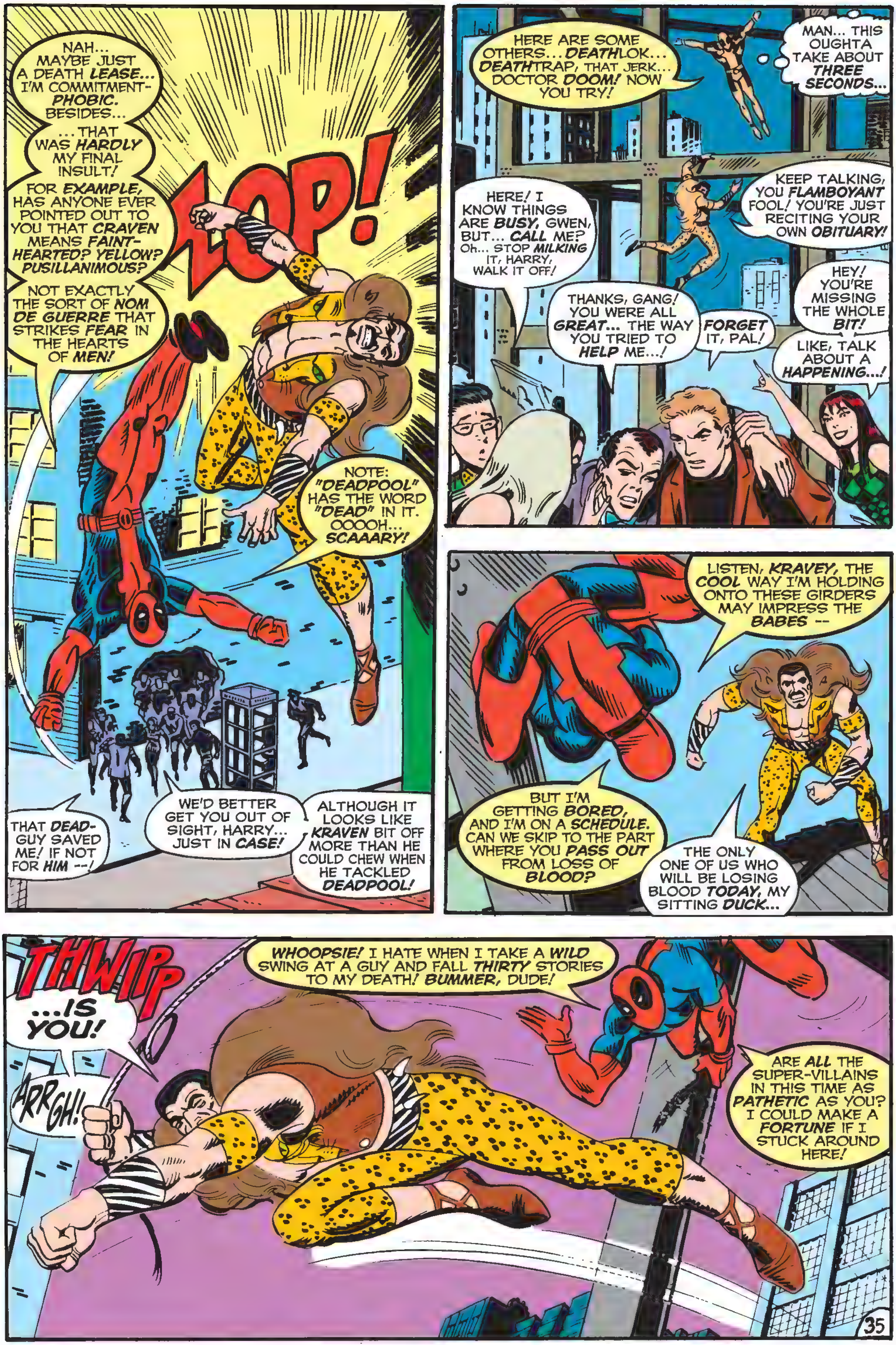

BUT SUDDENLY...
KRASH
IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES... DON'T ANYONE MOVE!
THE SON OF NORMAN OSBORN IS HERE... AND I WANT HIM!
NO! NOT NOW! WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO RUMBA!
A MAN! HE... HE PUNCHED HIS WAY RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!

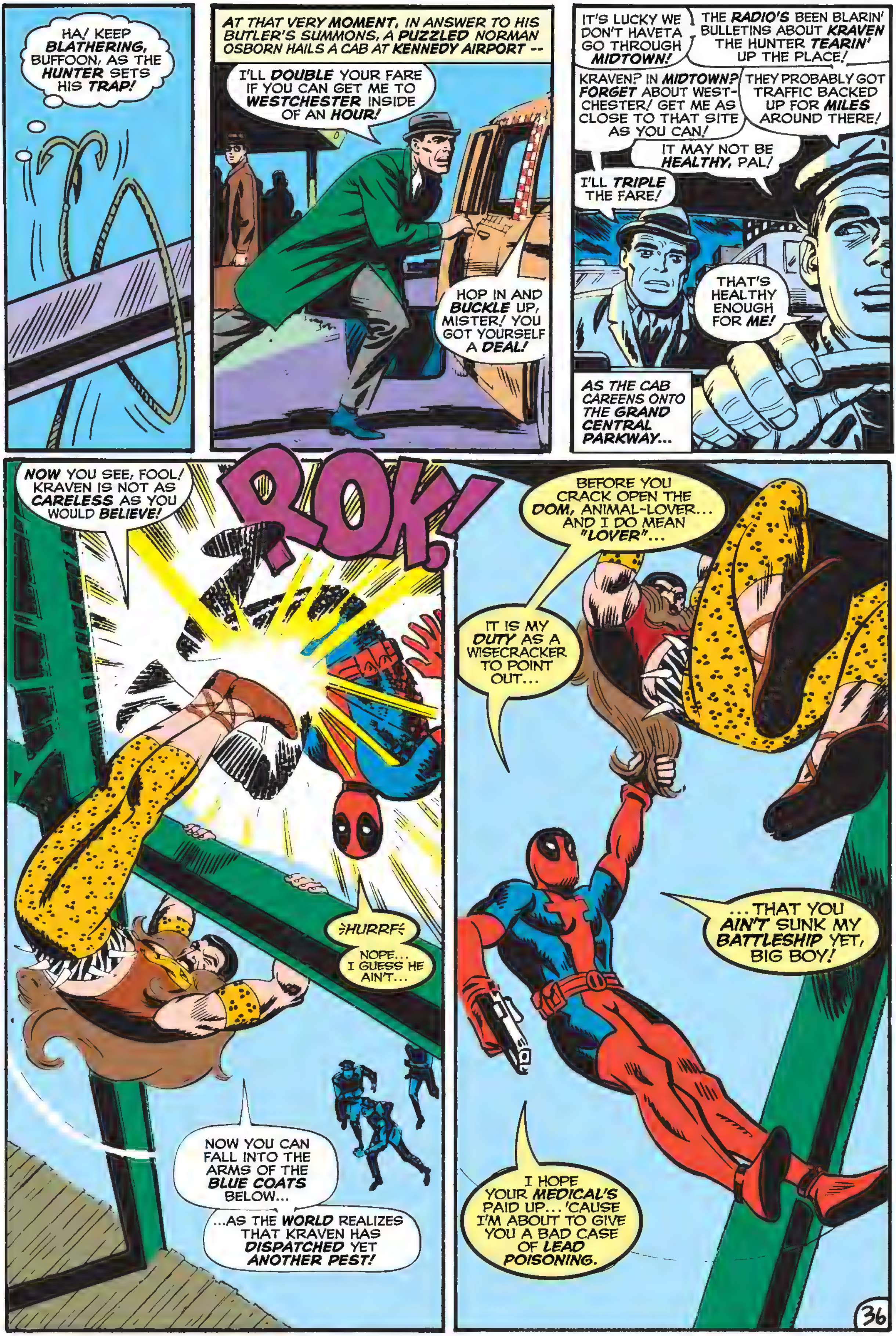

WHOA! IT'S THAT GOON IN THE LOINCLOTH FROM BEFORE!
IF NATURE BOY NABS OSBORN, I MAY NEVER GET HIM TO CONVINCE WEASEL TO HELP ME!
YOU'RE THE ONE I WANT! I'D RECOGNIZE YOU ANYWHERE!
I KNEW OSBORN HAD A SON, AND IT WASN'T HARD FOR THE WORLD'S GREATEST HUNTER TO TRACK YOU HERE!
I DON'T KNOW YOU! I... I NEVER SAW YOU! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
BACK OFF, MISTER! NOBODY BREAKS UP MY PARTY THAT WAY!

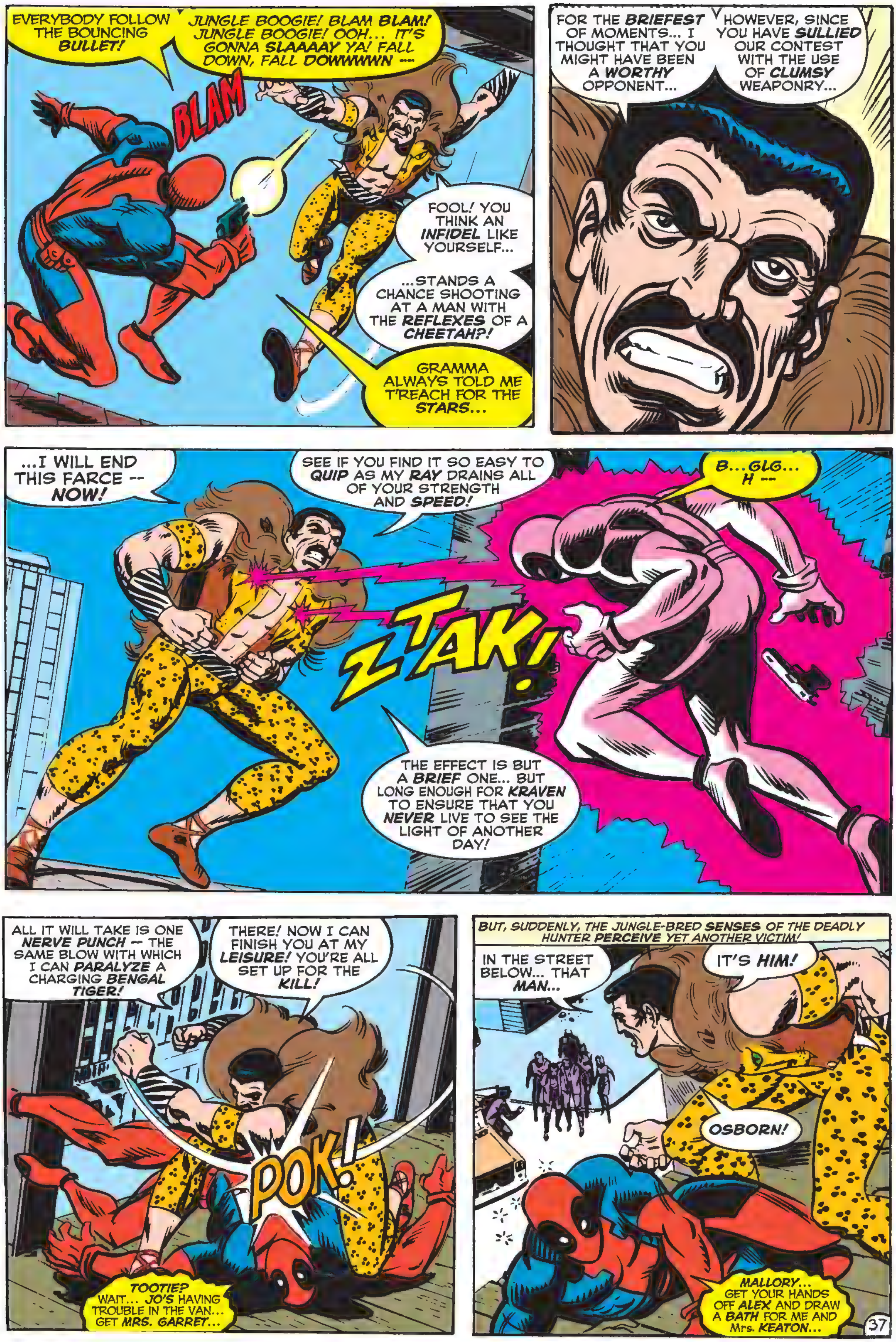

HARRY!
NO... IT'S JACK... STAY FOCUSED HERE... GWEN?

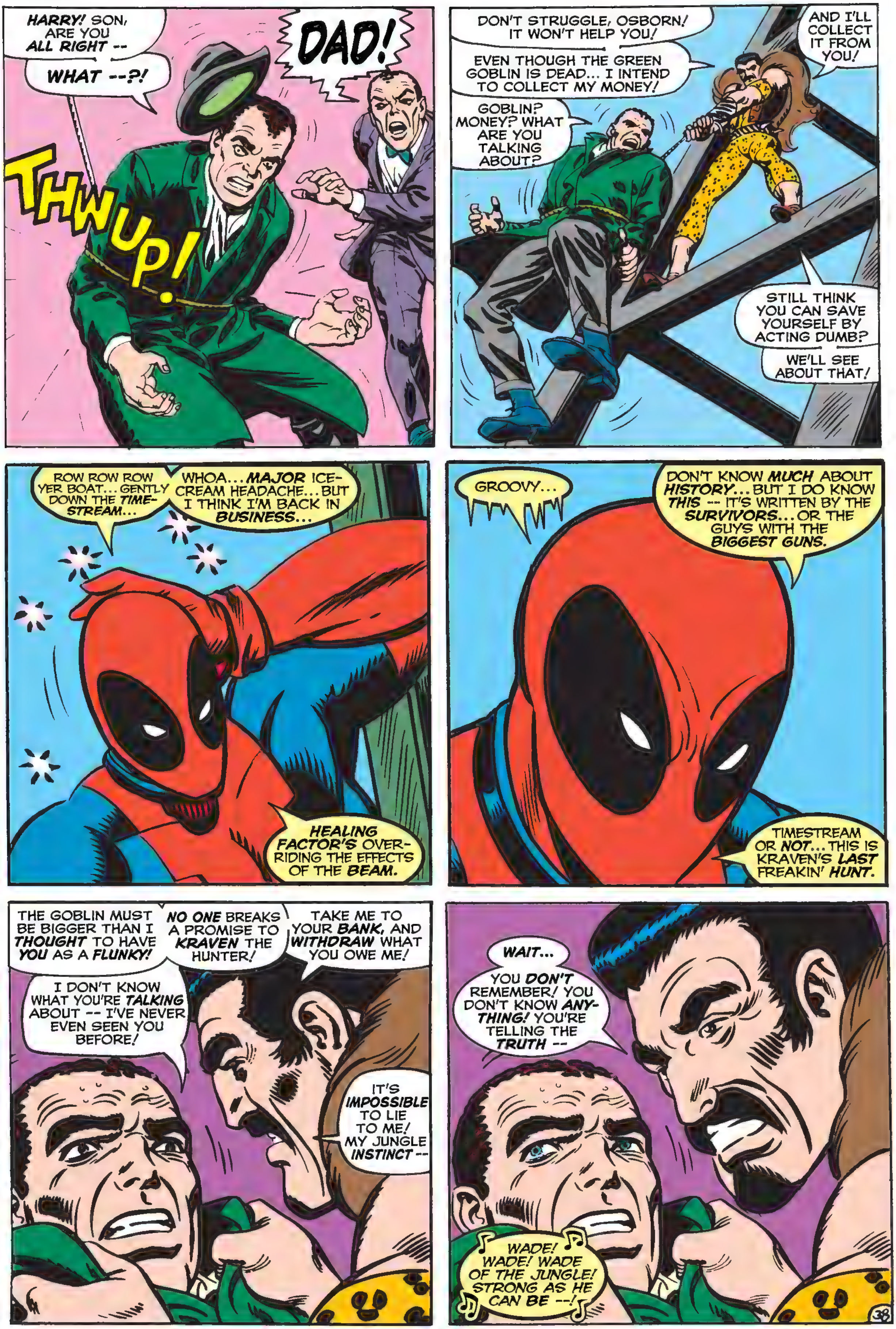

EEK! I'M OUTTA HERE!
BAH! NO ONE CAN DEFY THE WILL OF KRAVEN! I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME!
NO ONE'LL THINK TWICE IF A WUSS LIKE PARKER RUNS FROM A FIGHT...
WHICH GIVES ME A CHANCE TO SNEAK AWAY AND SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFY WITH WHICH TO TROUNCE KRAVEN'S PANSY TAIL!

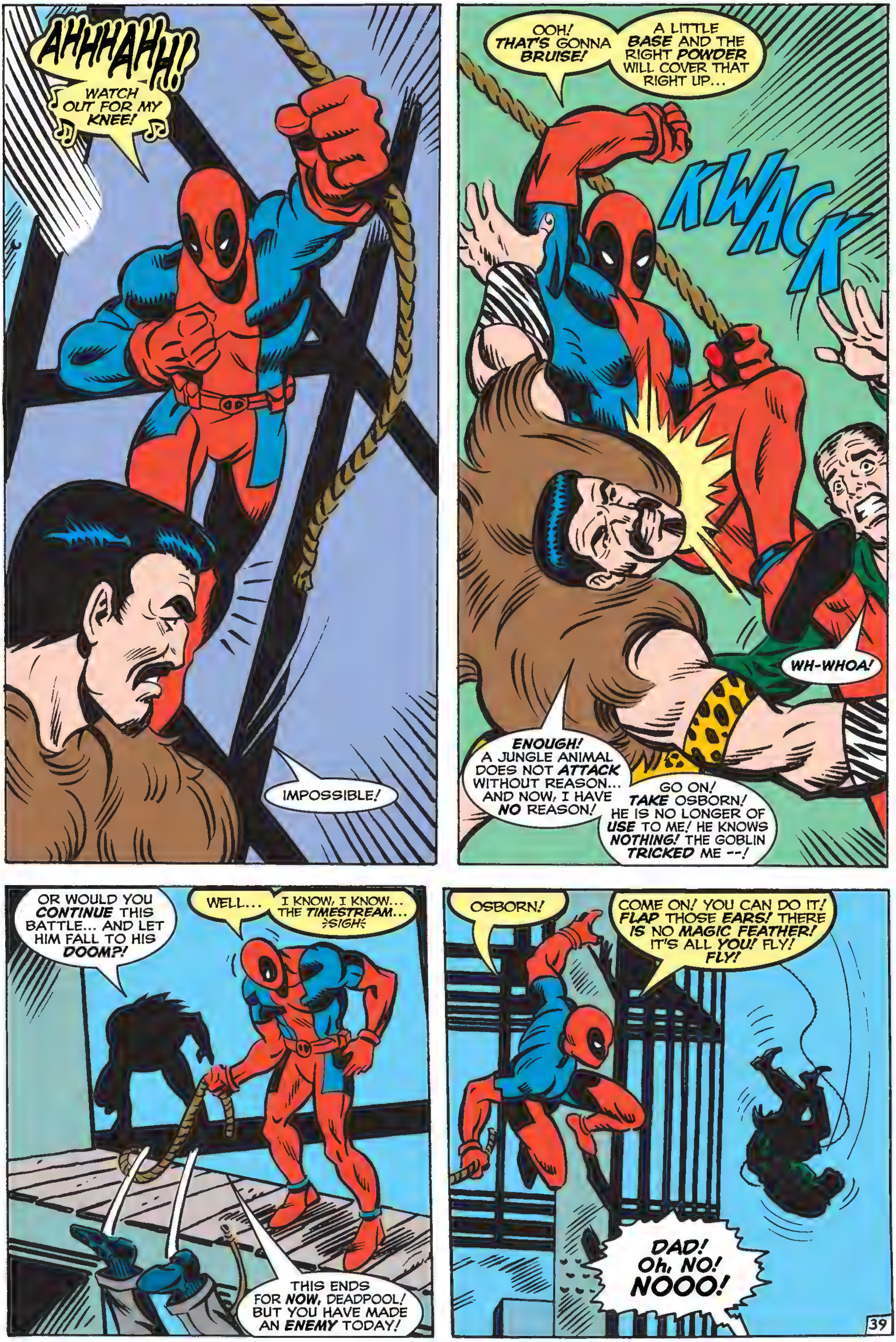

SEE! WE TOLD YA IT WAS GONNA COME TOGETHER! LUCKY FOR US IT DID! *WHEW*
THE WISE HUNTER MAKES HIS PREY COME TO HIM!
ONCE OSBORN KNOWS THAT I HAVE HIS SON, HE'LL COME LOOKING FOR ME -- TO HIS LASTING REGRET!
HE LOOKS HUMAN, BUT IT'S LIKE HITTING AN ELEPHANT'S HIDE! HE DOESN'T EVEN FEEL IT!
LEMME GUESS...THE LION KING! AM I RIGHT?
HAKUNA MATATA, SIMBA!
THAT VOICE! I DON'T RECOGNIZE IT FROM ANYWHERE!
THAT'S MY WAY OF SAYING, "PUT THE CHIA-HEAD DOWN BEFORE I BUST A CAP IN YOUR HAIRY CAN!"
ANOTHER COSTUMED DO-GOODER, Eh? THIS IS NO BUSINESS OF YOURS, INTERLOPER!
SURE IT IS! I'M INSPECTOR DEADPOOL FROM THE A.S.P.C.A., AND WE GOT A REPORT THAT A CERTAIN WELL-DRESSED SAVAGE HAS BEEN... UM...TO PUT IT DELICATELY...
TAKING CERTAIN LIBERTIES WITH ANIMALS ON THE ENDANGERED SPECIES LIST... SO TO SPEAK.
HOW DARE YOU! NO ONE SPEAKS TO KRAVINOFF IN THIS WAY!
THAT'S JUST BECAUSE YOU SPEND TOO MUCH TIME WITH ANIMALS... IN CASE NO ONE CLUED YOU IN YET... THEY DON'T TALK BACK.
THOUGH IF THEY COULD, I'D EXPECT YOU'D HEAR A LOT OF WHINNYING ABOUT YOUR BREATH...
WITH THIS FINAL INSULT, YOU HAVE SIGNED YOUR DEATH WARRANT!

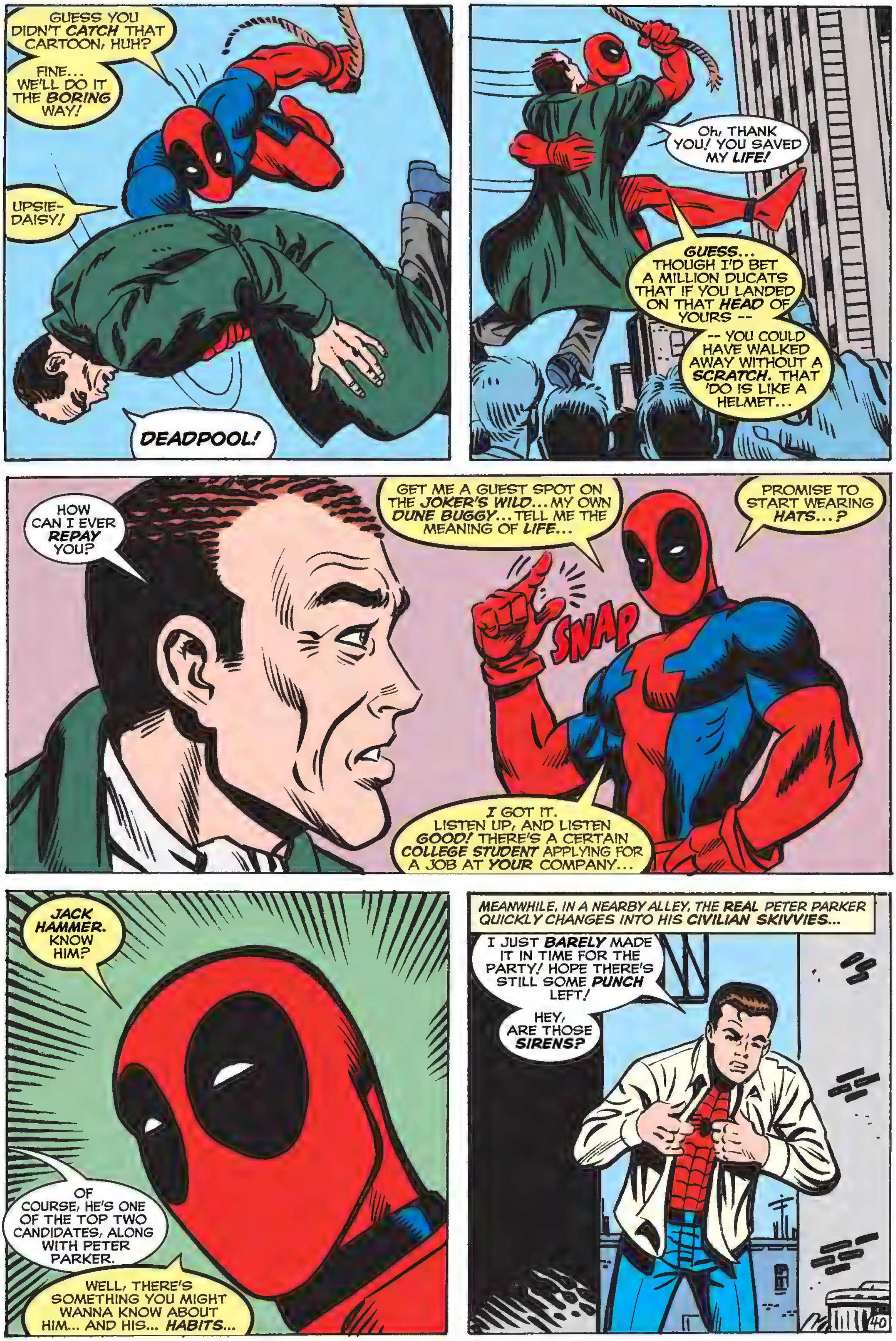

NAH... MAYBE JUST A DEATH *LEASE*... I'M COMMITMENT-*PHOBIC*. BESIDES...
...THAT WAS *HARDLY* MY FINAL INSULT!
FOR *EXAMPLE*, HAS ANYONE EVER POINTED OUT TO YOU THAT *CRAVEN* MEANS *FAINT-HEARTED? YELLOW? PUSILLANIMOUS?*
NOT EXACTLY THE SORT OF *NOM DE GUERRE* THAT STRIKES *FEAR* IN THE HEARTS OF *MEN!*
ZOP!
NOTE: *"DEADPOOL"* HAS THE WORD *"DEAD"* IN IT. OOOOH... *SCAAARY!*
THAT *DEAD*-GUY SAVED ME! IF NOT FOR *HIM* --!
WE'D BETTER GET YOU OUT OF SIGHT, HARRY... JUST IN *CASE!*
ALTHOUGH IT LOOKS LIKE *KRAVEN* BIT OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW WHEN HE TACKLED *DEADPOOL!*
HERE ARE SOME OTHERS... *DEATH*LOK... *DEATH*TRAP, THAT JERK... DOCTOR *DOOM!* NOW YOU TRY!
MAN... THIS OUGHTA TAKE ABOUT *THREE SECONDS...*
KEEP TALKING, YOU *FLAMBOYANT* FOOL! YOU'RE JUST RECITING YOUR OWN *OBITUARY!*
HERE! I KNOW THINGS ARE *BUSY*, GWEN, BUT... *CALL* ME? Oh... STOP *MILKING* IT, HARRY, WALK IT OFF!
THANKS, GANG! YOU WERE ALL *GREAT...* THE WAY YOU TRIED TO *HELP* ME...!
FORGET IT, PAL!
HEY! YOU'RE MISSING THE WHOLE *BIT!*
LIKE, TALK ABOUT A *HAPPENING...!*
LISTEN, *KRAVEY*, THE *COOL* WAY I'M HOLDING ONTO THESE GIRDERS MAY IMPRESS THE *BABES* --
BUT I'M GETTING *BORED*, AND I'M ON A *SCHEDULE*. CAN WE SKIP TO THE PART WHERE YOU *PASS OUT* FROM LOSS OF *BLOOD?*
THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO WILL BE LOSING BLOOD *TODAY*, MY SITTING *DUCK...*
THWIPP
...IS YOU!
ARRGH!
WHOOPSIE! I HATE WHEN I TAKE A *WILD* SWING AT A GUY AND FALL *THIRTY* STORIES TO MY DEATH! *BUMMER*, DUDE!
ARE *ALL* THE SUPER-VILLAINS IN THIS TIME AS *PATHETIC* AS YOU? I COULD MAKE A *FORTUNE* IF I STUCK AROUND HERE!

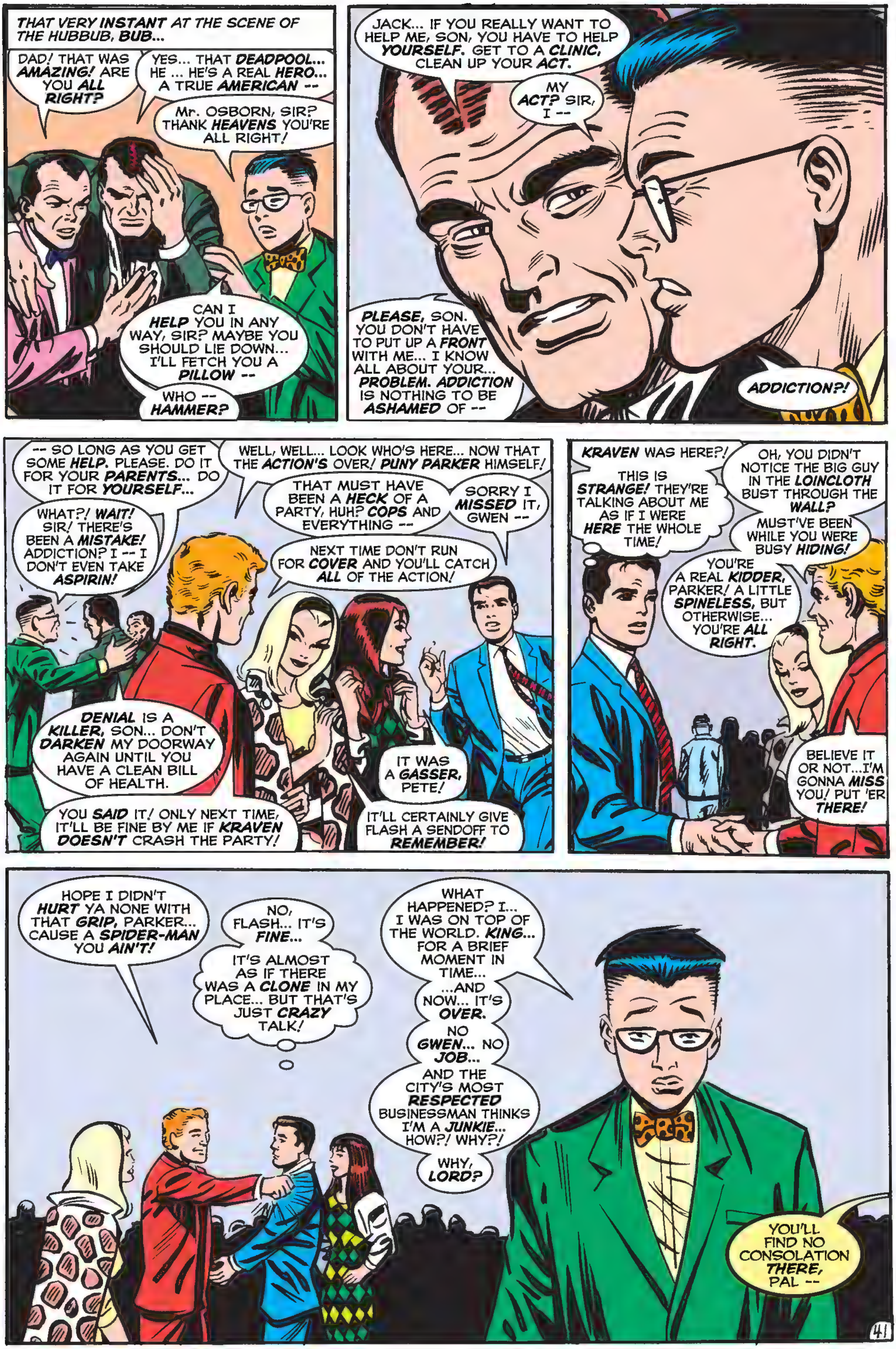

HA! KEEP **BLATHERING,** BUFFOON, AS THE **HUNTER** SETS HIS **TRAP!**
*AT THAT VERY **MOMENT,** IN ANSWER TO HIS BUTLER'S SUMMONS, A **PUZZLED** NORMAN OSBORN HAILS A CAB AT **KENNEDY AIRPORT** --*
I'LL **DOUBLE** YOUR FARE IF YOU CAN GET ME TO **WESTCHESTER** INSIDE OF AN **HOUR!**
HOP IN AND **BUCKLE** UP, MISTER! YOU GOT YOURSELF A **DEAL!**
IT'S LUCKY WE DON'T HAVETA GO THROUGH **MIDTOWN!**
THE **RADIO'S** BEEN BLARIN' BULLETINS ABOUT **KRAVEN** THE HUNTER **TEARIN'** UP THE PLACE!
KRAVEN? IN **MIDTOWN? FORGET** ABOUT WESTCHESTER! GET ME AS CLOSE TO THAT SITE AS YOU CAN!
THEY PROBABLY GOT TRAFFIC BACKED UP FOR **MILES** AROUND THERE!
IT MAY NOT BE **HEALTHY,** PAL!
I'LL **TRIPLE** THE FARE!
THAT'S HEALTHY ENOUGH FOR **ME!**
*AS THE CAB CAREENS ONTO THE **GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY...***
NOW YOU SEE, FOOL! KRAVEN IS NOT AS **CARELESS** AS YOU WOULD **BELIEVE!**
POK!
HURRF
NOPE... I GUESS HE AIN'T...
NOW YOU CAN FALL INTO THE ARMS OF THE **BLUE COATS** BELOW...
...AS THE **WORLD** REALIZES THAT KRAVEN HAS **DISPATCHED** YET **ANOTHER PEST!**
BEFORE YOU CRACK OPEN THE **DOM,** ANIMAL-LOVER... AND I DO MEAN **"LOVER"...**
IT IS MY **DUTY** AS A WISECRACKER TO POINT OUT...
...THAT YOU **AIN'T** SUNK MY **BATTLESHIP** YET, BIG BOY!
I HOPE YOUR **MEDICAL'S** PAID UP... 'CAUSE I'M ABOUT TO GIVE YOU A BAD CASE OF **LEAD POISONING.**

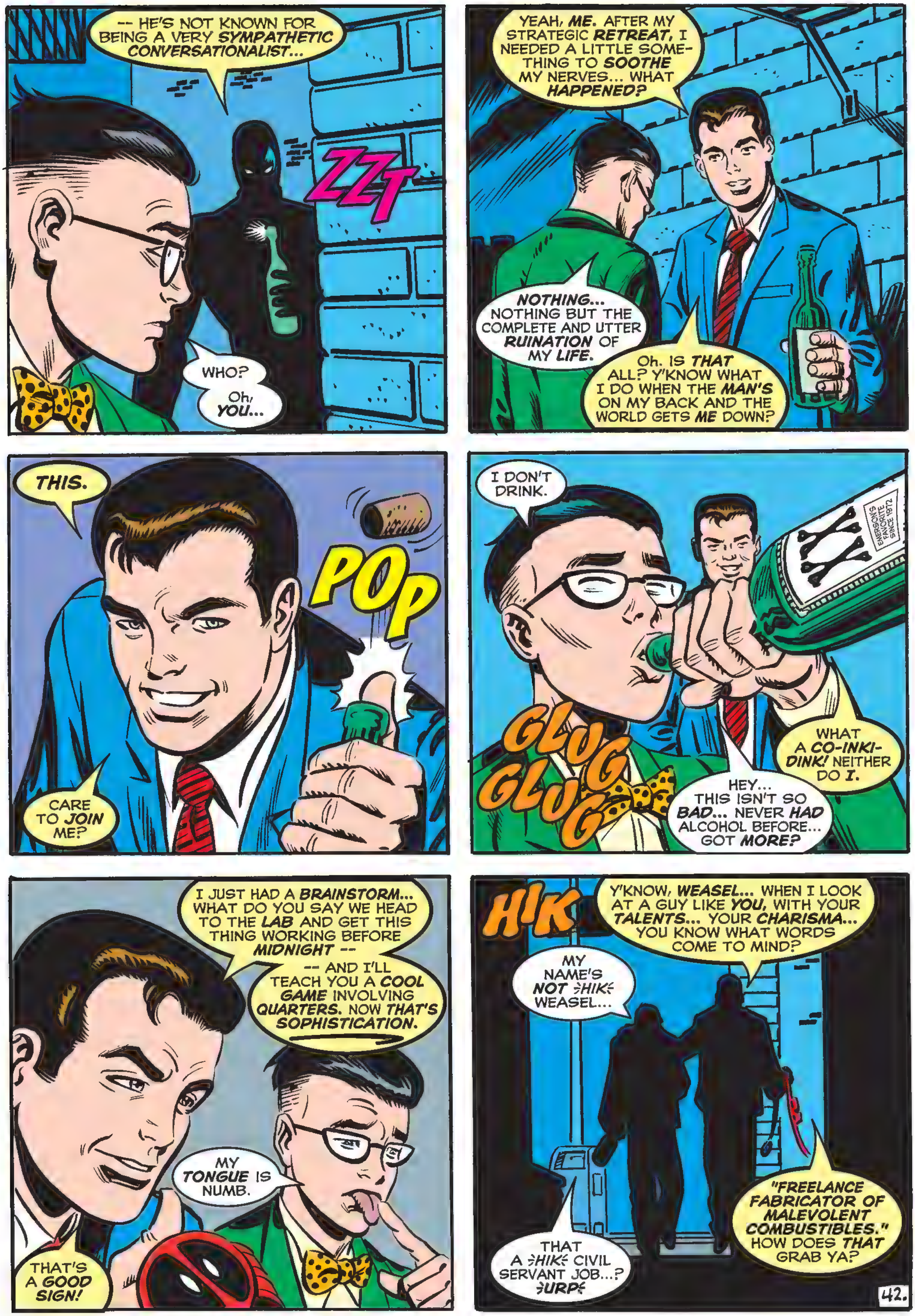

EVERYBODY FOLLOW THE BOUNCING BULLET!
JUNGLE BOOGIE! BLAM BLAM! JUNGLE BOOGIE! OOH... IT'S GONNA SLAAAAY YA! FALL DOWN, FALL DOWWWWN --
BLAM
FOOL! YOU THINK AN INFIDEL LIKE YOURSELF...
...STANDS A CHANCE SHOOTING AT A MAN WITH THE REFLEXES OF A CHEETAH?!
GRAMMA ALWAYS TOLD ME T'REACH FOR THE STARS...
FOR THE BRIEFEST OF MOMENTS... I THOUGHT THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN A WORTHY OPPONENT...
HOWEVER, SINCE YOU HAVE SULLIED OUR CONTEST WITH THE USE OF CLUMSY WEAPONRY...
...I WILL END THIS FARCE -- NOW!
SEE IF YOU FIND IT SO EASY TO QUIP AS MY RAY DRAINS ALL OF YOUR STRENGTH AND SPEED!
B...GLG... H --
ZTAK!
THE EFFECT IS BUT A BRIEF ONE... BUT LONG ENOUGH FOR KRAVEN TO ENSURE THAT YOU NEVER LIVE TO SEE THE LIGHT OF ANOTHER DAY!
ALL IT WILL TAKE IS ONE NERVE PUNCH -- THE SAME BLOW WITH WHICH I CAN PARALYZE A CHARGING BENGAL TIGER!
THERE! NOW I CAN FINISH YOU AT MY LEISURE! YOU'RE ALL SET UP FOR THE KILL!
POK!
TOOTIE? WAIT... JO'S HAVING TROUBLE IN THE VAN... GET MRS. GARRET...
BUT, SUDDENLY, THE JUNGLE-BRED SENSES OF THE DEADLY HUNTER PERCEIVE YET ANOTHER VICTIM!
IN THE STREET BELOW... THAT MAN...
IT'S HIM!
OSBORN!
MALLORY... GET YOUR HANDS OFF ALEX AND DRAW A BATH FOR ME AND Mrs. KEATON...

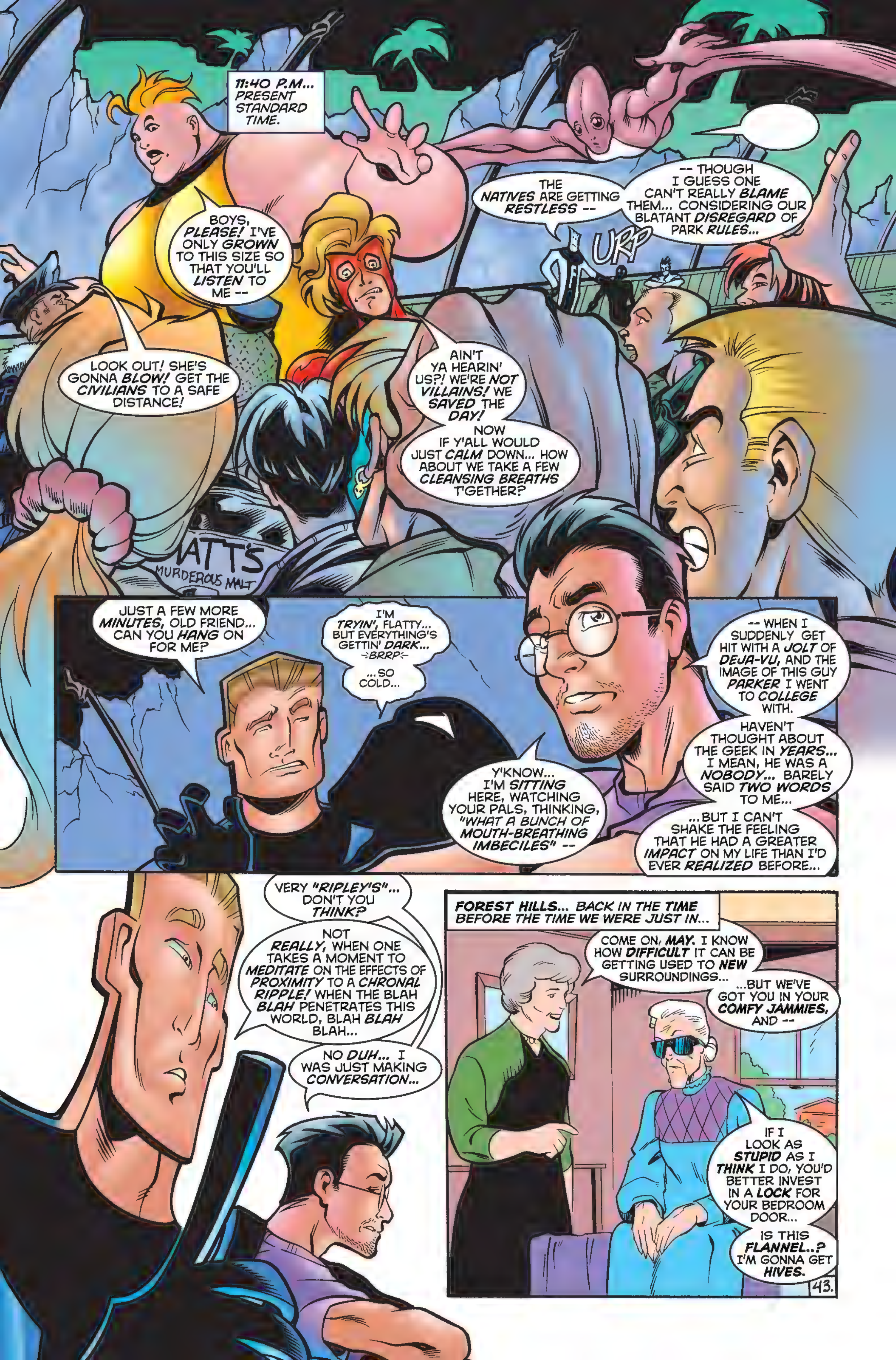

HARRY! SON, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT --
WHAT --?!
THWUP!
DAD!
DON'T STRUGGLE, OSBORN! IT WON'T HELP YOU!
EVEN THOUGH THE GREEN GOBLIN IS DEAD... I INTEND TO COLLECT MY MONEY!
AND I'LL COLLECT IT FROM YOU!
GOBLIN? MONEY? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
STILL THINK YOU CAN SAVE YOURSELF BY ACTING DUMB?
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
ROW ROW ROW YER BOAT... GENTLY DOWN THE TIME-STREAM...
WHOA... MAJOR ICE-CREAM HEADACHE... BUT I THINK I'M BACK IN BUSINESS...
HEALING FACTOR'S OVER-RIDING THE EFFECTS OF THE BEAM.
GROOVY...
DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HISTORY... BUT I DO KNOW THIS -- IT'S WRITTEN BY THE SURVIVORS... OR THE GUYS WITH THE BIGGEST GUNS.
TIMESTREAM OR NOT... THIS IS KRAVEN'S LAST FREAKIN' HUNT.
THE GOBLIN MUST BE BIGGER THAN I THOUGHT TO HAVE YOU AS A FLUNKY!
NO ONE BREAKS A PROMISE TO KRAVEN THE HUNTER!
TAKE ME TO YOUR BANK, AND WITHDRAW WHAT YOU OWE ME!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT -- I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN YOU BEFORE!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO LIE TO ME! MY JUNGLE INSTINCT --
WAIT...
YOU DON'T REMEMBER! YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING! YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH --
♪ WADE! WADE! WADE OF THE JUNGLE! STRONG AS HE CAN BE --! ♪

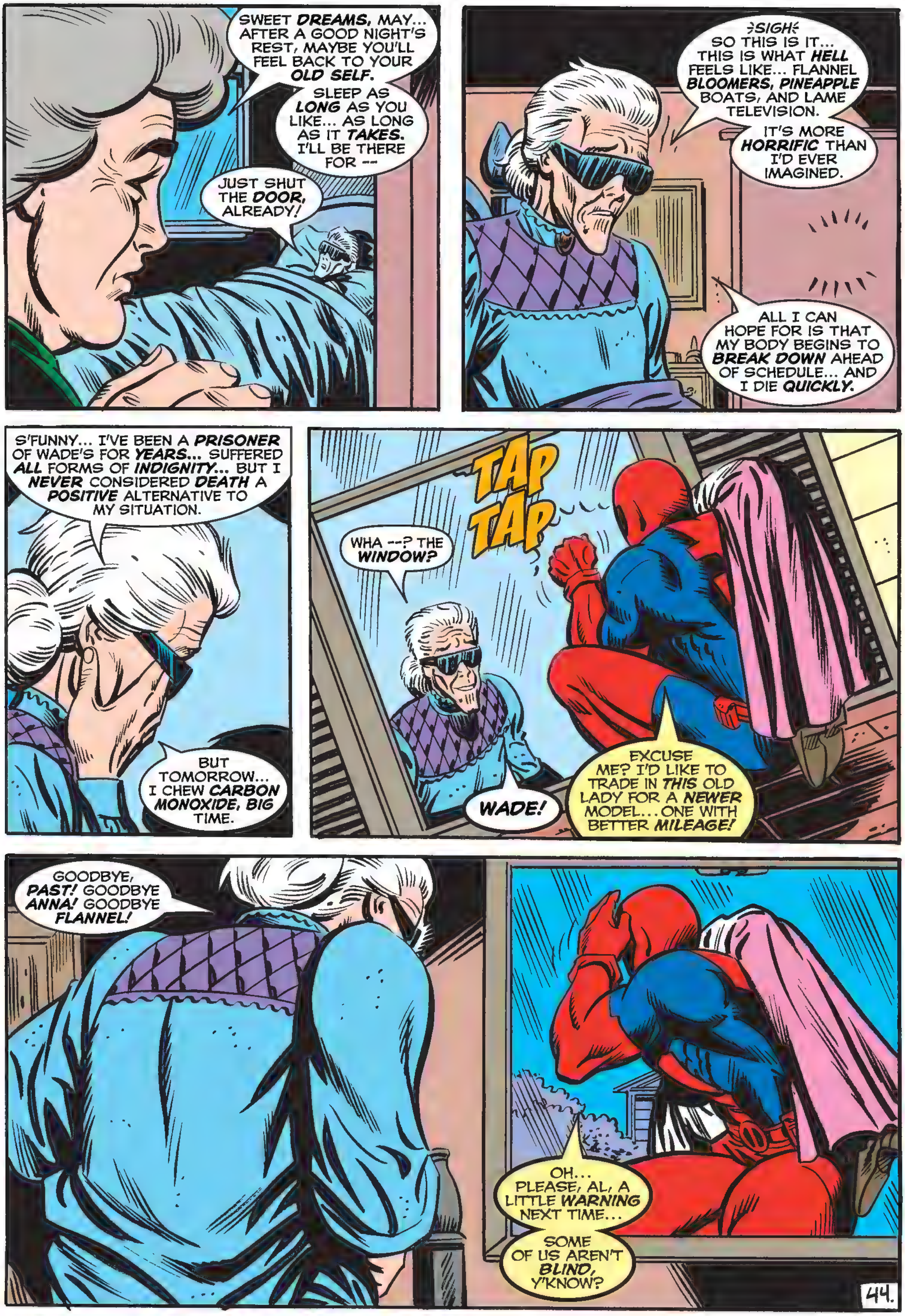

AHHHAHH!
♪ WATCH OUT FOR MY KNEE! ♪
IMPOSSIBLE!
OOH! THAT'S GONNA BRUISE!
A LITTLE BASE AND THE RIGHT POWDER WILL COVER THAT RIGHT UP...
KWACK
WH-WHOA!
ENOUGH! A JUNGLE ANIMAL DOES NOT ATTACK WITHOUT REASON... AND NOW, I HAVE NO REASON!
GO ON! TAKE OSBORN! HE IS NO LONGER OF USE TO ME! HE KNOWS NOTHING! THE GOBLIN TRICKED ME --!
OR WOULD YOU CONTINUE THIS BATTLE... AND LET HIM FALL TO HIS DOOM?!
WELL...
I KNOW, I KNOW... THE TIMESTREAM... *SIGH*
THIS ENDS FOR NOW, DEADPOOL! BUT YOU HAVE MADE AN ENEMY TODAY!
OSBORN!
COME ON! YOU CAN DO IT! FLAP THOSE EARS! THERE IS NO MAGIC FEATHER! IT'S ALL YOU! FLY! FLY!
DAD! Oh, NO! NOOO!

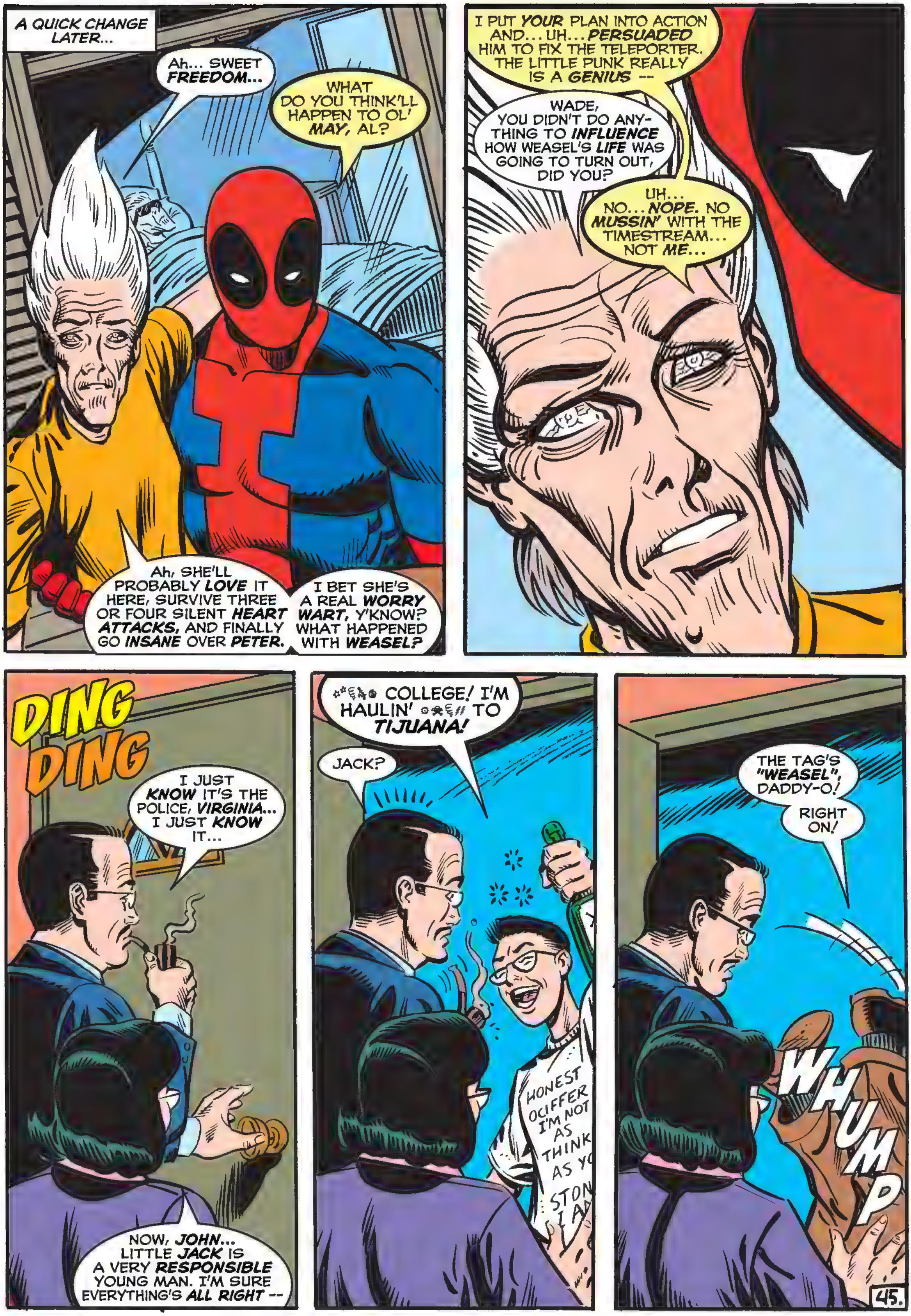

GUESS YOU DIDN'T **CATCH** THAT CARTOON, HUH?
FINE... WE'LL DO IT THE **BORING** WAY!
UPSIE-DAISY!
DEADPOOL!
Oh, THANK YOU! YOU SAVED MY **LIFE!**
GUESS... THOUGH I'D BET A MILLION DUCATS THAT IF YOU LANDED ON THAT **HEAD** OF YOURS --
-- YOU COULD HAVE WALKED AWAY WITHOUT A **SCRATCH.** THAT 'DO IS LIKE A HELMET...
HOW CAN I EVER **REPAY** YOU?
GET ME A GUEST SPOT ON THE **JOKER'S WILD**... MY OWN **DUNE BUGGY**... TELL ME THE MEANING OF **LIFE**...
PROMISE TO START WEARING **HATS...?**
SNAP
I GOT IT. LISTEN UP, AND LISTEN **GOOD!** THERE'S A CERTAIN **COLLEGE STUDENT** APPLYING FOR A JOB AT **YOUR** COMPANY...
JACK HAMMER. KNOW HIM?
OF COURSE, HE'S ONE OF THE TOP TWO CANDIDATES, ALONG WITH PETER PARKER.
WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU MIGHT WANNA KNOW ABOUT HIM... AND HIS... **HABITS...**
MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY ALLEY, THE **REAL** PETER PARKER QUICKLY CHANGES INTO HIS **CIVILIAN SKIVVIES...**
I JUST **BARELY** MADE IT IN TIME FOR THE PARTY! HOPE THERE'S STILL SOME **PUNCH** LEFT!
HEY, ARE THOSE **SIRENS?**

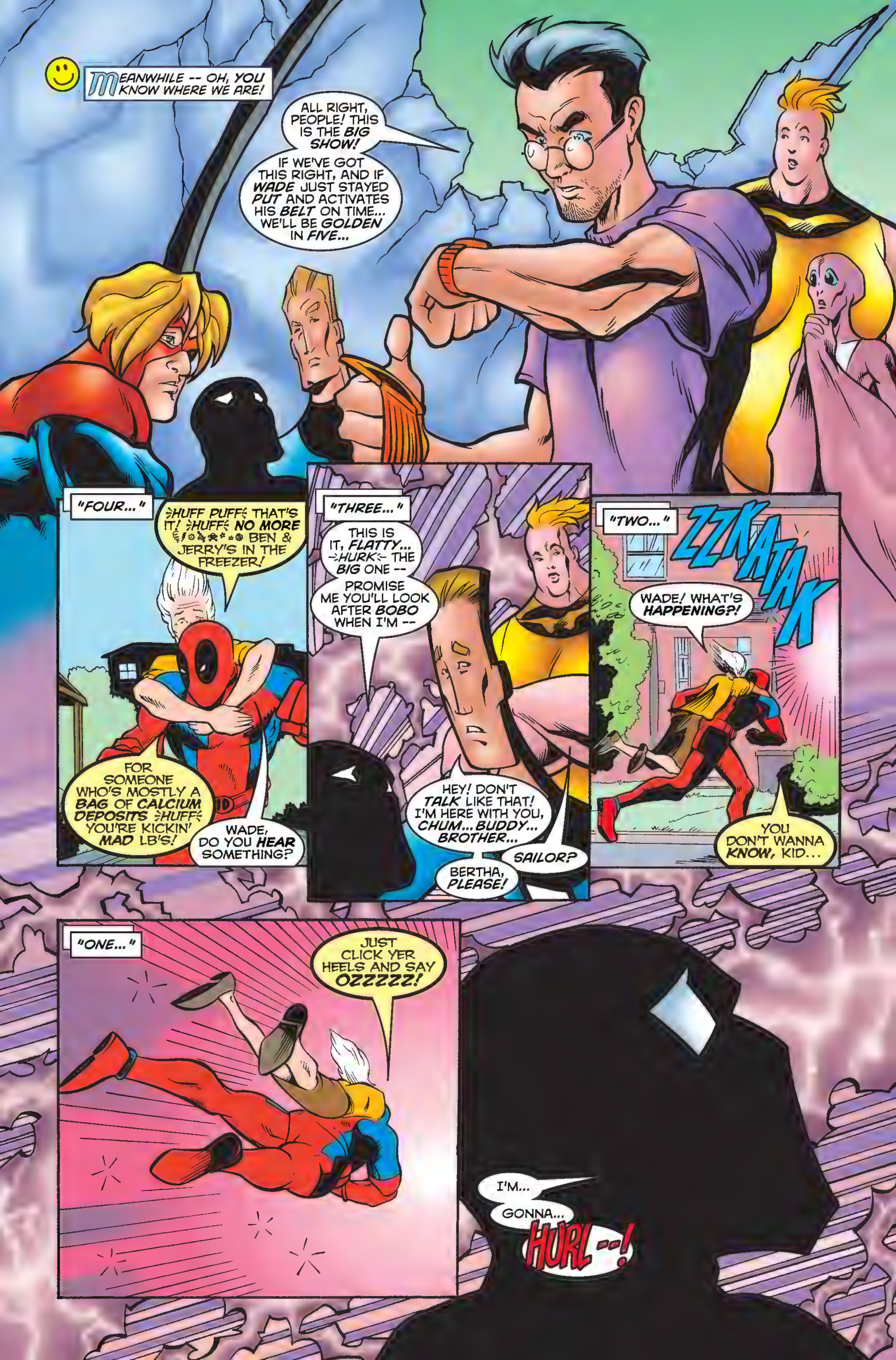

*THAT VERY **INSTANT** AT THE SCENE OF THE HUBBUB, **BUB**...*
DAD! THAT WAS ***AMAZING!*** ARE YOU ***ALL RIGHT?***
YES... THAT ***DEADPOOL...*** HE ... HE'S A REAL ***HERO...*** A TRUE ***AMERICAN*** --
Mr. OSBORN, SIR? THANK ***HEAVENS*** YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
CAN I ***HELP*** YOU IN ANY WAY, SIR? MAYBE YOU SHOULD LIE DOWN... I'LL FETCH YOU A ***PILLOW*** --
WHO -- ***HAMMER?***
JACK... IF YOU REALLY WANT TO HELP ME, SON, YOU HAVE TO HELP ***YOURSELF.*** GET TO A ***CLINIC,*** CLEAN UP YOUR ***ACT.***
MY ***ACT?*** SIR, I --
PLEASE, SON. YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP A ***FRONT*** WITH ME... I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR... ***PROBLEM. ADDICTION*** IS NOTHING TO BE ***ASHAMED*** OF --
ADDICTION?!
-- SO LONG AS YOU GET SOME ***HELP.*** PLEASE. DO IT FOR YOUR ***PARENTS...*** DO IT FOR ***YOURSELF...***
WHAT?! ***WAIT!*** SIR! THERE'S BEEN A ***MISTAKE!*** ADDICTION? I -- I DON'T EVEN TAKE ***ASPIRIN!***
DENIAL IS A ***KILLER,*** SON... DON'T ***DARKEN*** MY DOORWAY AGAIN UNTIL YOU HAVE A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH.
WELL, WELL... LOOK WHO'S HERE... NOW THAT THE ***ACTION'S*** OVER! ***PUNY PARKER*** HIMSELF!
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A ***HECK*** OF A PARTY, HUH? ***COPS*** AND EVERYTHING --
SORRY I ***MISSED*** IT, GWEN --
NEXT TIME DON'T RUN FOR ***COVER*** AND YOU'LL CATCH ***ALL*** OF THE ACTION!
IT WAS A ***GASSER,*** PETE!
YOU ***SAID*** IT! ONLY NEXT TIME, IT'LL BE FINE BY ME IF ***KRAVEN DOESN'T*** CRASH THE PARTY!
IT'LL CERTAINLY GIVE FLASH A SENDOFF TO ***REMEMBER!***
KRAVEN WAS HERE?!
THIS IS ***STRANGE!*** THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME AS IF I WERE ***HERE*** THE WHOLE TIME!
OH, YOU DIDN'T NOTICE THE BIG GUY IN THE ***LOINCLOTH*** BUST THROUGH THE ***WALL?***
MUST'VE BEEN WHILE YOU WERE BUSY ***HIDING!***
YOU'RE A REAL ***KIDDER,*** PARKER! A LITTLE ***SPINELESS,*** BUT OTHERWISE... YOU'RE ***ALL RIGHT.***
BELIEVE IT OR NOT...I'M GONNA ***MISS*** YOU! PUT 'ER ***THERE!***
HOPE I DIDN'T ***HURT*** YA NONE WITH THAT ***GRIP,*** PARKER... CAUSE A ***SPIDER-MAN*** YOU ***AIN'T!***
NO, FLASH... IT'S ***FINE...***
IT'S ALMOST AS IF THERE WAS A ***CLONE*** IN MY PLACE... BUT THAT'S JUST ***CRAZY*** TALK!
WHAT HAPPENED? I... I WAS ON TOP OF THE WORLD. ***KING...*** FOR A BRIEF MOMENT IN TIME...
...AND NOW... IT'S ***OVER.***
NO ***GWEN...*** NO ***JOB...***
AND THE CITY'S MOST ***RESPECTED*** BUSINESSMAN THINKS I'M A ***JUNKIE...*** HOW?! WHY?!
WHY, ***LORD?***
YOU'LL FIND NO CONSOLATION ***THERE,*** PAL --

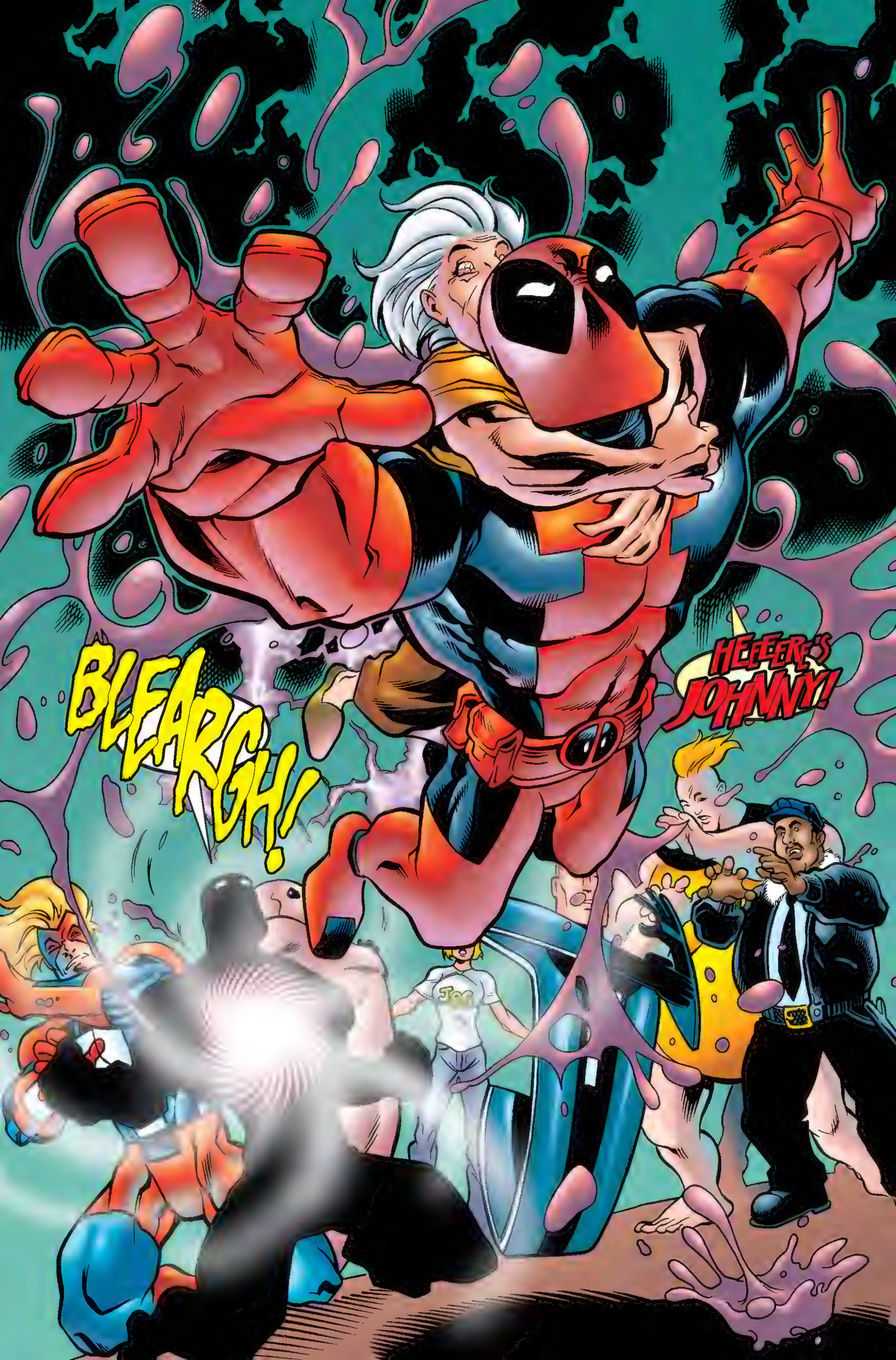

-- HE'S NOT KNOWN FOR BEING A VERY SYMPATHETIC CONVERSATIONALIST...
ZZT
WHO?
Oh, YOU...
YEAH, ME. AFTER MY STRATEGIC RETREAT, I NEEDED A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SOOTHE MY NERVES... WHAT HAPPENED?
NOTHING... NOTHING BUT THE COMPLETE AND UTTER RUINATION OF MY LIFE.
Oh. IS THAT ALL? Y'KNOW WHAT I DO WHEN THE MAN'S ON MY BACK AND THE WORLD GETS ME DOWN?
THIS.
POP
CARE TO JOIN ME?
I DON'T DRINK.
EMERSON'S FAVORITE SINCE 1972
GLUG GLUG
HEY... THIS ISN'T SO BAD... NEVER HAD ALCOHOL BEFORE... GOT MORE?
WHAT A CO-INKI-DINK! NEITHER DO I.
I JUST HAD A BRAINSTORM... WHAT DO YOU SAY WE HEAD TO THE LAB AND GET THIS THING WORKING BEFORE MIDNIGHT --
-- AND I'LL TEACH YOU A COOL GAME INVOLVING QUARTERS. NOW THAT'S SOPHISTICATION.
MY TONGUE IS NUMB.
THAT'S A GOOD SIGN!
HIK
Y'KNOW, WEASEL... WHEN I LOOK AT A GUY LIKE YOU, WITH YOUR TALENTS... YOUR CHARISMA... YOU KNOW WHAT WORDS COME TO MIND?
MY NAME'S NOT ⪢HIK⪡ WEASEL...
"FREELANCE FABRICATOR OF MALEVOLENT COMBUSTIBLES." HOW DOES THAT GRAB YA?
THAT A ⪢HIK⪡ CIVIL SERVANT JOB...? ⪢URP⪡

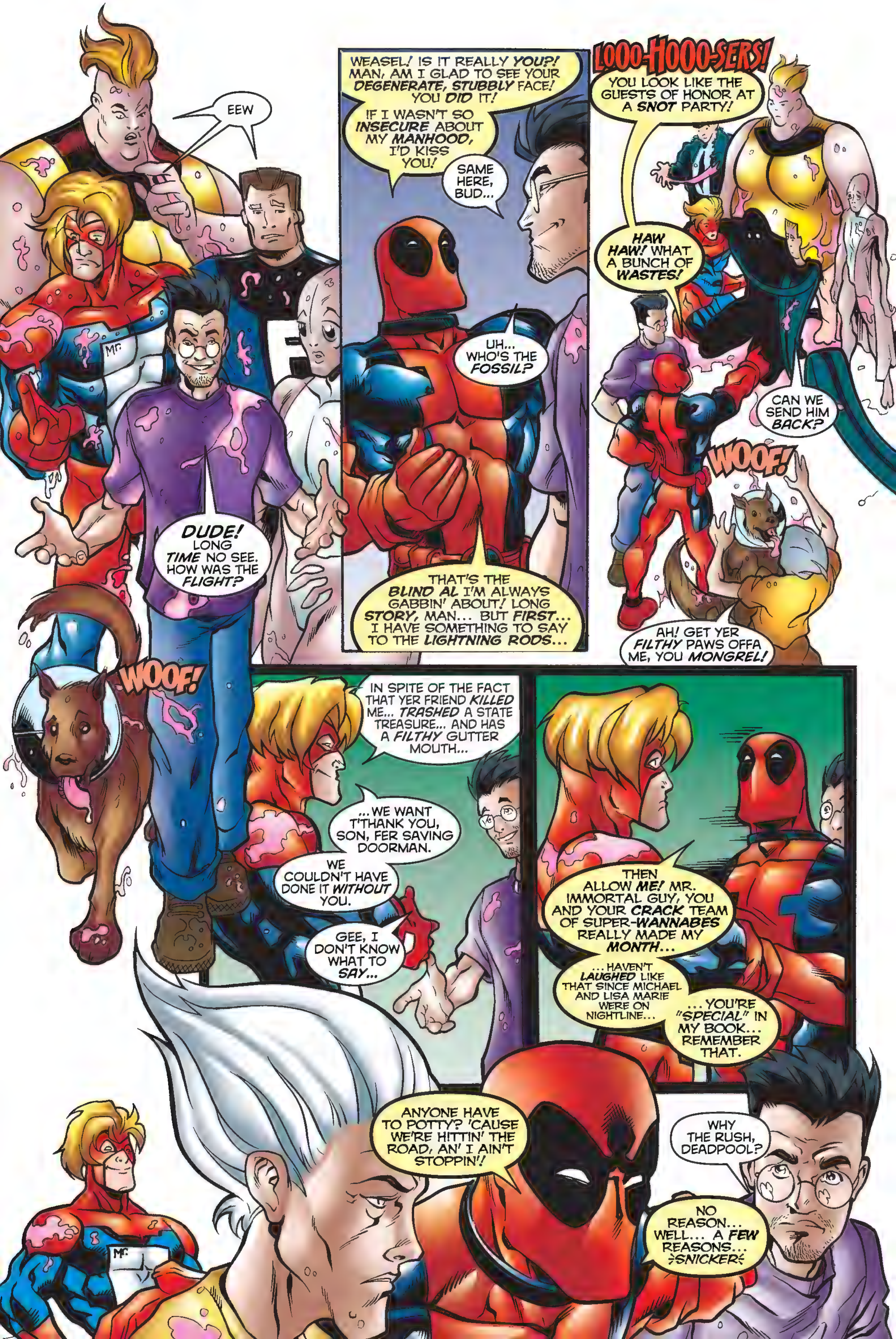

11:40 P.M... PRESENT STANDARD TIME.
BOYS, PLEASE! I'VE ONLY GROWN TO THIS SIZE SO THAT YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME --
LOOK OUT! SHE'S GONNA BLOW! GET THE CIVILIANS TO A SAFE DISTANCE!
THE NATIVES ARE GETTING RESTLESS --
-- THOUGH I GUESS ONE CAN'T REALLY BLAME THEM... CONSIDERING OUR BLATANT DISREGARD OF PARK RULES...
URP
AIN'T YA HEARIN' US?! WE'RE NOT VILLAINS! WE SAVED THE DAY!
NOW IF Y'ALL WOULD JUST CALM DOWN... HOW ABOUT WE TAKE A FEW CLEANSING BREATHS T'GETHER?
ATT'S MURDEROUS MALT
JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES, OLD FRIEND... CAN YOU HANG ON FOR ME?
I'M TRYIN', FLATTY... BUT EVERYTHING'S GETTIN' DARK... BRRP
...SO COLD...
Y'KNOW... I'M SITTING HERE, WATCHING YOUR PALS, THINKING, "WHAT A BUNCH OF MOUTH-BREATHING IMBECILES" --
-- WHEN I SUDDENLY GET HIT WITH A JOLT OF DEJA-VU, AND THE IMAGE OF THIS GUY PARKER I WENT TO COLLEGE WITH.
HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT THE GEEK IN YEARS... I MEAN, HE WAS A NOBODY... BARELY SAID TWO WORDS TO ME...
...BUT I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT HE HAD A GREATER IMPACT ON MY LIFE THAN I'D EVER REALIZED BEFORE...
VERY "RIPLEY'S"... DON'T YOU THINK?
NOT REALLY, WHEN ONE TAKES A MOMENT TO MEDITATE ON THE EFFECTS OF PROXIMITY TO A CHRONAL RIPPLE! WHEN THE BLAH BLAH PENETRATES THIS WORLD, BLAH BLAH BLAH...
NO DUH... I WAS JUST MAKING CONVERSATION...
FOREST HILLS... BACK IN THE TIME BEFORE THE TIME WE WERE JUST IN...
COME ON, MAY. I KNOW HOW DIFFICULT IT CAN BE GETTING USED TO NEW SURROUNDINGS...
...BUT WE'VE GOT YOU IN YOUR COMFY JAMMIES, AND --
IF I LOOK AS STUPID AS I THINK I DO, YOU'D BETTER INVEST IN A LOCK FOR YOUR BEDROOM DOOR...
IS THIS FLANNEL...? I'M GONNA GET HIVES.

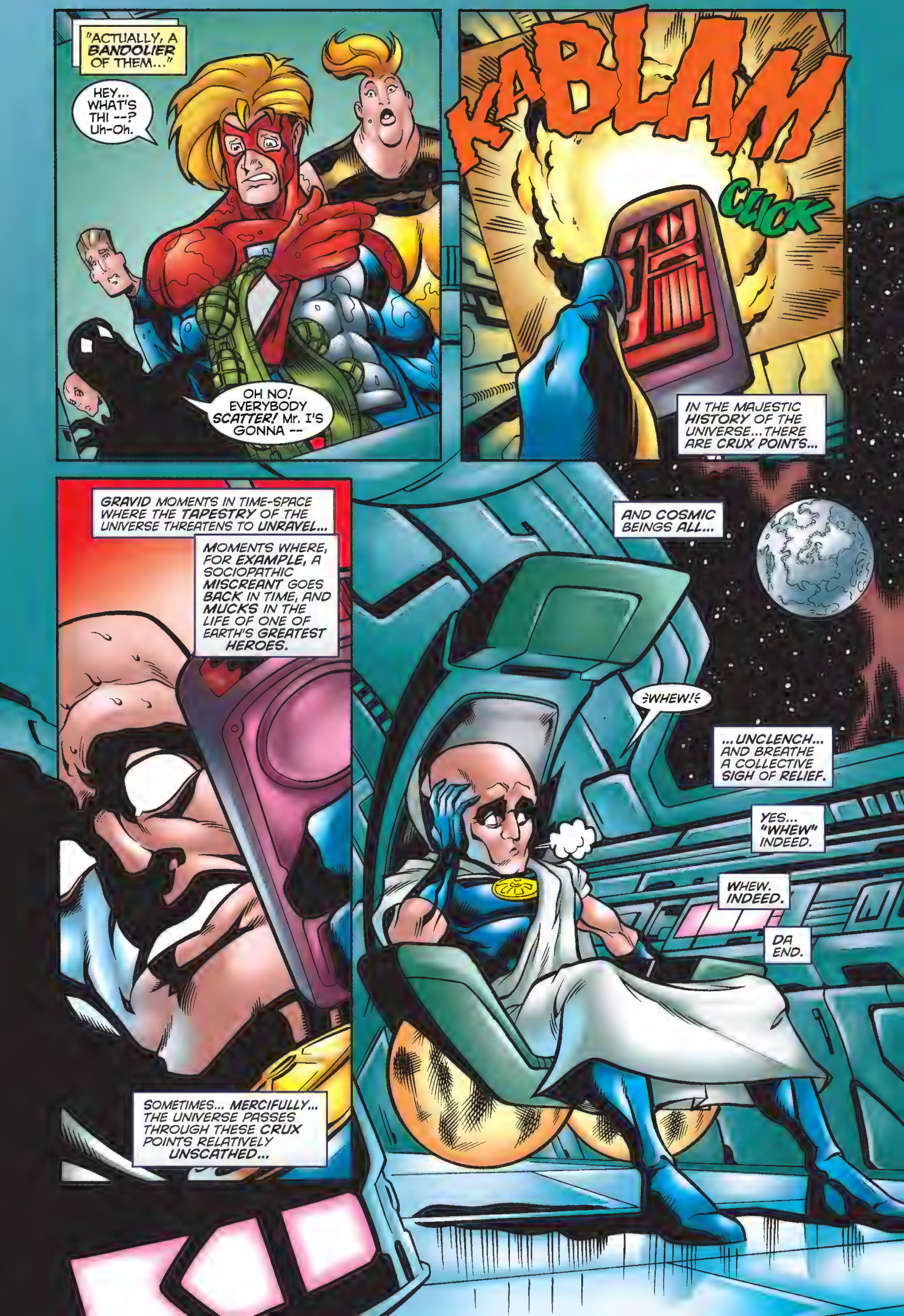

SWEET DREAMS, MAY... AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S REST, MAYBE YOU'LL FEEL BACK TO YOUR OLD SELF.
SLEEP AS LONG AS YOU LIKE... AS LONG AS IT TAKES. I'LL BE THERE FOR --
JUST SHUT THE DOOR, ALREADY!
SIGH
SO THIS IS IT... THIS IS WHAT HELL FEELS LIKE... FLANNEL BLOOMERS, PINEAPPLE BOATS, AND LAME TELEVISION.
IT'S MORE HORRIFIC THAN I'D EVER IMAGINED.
ALL I CAN HOPE FOR IS THAT MY BODY BEGINS TO BREAK DOWN AHEAD OF SCHEDULE... AND I DIE QUICKLY.
S'FUNNY... I'VE BEEN A PRISONER OF WADE'S FOR YEARS... SUFFERED ALL FORMS OF INDIGNITY... BUT I NEVER CONSIDERED DEATH A POSITIVE ALTERNATIVE TO MY SITUATION.
BUT TOMORROW... I CHEW CARBON MONOXIDE, BIG TIME.
TAP TAP
WHA --? THE WINDOW?
WADE!
EXCUSE ME? I'D LIKE TO TRADE IN THIS OLD LADY FOR A NEWER MODEL... ONE WITH BETTER MILEAGE!
GOODBYE, PAST! GOODBYE ANNA! GOODBYE FLANNEL!
OH... PLEASE, AL, A LITTLE WARNING NEXT TIME...
SOME OF US AREN'T BLIND, Y'KNOW?

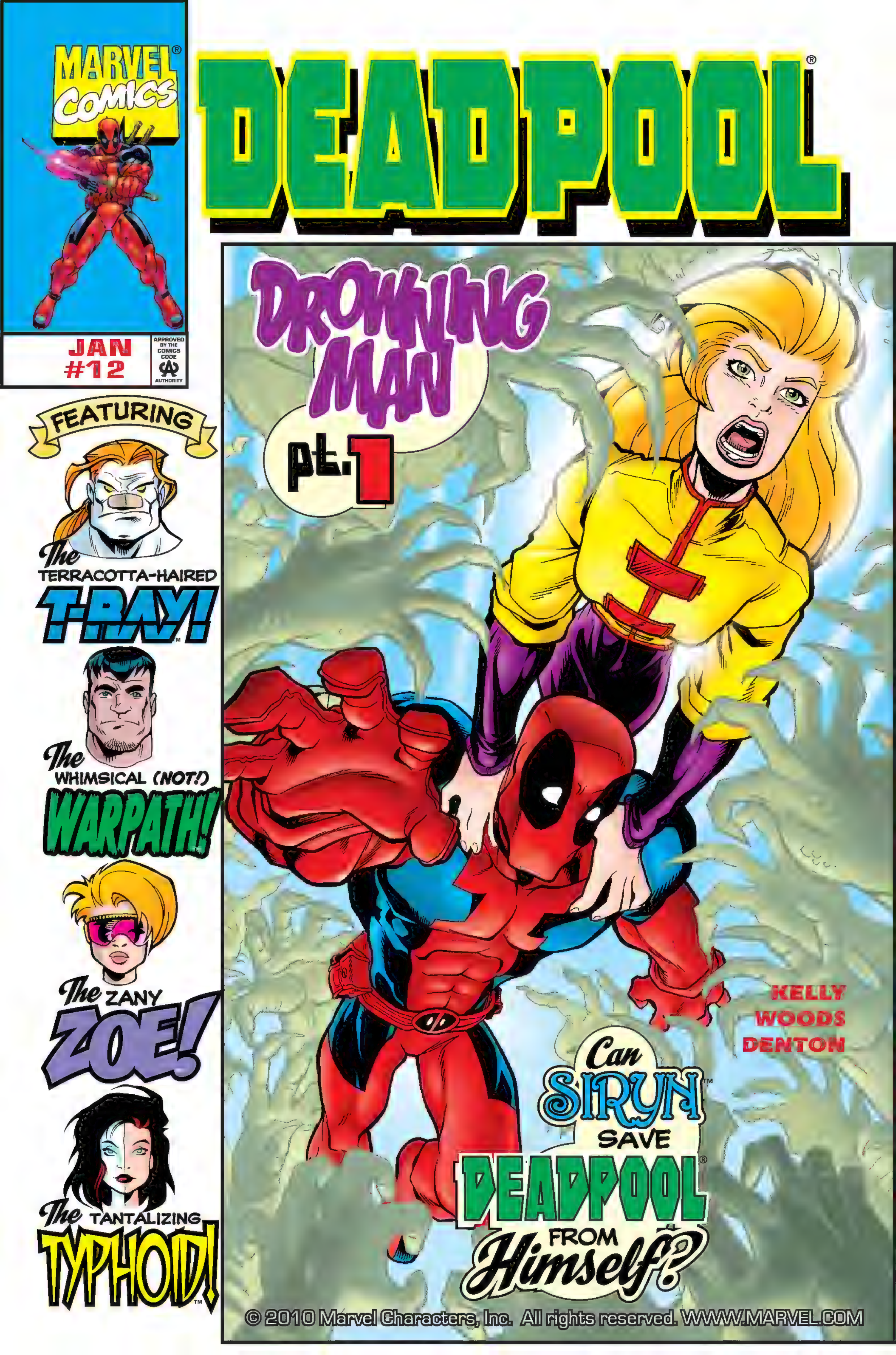

A QUICK CHANGE LATER...
Ah... SWEET FREEDOM...
WHAT DO YOU THINK'LL HAPPEN TO OL' MAY, AL?
Ah, SHE'LL PROBABLY LOVE IT HERE, SURVIVE THREE OR FOUR SILENT HEART ATTACKS, AND FINALLY GO INSANE OVER PETER.
I BET SHE'S A REAL WORRY WART, Y'KNOW? WHAT HAPPENED WITH WEASEL?
I PUT YOUR PLAN INTO ACTION AND... UH... PERSUADED HIM TO FIX THE TELEPORTER. THE LITTLE PUNK REALLY IS A GENIUS --
WADE, YOU DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO INFLUENCE HOW WEASEL'S LIFE WAS GOING TO TURN OUT, DID YOU?
UH... NO... NOPE. NO MUSSIN' WITH THE TIMESTREAM... NOT ME...
DING DING
I JUST KNOW IT'S THE POLICE, VIRGINIA... I JUST KNOW IT...
NOW, JOHN... LITTLE JACK IS A VERY RESPONSIBLE YOUNG MAN. I'M SURE EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT --
✿*§&✿ COLLEGE! I'M HAULIN' ✿&§// TO TIJUANA!
JACK?
HONEST OCIFFER I'M NOT AS THINK AS Y STON I A
THE TAG'S "WEASEL", DADDY-O!
RIGHT ON!
WHUMP


MEANWHILE -- OH, YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE!
ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE! THIS IS THE *BIG SHOW!*
IF WE'VE GOT THIS RIGHT, AND IF *WADE* JUST STAYED *PUT* AND ACTIVATES HIS *BELT* ON TIME... WE'LL BE *GOLDEN* IN *FIVE...*
"FOUR..."
HUFF PUFF THAT'S IT! HUFF **NO MORE** !☼♣☠*☆◎ BEN & JERRY'S IN THE FREEZER!
FOR SOMEONE WHO'S MOSTLY A **BAG** OF **CALCIUM DEPOSITS** HUFF YOU'RE KICKIN' *MAD* LB'S!
WADE, DO YOU *HEAR* SOMETHING?
"THREE..."
THIS IS IT, *FLATTY*... HURK THE *BIG* ONE --
PROMISE ME YOU'LL LOOK AFTER *BOBO* WHEN I'M --
HEY! DON'T *TALK* LIKE THAT! I'M HERE WITH YOU, *CHUM... BUDDY... BROTHER...*
SAILOR?
BERTHA, *PLEASE!*
"TWO..."
ZZKATAK
WADE! WHAT'S *HAPPENING?!*
YOU DON'T WANNA *KNOW*, KID...
"ONE..."
JUST CLICK YER HEELS AND SAY *OZZZZZ!*
I'M...
GONNA...
HURL --!


BLEARGH!
HEEEERE'S JOHNNY!
Joe


EEW
DUDE! LONG TIME NO SEE. HOW WAS THE FLIGHT?
WOOF!
WEASEL! IS IT REALLY YOU?! MAN, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOUR DEGENERATE, STUBBLY FACE! YOU DID IT!
IF I WASN'T SO INSECURE ABOUT MY MANHOOD, I'D KISS YOU!
SAME HERE, BUD...
UH... WHO'S THE FOSSIL?
THAT'S THE BLIND AL I'M ALWAYS GABBIN' ABOUT! LONG STORY, MAN... BUT FIRST... I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO THE LIGHTNING RODS...
LOOO-HOOO-SERS!
YOU LOOK LIKE THE GUESTS OF HONOR AT A SNOT PARTY!
HAW HAW! WHAT A BUNCH OF WASTES!
CAN WE SEND HIM BACK?
WOOF!
AH! GET YER FILTHY PAWS OFFA ME, YOU MONGREL!
IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT YER FRIEND KILLED ME... TRASHED A STATE TREASURE... AND HAS A FILTHY GUTTER MOUTH...
...WE WANT T'THANK YOU, SON, FER SAVING DOORMAN.
WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU.
GEE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...
THEN ALLOW ME! MR. IMMORTAL GUY, YOU AND YOUR CRACK TEAM OF SUPER-WANNABES REALLY MADE MY MONTH...
...HAVEN'T LAUGHED LIKE THAT SINCE MICHAEL AND LISA MARIE WERE ON NIGHTLINE...
...YOU'RE "SPECIAL" IN MY BOOK... REMEMBER THAT.
ANYONE HAVE TO POTTY? 'CAUSE WE'RE HITTIN' THE ROAD, AN' I AIN'T STOPPIN'!
WHY THE RUSH, DEADPOOL?
NO REASON... WELL... A FEW REASONS... >SNICKER<


"ACTUALLY, A **BANDOLIER** OF THEM..."
HEY... WHAT'S THI --? Uh-Oh.
OH NO! EVERYBODY **SCATTER!** Mr. I'S GONNA --
KABLAM
CLICK
IN THE MAJESTIC **HISTORY** OF THE UNIVERSE...THERE ARE CRUX POINTS...
GRAVID MOMENTS IN TIME-SPACE WHERE THE **TAPESTRY** OF THE UNIVERSE THREATENS TO **UNRAVEL...**
MOMENTS WHERE, FOR **EXAMPLE,** A SOCIOPATHIC **MISCREANT** GOES **BACK** IN TIME, AND **MUCKS** IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S **GREATEST HEROES.**
SOMETIMES... **MERCIFULLY...** THE UNIVERSE PASSES THROUGH THESE **CRUX** POINTS RELATIVELY **UNSCATHED...**
AND COSMIC BEINGS **ALL...**
WHEW!
...UNCLENCH... AND BREATHE A COLLECTIVE SIGH OF RELIEF.
YES... **"WHEW"** INDEED.
WHEW. **INDEED.**
DA END.


MARVEL COMICS
DEADPOOL
JAN
#12
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
FEATURING
The TERRACOTTA-HAIRED T-RAY!
The WHIMSICAL (NOT!) WARPATH!
The ZANY ZOE!
The TANTALIZING TYPHOID!
DROWNING MAN
pt. 1
KELLY
WOODS
DENTON
Can SIRYN SAVE DEADPOOL FROM Himself?

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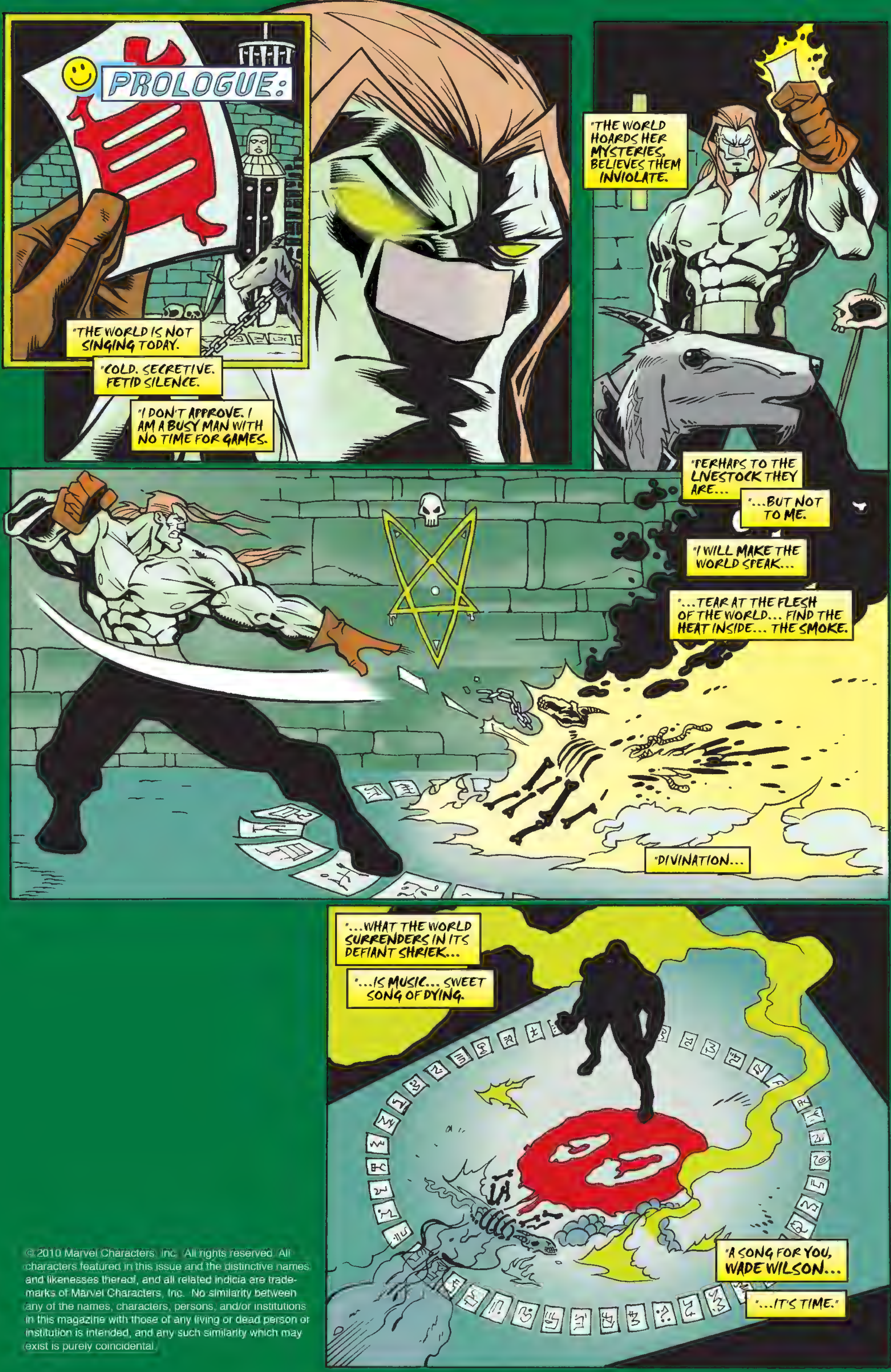
PROLOGUE:
"THE WORLD IS NOT SINGING TODAY.
"COLD. SECRETIVE. FETID SILENCE.
"I DON'T APPROVE. I AM A BUSY MAN WITH NO TIME FOR GAMES.
"THE WORLD HOARDS HER MYSTERIES, BELIEVES THEM INVIOLATE.
"PERHAPS TO THE LIVESTOCK THEY ARE...
"...BUT NOT TO ME.
"I WILL MAKE THE WORLD SPEAK...
"...TEAR AT THE FLESH OF THE WORLD... FIND THE HEAT INSIDE... THE SMOKE.
"DIVINATION...
"...WHAT THE WORLD SURRENDERS IN ITS DEFIANT SHRIEK...
"...IS MUSIC... SWEET SONG OF DYING.
"A SONG FOR YOU, WADE WILSON...
"...IT'S TIME."

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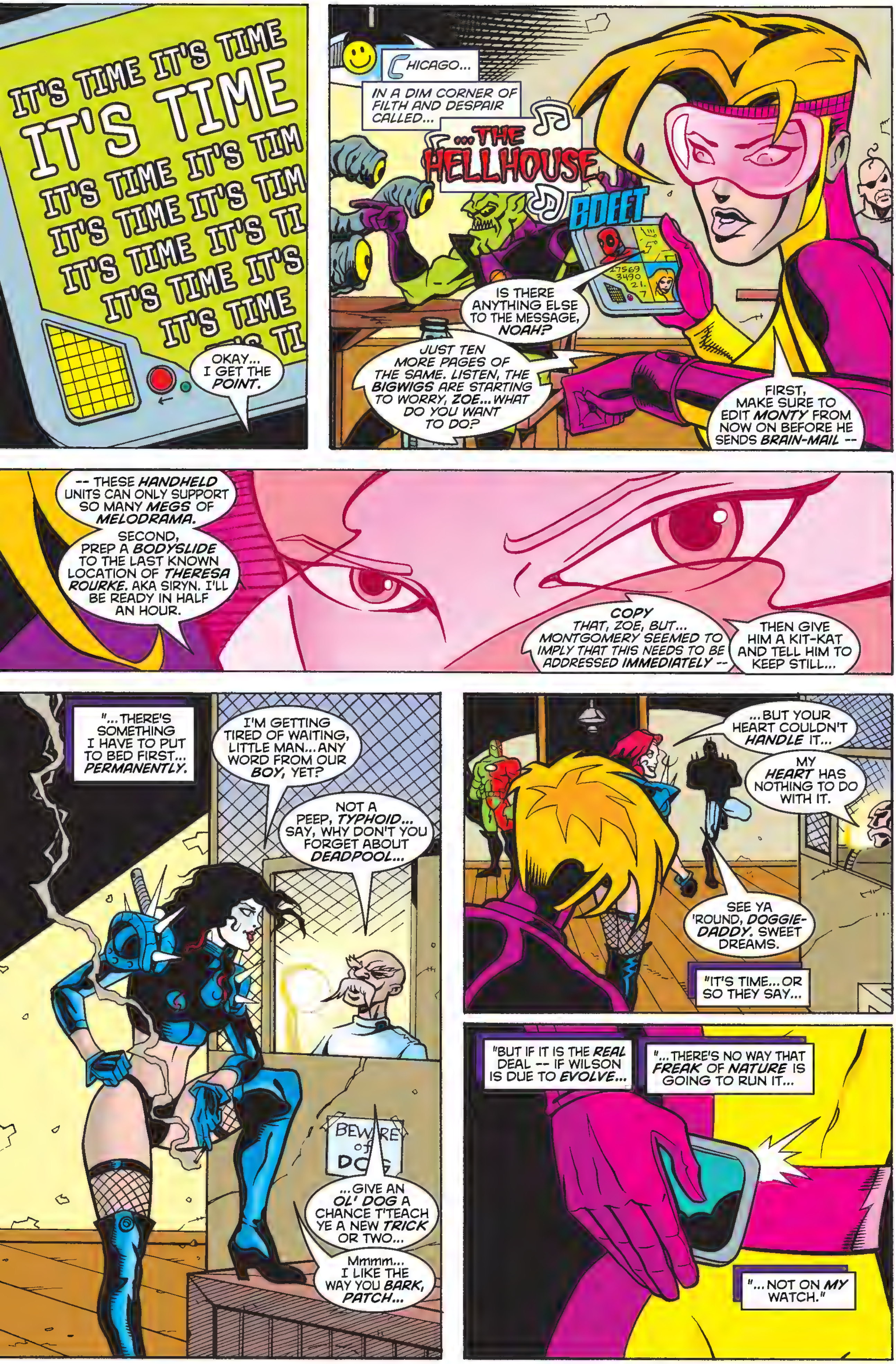
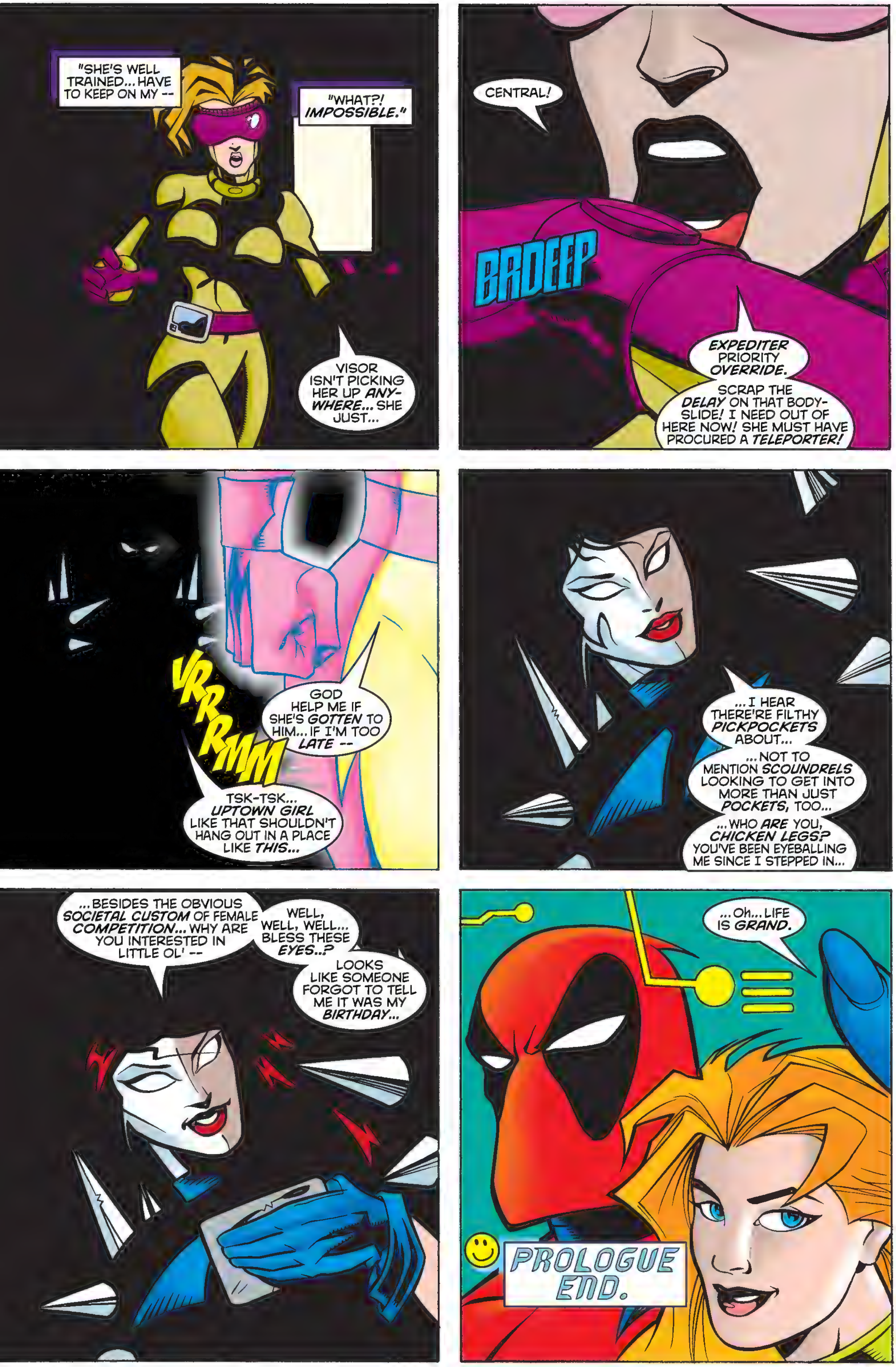
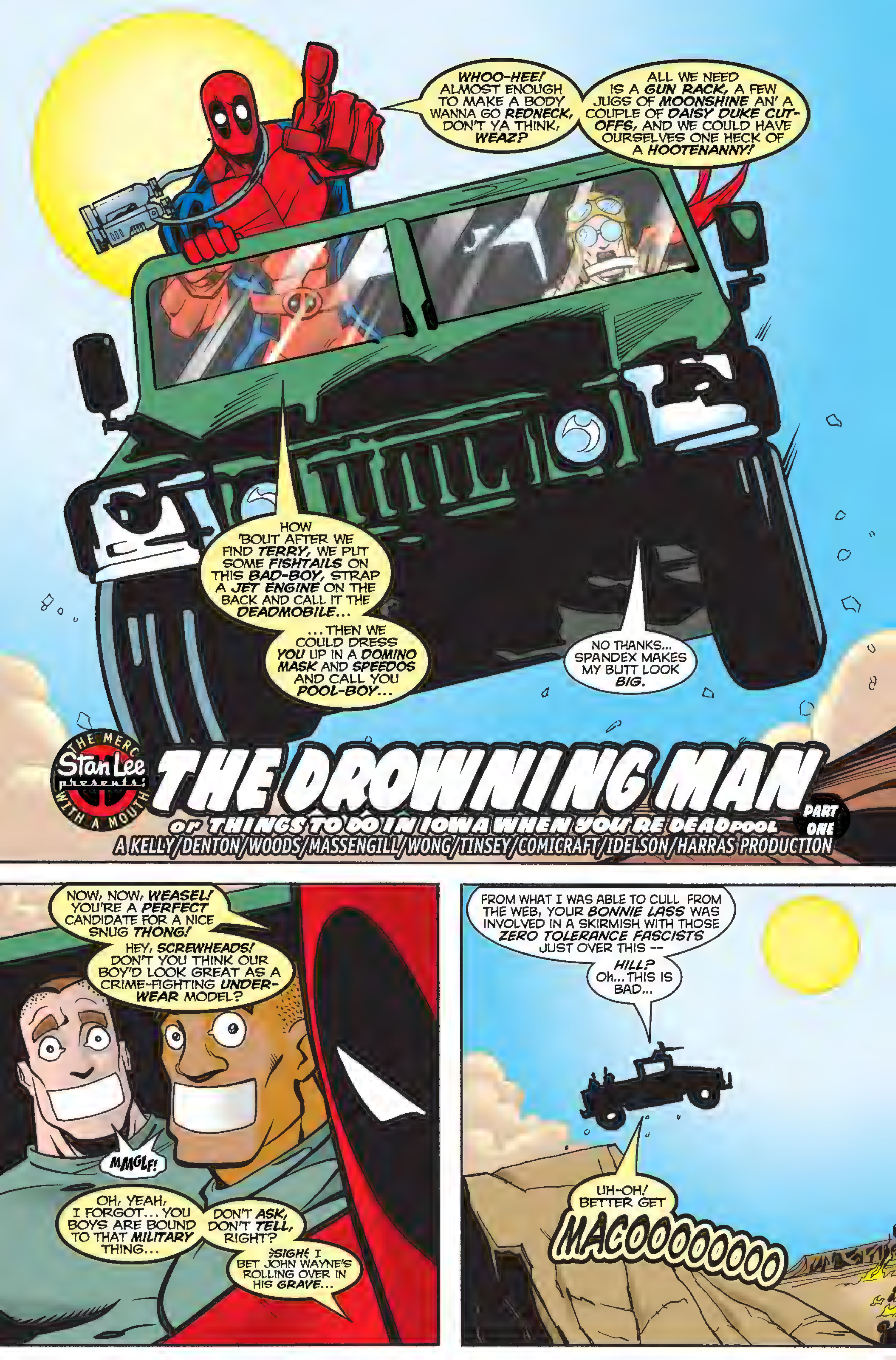
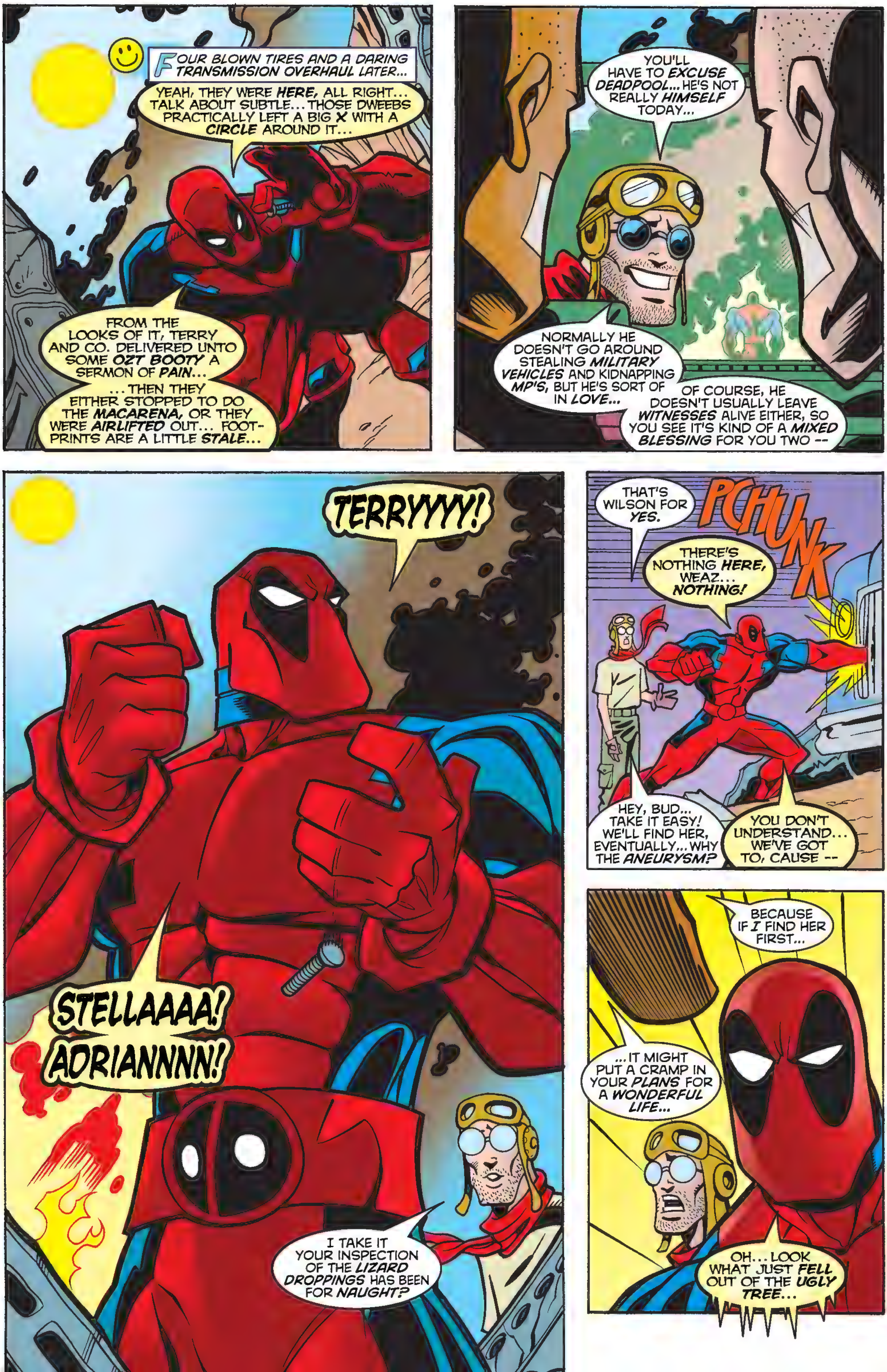
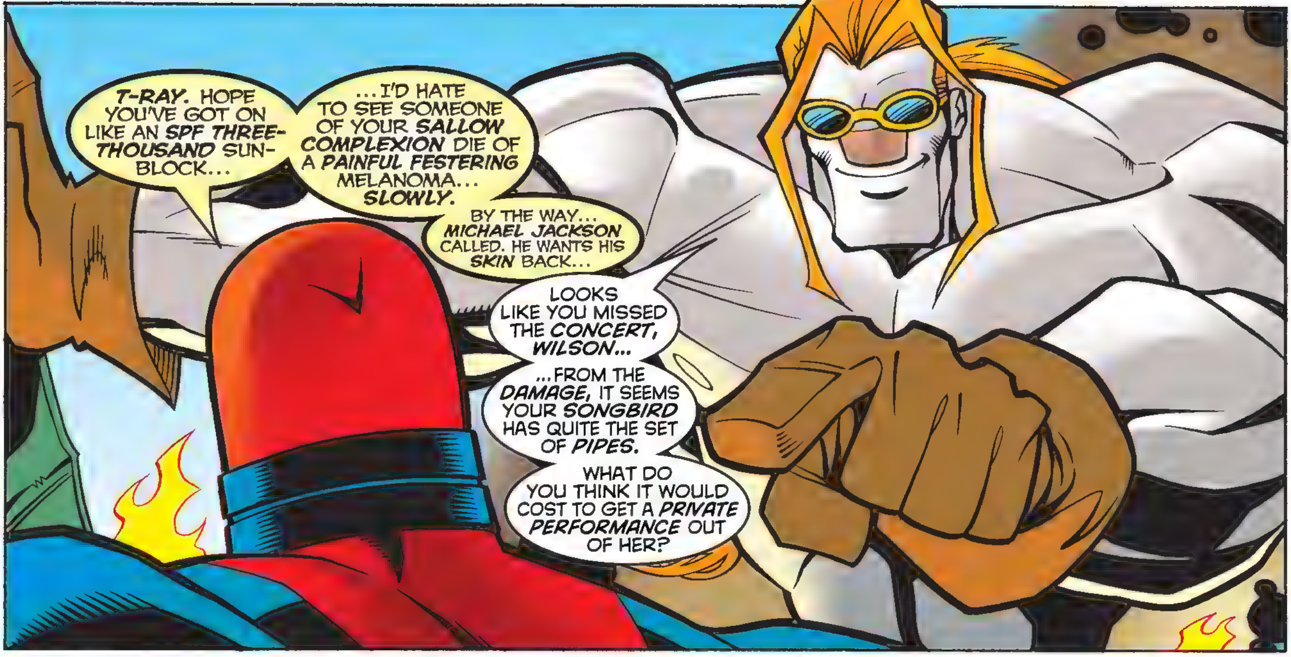
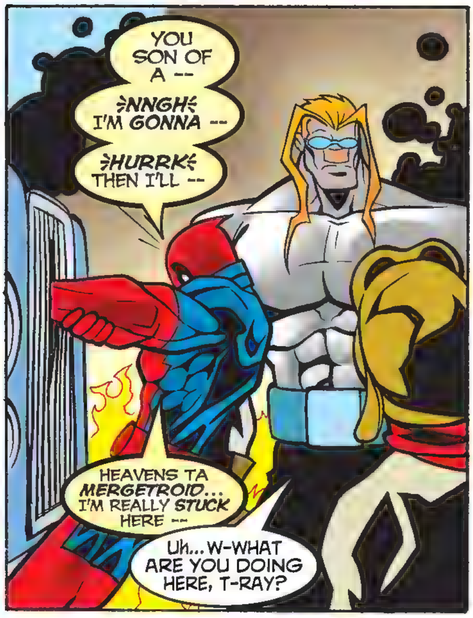

IT'S TIME IT'S TIME
IT'S TIME
IT'S TIME IT'S TIM
IT'S TIME IT'S TIM
IT'S TIME IT'S TI
IT'S TIME IT'S
IT'S TIME
OKAY... I GET THE *POINT.*
CHICAGO...
IN A DIM CORNER OF FILTH AND DESPAIR CALLED...
...THE HELLHOUSE.
BDEEET
27569
3490
21.
7
IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE TO THE MESSAGE, ***NOAH?***
*JUST TEN MORE PAGES OF THE SAME. LISTEN, THE **BIGWIGS** ARE STARTING TO WORRY, **ZOE...** WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?*
FIRST, MAKE SURE TO EDIT ***MONTY*** FROM NOW ON BEFORE HE SENDS ***BRAIN-MAIL*** --
-- THESE ***HANDHELD*** UNITS CAN ONLY SUPPORT SO MANY ***MEGS*** OF ***MELODRAMA.***
SECOND, PREP A ***BODYSLIDE*** TO THE LAST KNOWN LOCATION OF ***THERESA ROURKE.*** AKA SIRYN. I'LL BE READY IN HALF AN HOUR.
***COPY** THAT, ZOE, BUT... MONTGOMERY SEEMED TO IMPLY THAT THIS NEEDS TO BE ADDRESSED **IMMEDIATELY** --*
THEN GIVE HIM A KIT-KAT AND TELL HIM TO KEEP STILL...
"...THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO PUT TO BED FIRST... ***PERMANENTLY.***
I'M GETTING TIRED OF WAITING, LITTLE MAN... ANY WORD FROM OUR ***BOY,*** YET?
NOT A PEEP, ***TYPHOID...*** SAY, WHY DON'T YOU FORGET ABOUT ***DEADPOOL...***
BEW RE of DO
...GIVE AN ***OL' DOG*** A CHANCE T'TEACH YE A NEW ***TRICK*** OR TWO...
Mmmm... I LIKE THE WAY YOU ***BARK, PATCH...***
...BUT YOUR HEART COULDN'T ***HANDLE*** IT...
MY ***HEART*** HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.
SEE YA 'ROUND, ***DOGGIE-DADDY.*** SWEET DREAMS.
"IT'S TIME... OR SO THEY SAY...
"BUT IF IT IS THE ***REAL*** DEAL -- IF WILSON IS DUE TO ***EVOLVE...***
"...THERE'S NO WAY THAT ***FREAK*** OF ***NATURE*** IS GOING TO RUN IT...
"...NOT ON ***MY*** WATCH."

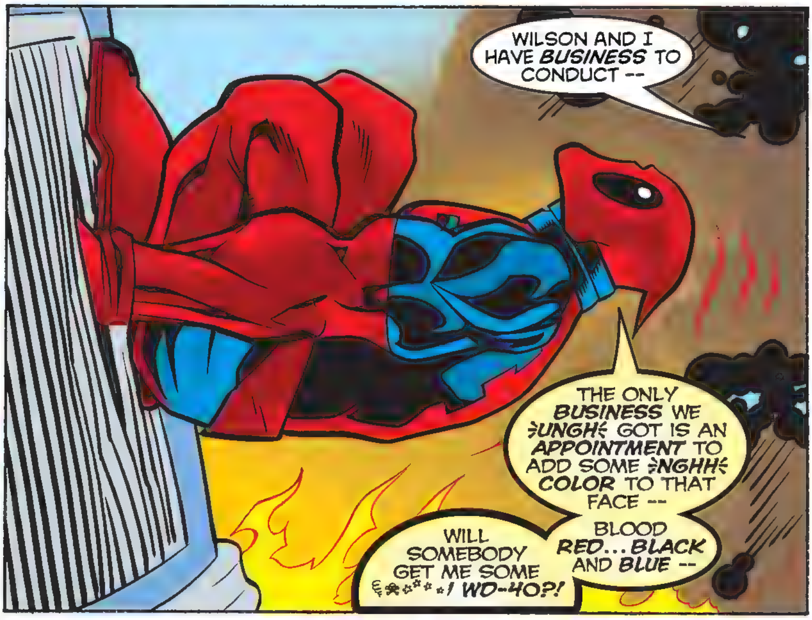

"SHE'S WELL TRAINED... HAVE TO KEEP ON MY --
"WHAT?! IMPOSSIBLE."
VISOR ISN'T PICKING HER UP ANYWHERE... SHE JUST...
CENTRAL!
BRDEEP
EXPEDITER PRIORITY OVERRIDE.
SCRAP THE DELAY ON THAT BODY-SLIDE! I NEED OUT OF HERE NOW! SHE MUST HAVE PROCURED A TELEPORTER!
VRRRMM
GOD HELP ME IF SHE'S GOTTEN TO HIM... IF I'M TOO LATE --
TSK-TSK... UPTOWN GIRL LIKE THAT SHOULDN'T HANG OUT IN A PLACE LIKE THIS...
...I HEAR THERE'RE FILTHY PICKPOCKETS ABOUT...
...NOT TO MENTION SCOUNDRELS LOOKING TO GET INTO MORE THAN JUST POCKETS, TOO...
...WHO ARE YOU, CHICKEN LEGS? YOU'VE BEEN EYEBALLING ME SINCE I STEPPED IN...
...BESIDES THE OBVIOUS SOCIETAL CUSTOM OF FEMALE COMPETITION... WHY ARE YOU INTERESTED IN LITTLE OL' --
WELL, WELL, WELL... BLESS THESE EYES..?
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE FORGOT TO TELL ME IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY...
...Oh... LIFE IS GRAND.
PROLOGUE END.

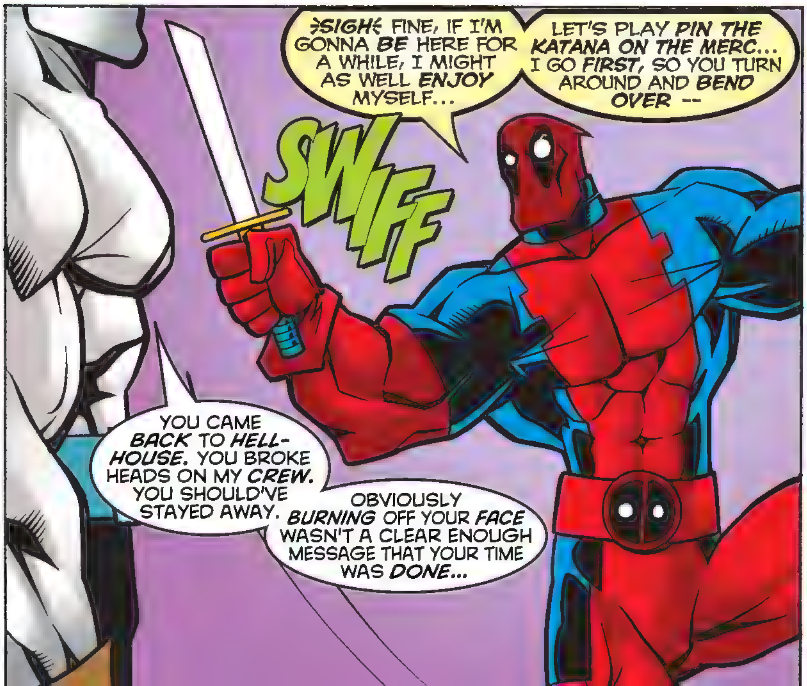

WHOO-HEE! ALMOST ENOUGH TO MAKE A BODY WANNA GO REDNECK, DON'T YA THINK, WEAZ?
ALL WE NEED IS A GUN RACK, A FEW JUGS OF MOONSHINE AN' A COUPLE OF DAISY DUKE CUT-OFFS, AND WE COULD HAVE OURSELVES ONE HECK OF A HOOTENANNY!
HOW 'BOUT AFTER WE FIND TERRY, WE PUT SOME FISHTAILS ON THIS BAD-BOY, STRAP A JET ENGINE ON THE BACK AND CALL IT THE DEADMOBILE...
...THEN WE COULD DRESS YOU UP IN A DOMINO MASK AND SPEEDOS AND CALL YOU POOL-BOY...
NO THANKS... SPANDEX MAKES MY BUTT LOOK BIG.
THE MERC WITH A MOUTH
Stan Lee presents:
THE DROWNING MAN
or THINGS TO DO IN IOWA WHEN YOU'RE DEADPOOL
PART ONE
A KELLY/DENTON/WOODS/MASSENGILL/WONG/TINSEY/COMICRAFT/IDELSON/HARRAS PRODUCTION
NOW, NOW, WEASEL! YOU'RE A PERFECT CANDIDATE FOR A NICE SNUG THONG!
HEY, SCREWHEADS! DON'T YOU THINK OUR BOY'D LOOK GREAT AS A CRIME-FIGHTING UNDERWEAR MODEL?
MMGLF!
OH, YEAH, I FORGOT... YOU BOYS ARE BOUND TO THAT MILITARY THING...
DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL, RIGHT?
SIGH I BET JOHN WAYNE'S ROLLING OVER IN HIS GRAVE...
FROM WHAT I WAS ABLE TO CULL FROM THE WEB, YOUR BONNIE LASS WAS INVOLVED IN A SKIRMISH WITH THOSE ZERO TOLERANCE FASCISTS JUST OVER THIS --
HILL? OH... THIS IS BAD...
UH-OH! BETTER GET
MACOOOOOOOO

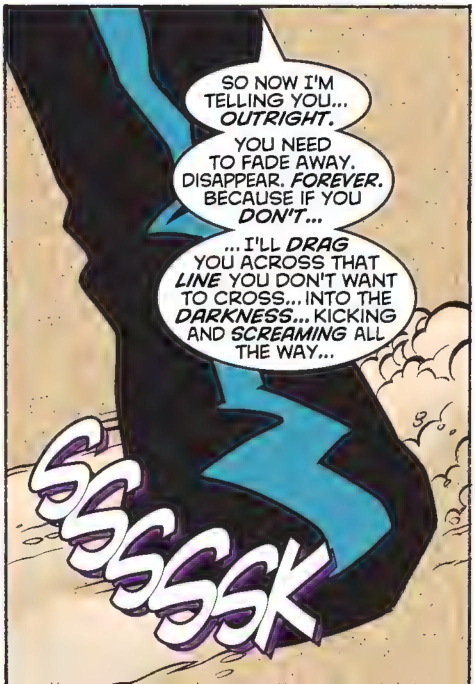

FOUR BLOWN TIRES AND A DARING TRANSMISSION OVERHAUL LATER...
YEAH, THEY WERE HERE, ALL RIGHT... TALK ABOUT SUBTLE... THOSE DWEEBS PRACTICALLY LEFT A BIG X WITH A CIRCLE AROUND IT...
FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, TERRY AND CO. DELIVERED UNTO SOME OZT BOOTY A SERMON OF PAIN...
...THEN THEY EITHER STOPPED TO DO THE MACARENA, OR THEY WERE AIRLIFTED OUT... FOOTPRINTS ARE A LITTLE STALE...
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE DEADPOOL... HE'S NOT REALLY HIMSELF TODAY...
NORMALLY HE DOESN'T GO AROUND STEALING MILITARY VEHICLES AND KIDNAPPING MP'S, BUT HE'S SORT OF IN LOVE...
OF COURSE, HE DOESN'T USUALLY LEAVE WITNESSES ALIVE EITHER, SO YOU SEE IT'S KIND OF A MIXED BLESSING FOR YOU TWO --
TERRYYYY!
STELLAAAA! ADRIANNNN!
I TAKE IT YOUR INSPECTION OF THE LIZARD DROPPINGS HAS BEEN FOR NAUGHT?
THAT'S WILSON FOR YES.
PCHUNK
THERE'S NOTHING HERE, WEAZ... NOTHING!
HEY, BUD... TAKE IT EASY! WE'LL FIND HER, EVENTUALLY... WHY THE ANEURYSM?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... WE'VE GOT TO, CAUSE --
BECAUSE IF I FIND HER FIRST...
...IT MIGHT PUT A CRAMP IN YOUR PLANS FOR A WONDERFUL LIFE...
OH... LOOK WHAT JUST FELL OUT OF THE UGLY TREE...

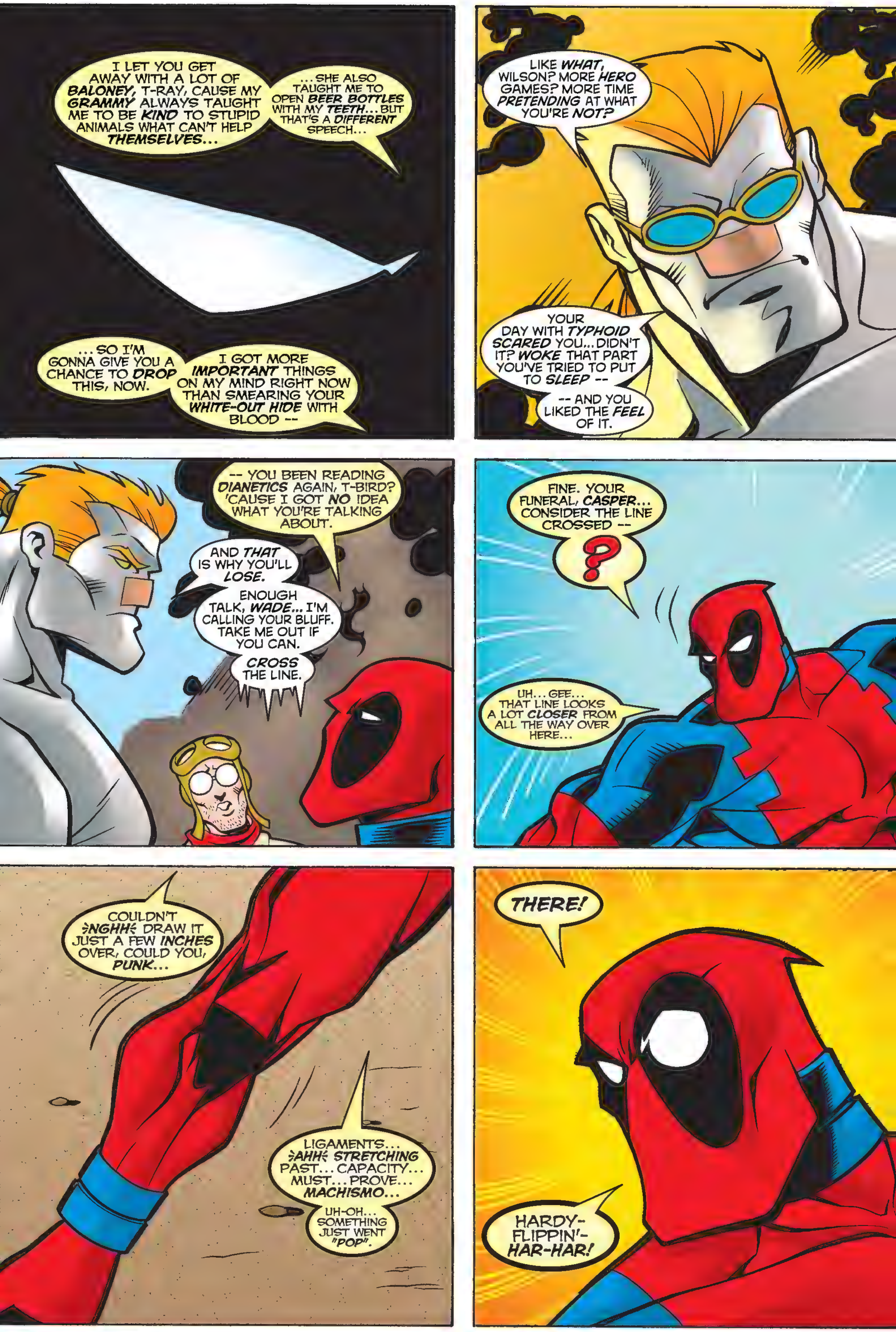

T-RAY. HOPE YOU'VE GOT ON LIKE AN SPF THREE-THOUSAND SUN-BLOCK...
...I'D HATE TO SEE SOMEONE OF YOUR SALLOW COMPLEXION DIE OF A PAINFUL FESTERING MELANOMA... SLOWLY.
BY THE WAY... MICHAEL JACKSON CALLED. HE WANTS HIS SKIN BACK...
LOOKS LIKE YOU MISSED THE CONCERT, WILSON...
...FROM THE DAMAGE, IT SEEMS YOUR SONGBIRD HAS QUITE THE SET OF PIPES.
WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WOULD COST TO GET A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE OUT OF HER?

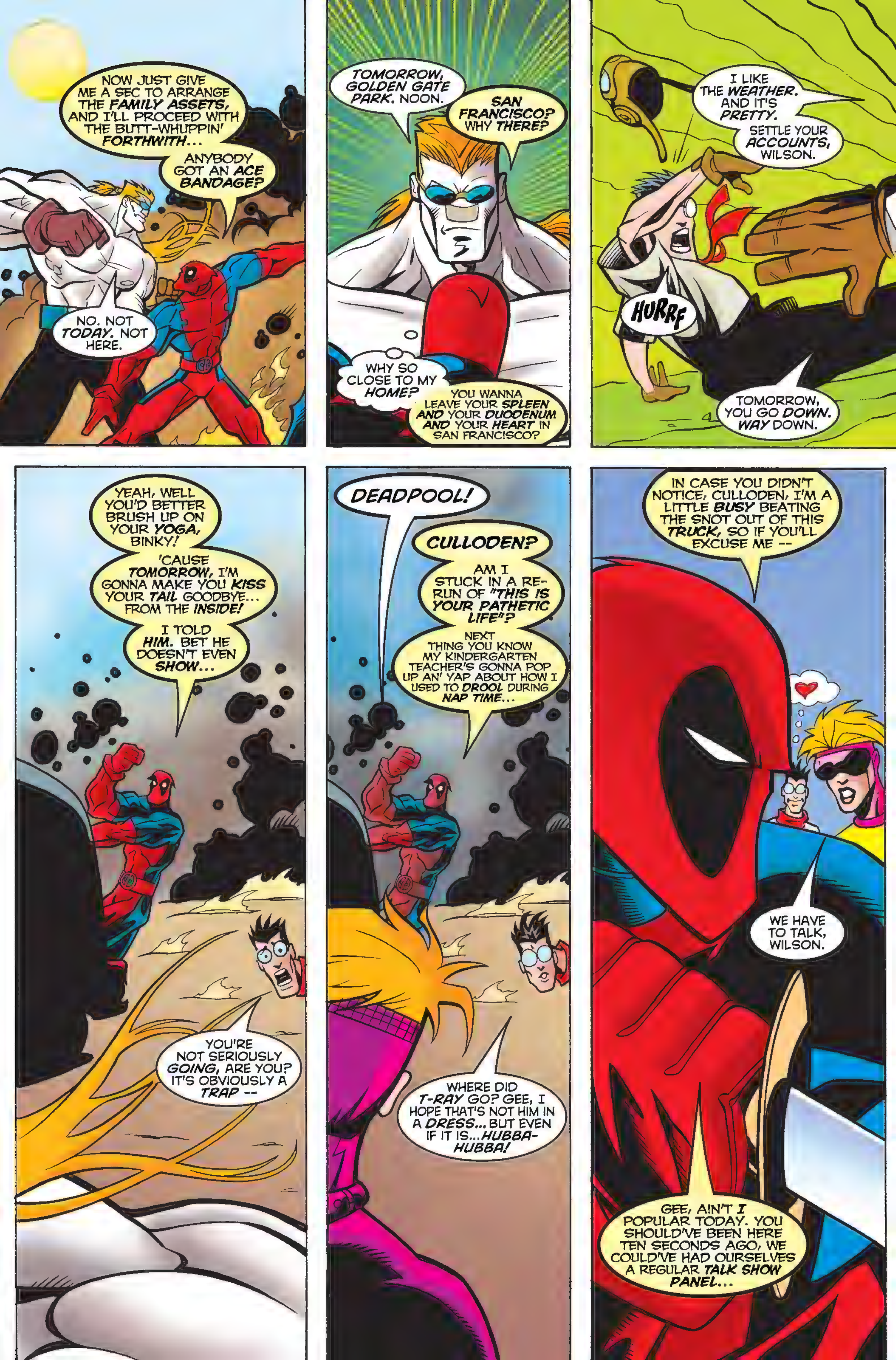

YOU SON OF A --
⋟NNGH⋞ I'M GONNA --
⋟HURRK⋞ THEN I'LL --
HEAVENS TA MERGETROID... I'M REALLY STUCK HERE --
Uh...W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, T-RAY?

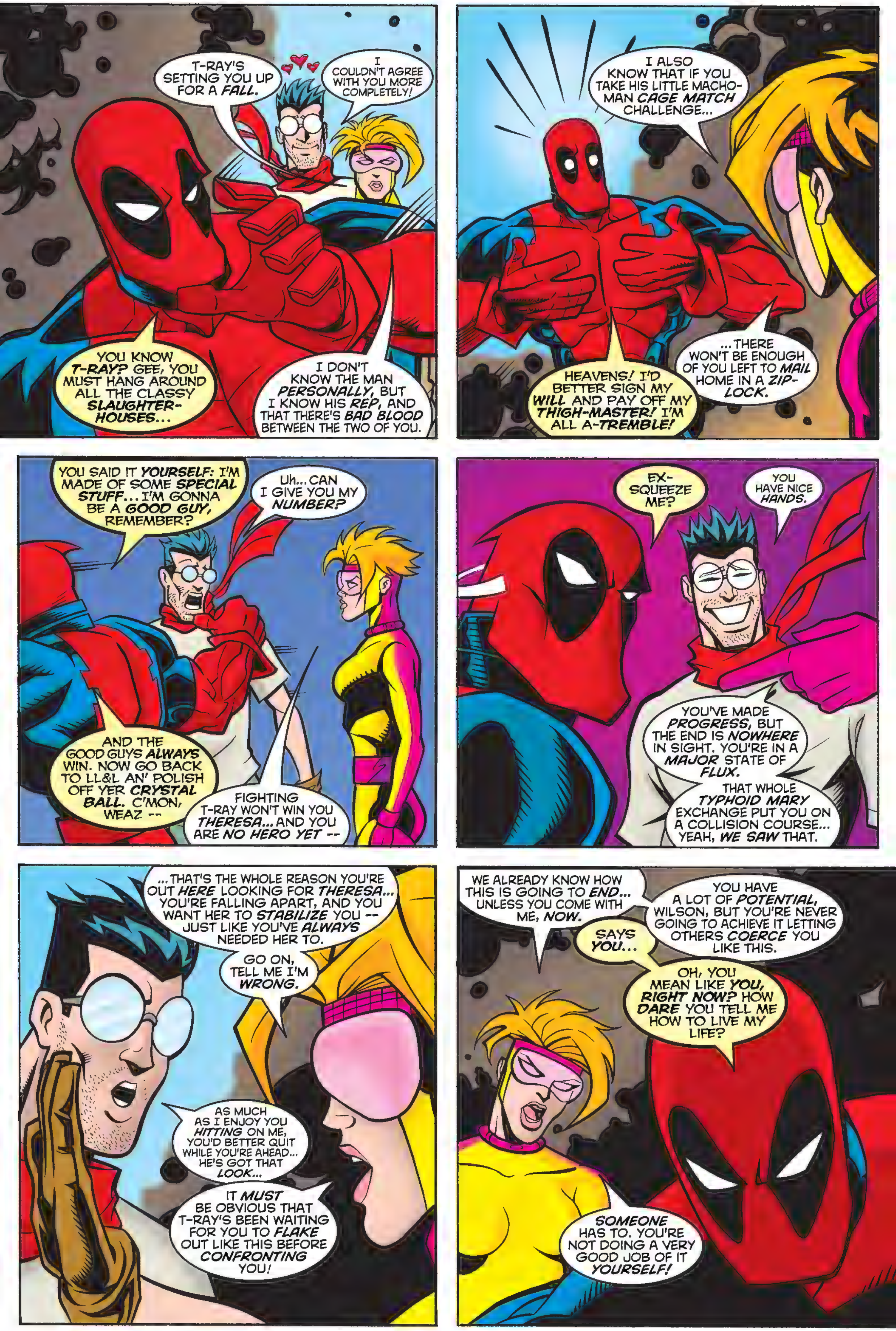

WILSON AND I HAVE BUSINESS TO CONDUCT --
THE ONLY BUSINESS WE ⋟UNGH⋞ GOT IS AN APPOINTMENT TO ADD SOME ⋟NGHH⋞ COLOR TO THAT FACE --
BLOOD RED... BLACK AND BLUE --
WILL SOMEBODY GET ME SOME $☠*☆*! WO-HO?!

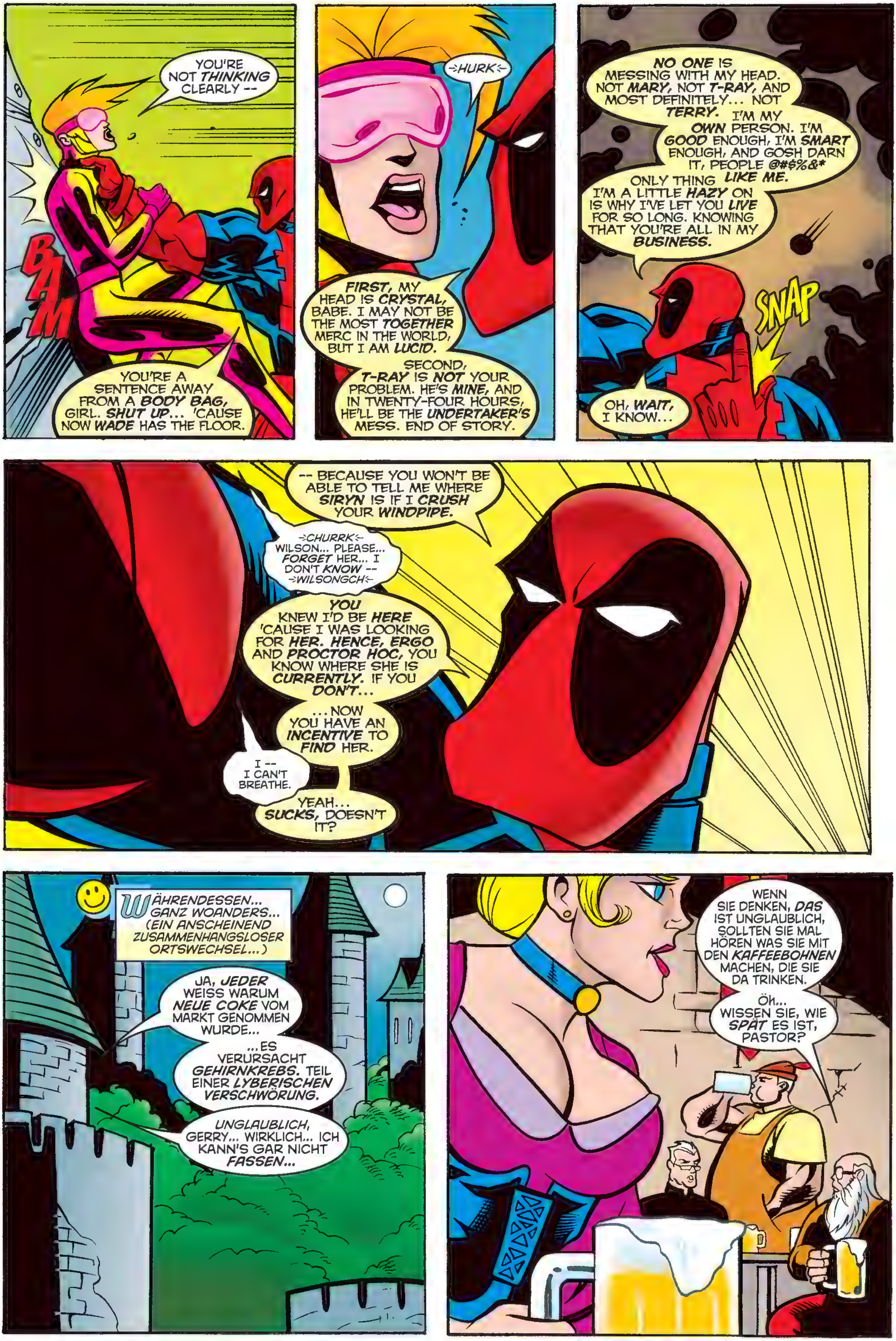

⋟SIGH⋞ FINE, IF I'M GONNA BE HERE FOR A WHILE, I MIGHT AS WELL ENJOY MYSELF...
LET'S PLAY PIN THE KATANA ON THE MERC... I GO FIRST, SO YOU TURN AROUND AND BEND OVER --
SWIFF
YOU CAME BACK TO HELL-HOUSE. YOU BROKE HEADS ON MY CREW. YOU SHOULD'VE STAYED AWAY.
OBVIOUSLY BURNING OFF YOUR FACE WASN'T A CLEAR ENOUGH MESSAGE THAT YOUR TIME WAS DONE...

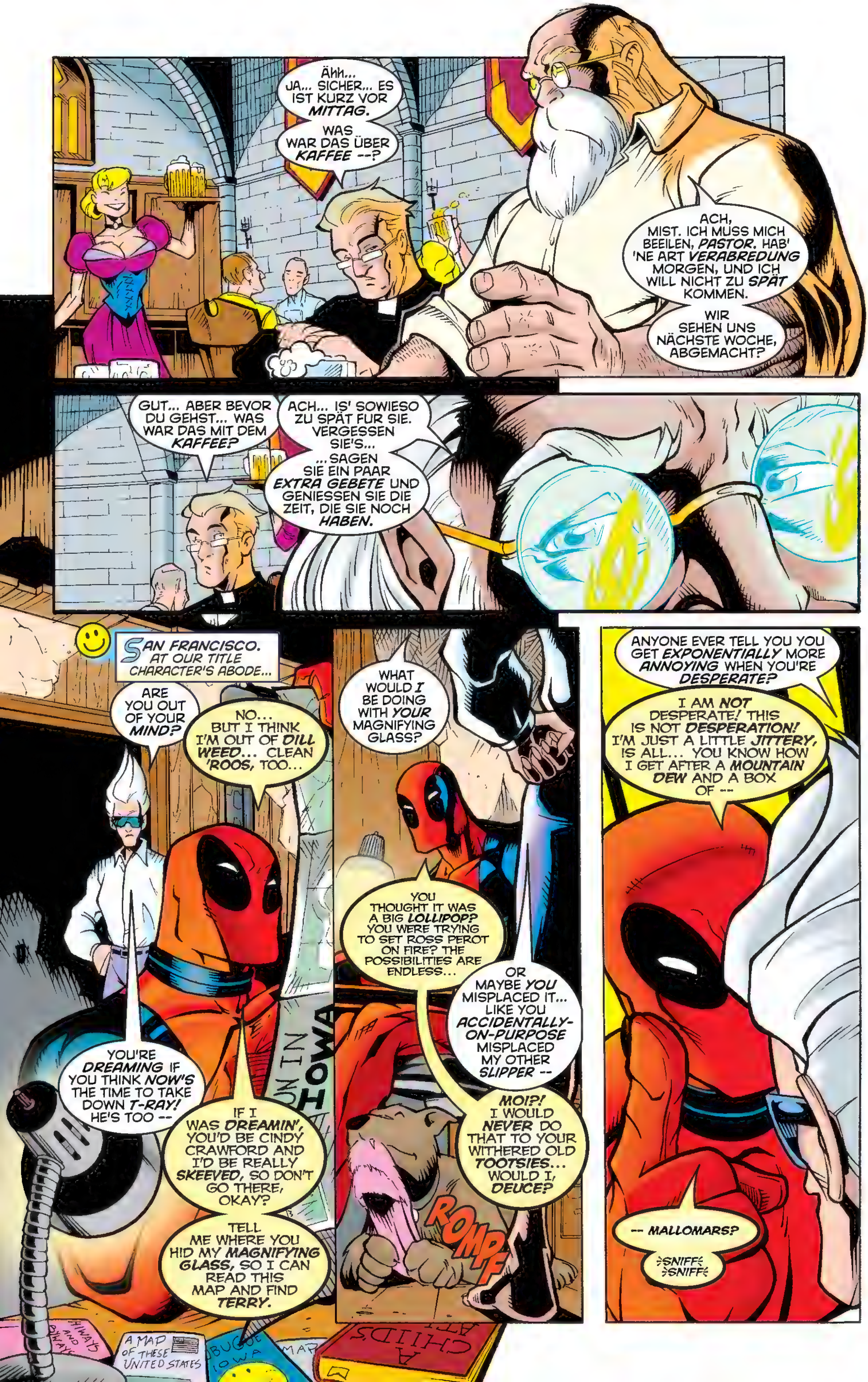

SO NOW I'M TELLING YOU... OUTRIGHT.
YOU NEED TO FADE AWAY. DISAPPEAR. FOREVER. BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T...
...I'LL DRAG YOU ACROSS THAT LINE YOU DON'T WANT TO CROSS... INTO THE DARKNESS... KICKING AND SCREAMING ALL THE WAY...
SSSSSK

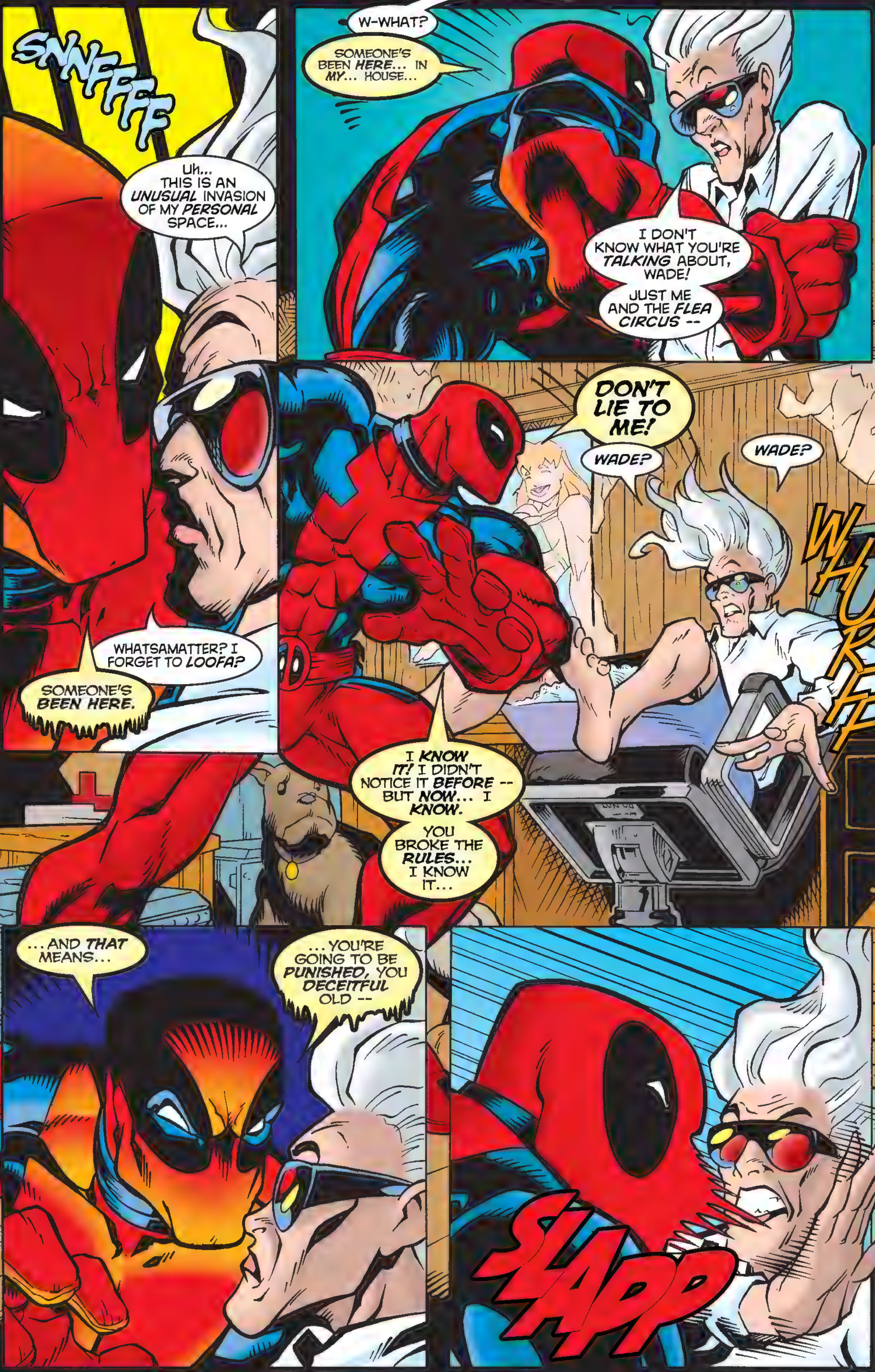

I LET YOU GET AWAY WITH A LOT OF *BALONEY,* T-RAY, CAUSE MY *GRAMMY* ALWAYS TAUGHT ME TO BE *KIND* TO STUPID ANIMALS WHAT CAN'T HELP *THEMSELVES...*
...SHE ALSO TAUGHT ME TO OPEN *BEER BOTTLES* WITH MY *TEETH...* BUT THAT'S A *DIFFERENT* SPEECH...
...SO I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO *DROP* THIS, NOW.
I GOT MORE *IMPORTANT* THINGS ON MY MIND RIGHT NOW THAN SMEARING YOUR *WHITE-OUT HIDE* WITH BLOOD --
LIKE *WHAT,* WILSON? MORE *HERO* GAMES? MORE TIME *PRETENDING* AT WHAT YOU'RE *NOT?*
YOUR DAY WITH *TYPHOID* *SCARED* YOU...DIDN'T IT? *WOKE* THAT PART YOU'VE TRIED TO PUT TO *SLEEP* --
-- AND YOU LIKED THE *FEEL* OF IT.
-- YOU BEEN READING *DIANETICS* AGAIN, T-BIRD? 'CAUSE I GOT *NO* IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
AND *THAT* IS WHY YOU'LL *LOSE.*
ENOUGH TALK, *WADE...* I'M CALLING YOUR BLUFF. TAKE ME OUT IF YOU CAN.
CROSS THE LINE.
FINE. YOUR FUNERAL, *CASPER...* CONSIDER THE LINE CROSSED --
?
UH... GEE... THAT LINE LOOKS A LOT *CLOSER* FROM ALL THE WAY OVER HERE...
COULDN'T *NGHH* DRAW IT JUST A FEW *INCHES* OVER, COULD YOU, *PUNK...*
LIGAMENTS... *AHH* *STRETCHING* PAST... CAPACITY... MUST... PROVE... *MACHISMO...*
UH-OH... SOMETHING JUST WENT *"POP".*
THERE!
HARDY-FLIPPIN'-*HAR-HAR!*

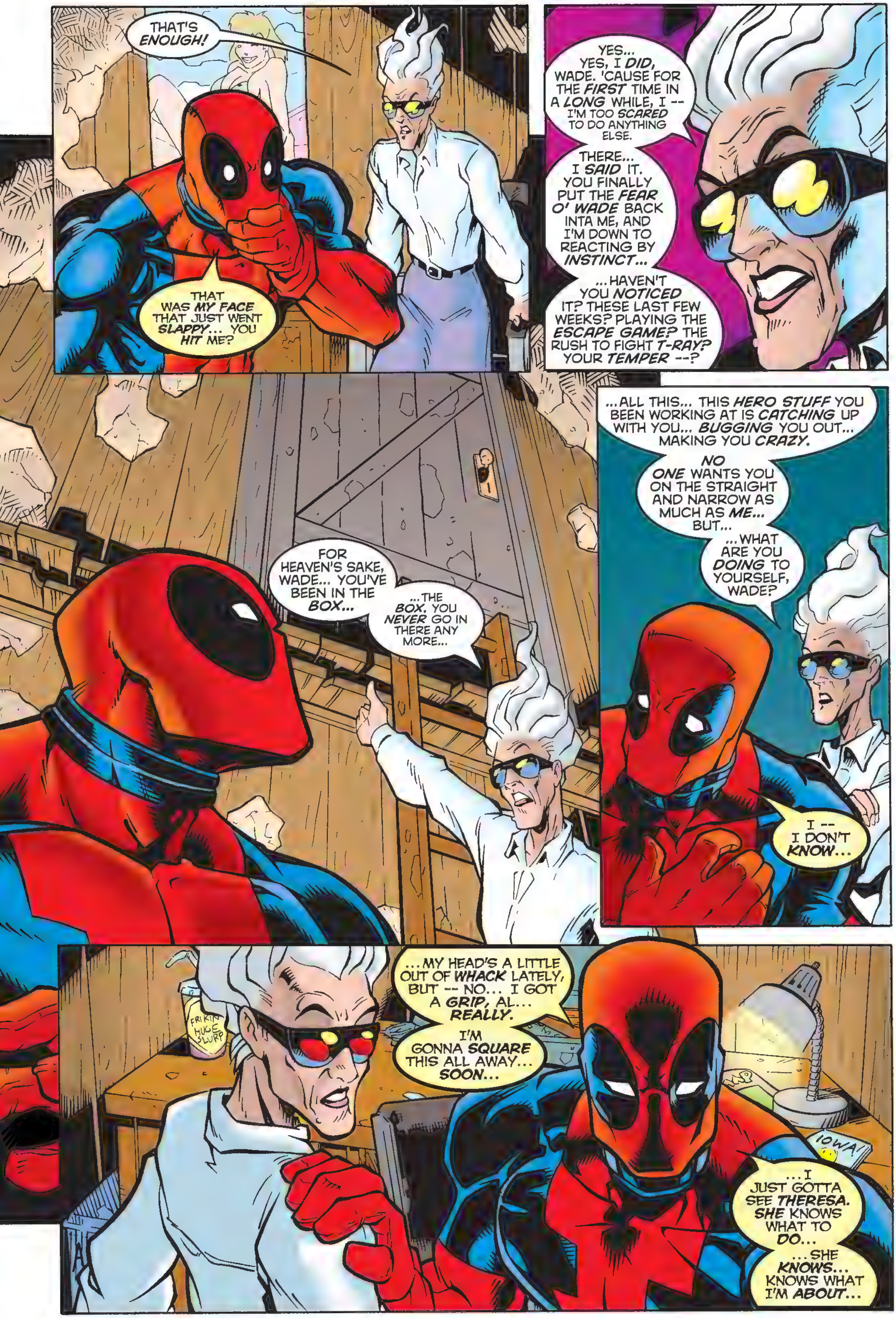

NOW JUST GIVE ME A SEC TO ARRANGE THE FAMILY ASSETS, AND I'LL PROCEED WITH THE BUTT-WHUPPIN' FORTHWITH...
ANYBODY GOT AN ACE BANDAGE?
NO. NOT TODAY. NOT HERE.
TOMORROW, GOLDEN GATE PARK. NOON.
SAN FRANCISCO? WHY THERE?
WHY SO CLOSE TO MY HOME?
YOU WANNA LEAVE YOUR SPLEEN AND YOUR DUODENUM AND YOUR HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO?
I LIKE THE WEATHER. AND IT'S PRETTY.
SETTLE YOUR ACCOUNTS, WILSON.
HURRF
TOMORROW, YOU GO DOWN. WAY DOWN.
YEAH, WELL YOU'D BETTER BRUSH UP ON YOUR YOGA, BINKY!
'CAUSE TOMORROW, I'M GONNA MAKE YOU KISS YOUR TAIL GOODBYE... FROM THE INSIDE!
I TOLD HIM. BET HE DOESN'T EVEN SHOW...
YOU'RE NOT SERIOUSLY GOING, ARE YOU? IT'S OBVIOUSLY A TRAP --
DEADPOOL!
CULLODEN?
AM I STUCK IN A RE-RUN OF "THIS IS YOUR PATHETIC LIFE"?
NEXT THING YOU KNOW MY KINDERGARTEN TEACHER'S GONNA POP UP AN' YAP ABOUT HOW I USED TO DROOL DURING NAP TIME...
WHERE DID T-RAY GO? GEE, I HOPE THAT'S NOT HIM IN A DRESS... BUT EVEN IF IT IS...HUBBA-HUBBA!
IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, CULLODEN, I'M A LITTLE BUSY BEATING THE SNOT OUT OF THIS TRUCK, SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME --
WE HAVE TO TALK, WILSON.
GEE, AIN'T I POPULAR TODAY. YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE TEN SECONDS AGO, WE COULD'VE HAD OURSELVES A REGULAR TALK SHOW PANEL...

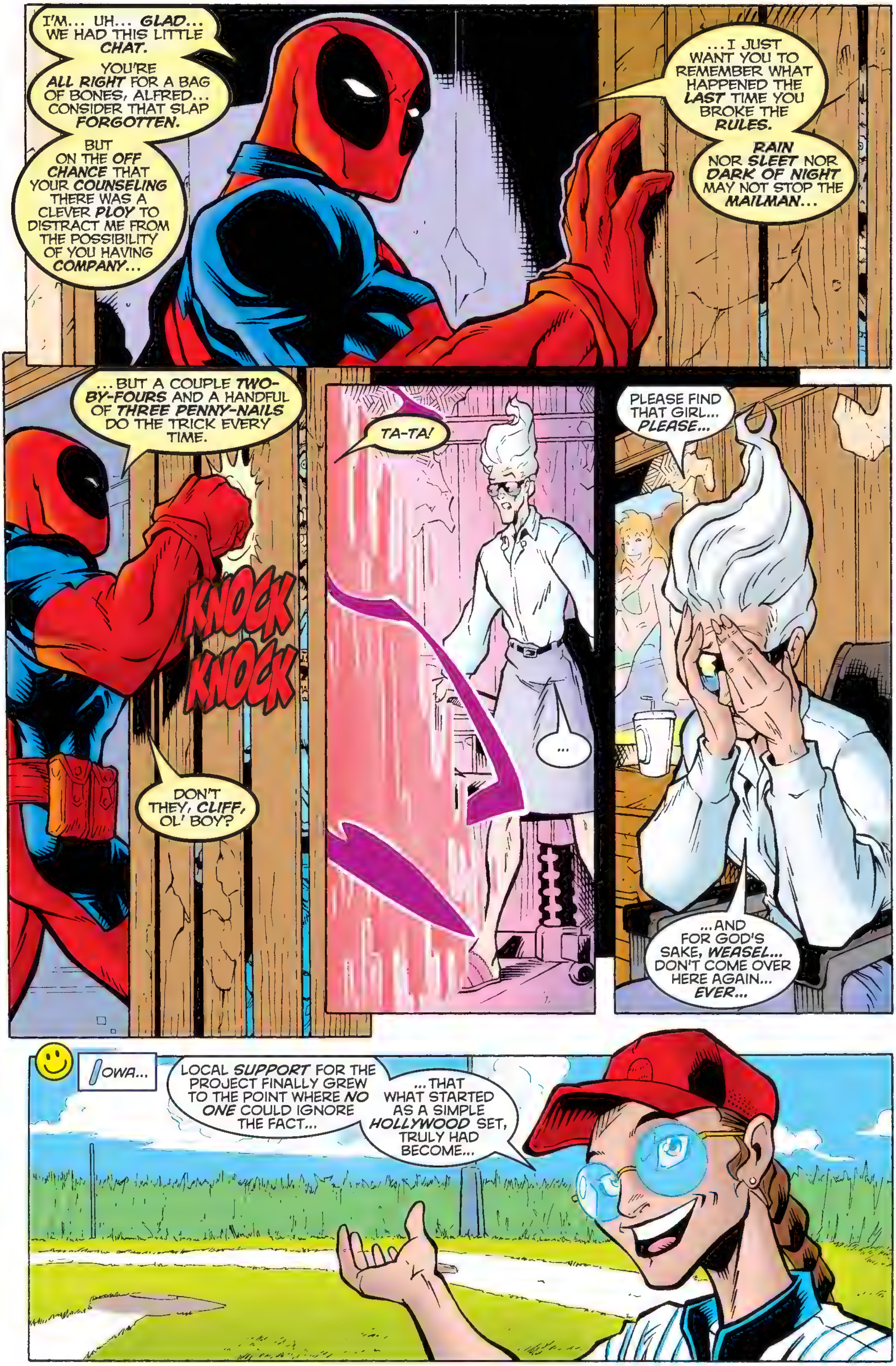

T-RAY'S SETTING YOU UP FOR A *FALL.*
I COULDN'T AGREE WITH YOU MORE COMPLETELY!
YOU KNOW *T-RAY?* GEE, YOU MUST HANG AROUND ALL THE CLASSY *SLAUGHTER-HOUSES...*
I DON'T KNOW THE MAN *PERSONALLY,* BUT I KNOW HIS *REP,* AND THAT THERE'S *BAD BLOOD* BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU.
I ALSO KNOW THAT IF YOU TAKE HIS LITTLE MACHO-MAN *CAGE MATCH* CHALLENGE...
...THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH OF YOU LEFT TO *MAIL* HOME IN A *ZIP-LOCK.*
HEAVENS*!* I'D BETTER SIGN MY *WILL* AND PAY OFF MY *THIGH-MASTER!* I'M ALL A-*TREMBLE!*
YOU SAID IT *YOURSELF:* I'M MADE OF SOME *SPECIAL STUFF*... I'M GONNA BE A *GOOD GUY,* REMEMBER?
Uh... CAN I GIVE YOU MY *NUMBER?*
AND THE GOOD GUYS *ALWAYS* WIN. NOW GO BACK TO LL&L AN' POLISH OFF YER *CRYSTAL BALL.* C'MON, WEAZ --
FIGHTING T-RAY WON'T WIN YOU *THERESA...* AND YOU ARE *NO HERO YET* --
EX-SQUEEZE ME?
YOU HAVE NICE *HANDS.*
YOU'VE MADE *PROGRESS,* BUT THE END IS *NOWHERE* IN SIGHT. YOU'RE IN A *MAJOR* STATE OF *FLUX.*
THAT WHOLE *TYPHOID MARY* EXCHANGE PUT YOU ON A COLLISION COURSE... YEAH, *WE SAW* THAT.
...THAT'S THE WHOLE REASON YOU'RE OUT *HERE* LOOKING FOR *THERESA...* YOU'RE FALLING APART, AND YOU WANT HER TO *STABILIZE* YOU -- JUST LIKE YOU'VE *ALWAYS* NEEDED HER TO.
GO ON, TELL ME I'M *WRONG.*
AS MUCH AS I ENJOY YOU *HITTING* ON ME, YOU'D BETTER QUIT WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD... HE'S GOT THAT *LOOK...*
IT *MUST* BE OBVIOUS THAT T-RAY'S BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO *FLAKE* OUT LIKE THIS BEFORE *CONFRONTING* YOU!
WE ALREADY KNOW HOW THIS IS GOING TO *END...* UNLESS YOU COME WITH ME, *NOW.*
SAYS *YOU...*
YOU HAVE A LOT OF *POTENTIAL,* WILSON, BUT YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO ACHIEVE IT LETTING OTHERS *COERCE* YOU LIKE THIS.
OH, YOU MEAN LIKE *YOU, RIGHT NOW?* HOW *DARE* YOU TELL ME HOW TO LIVE MY LIFE?
SOMEONE HAS TO. YOU'RE NOT DOING A VERY GOOD JOB OF IT *YOURSELF!*

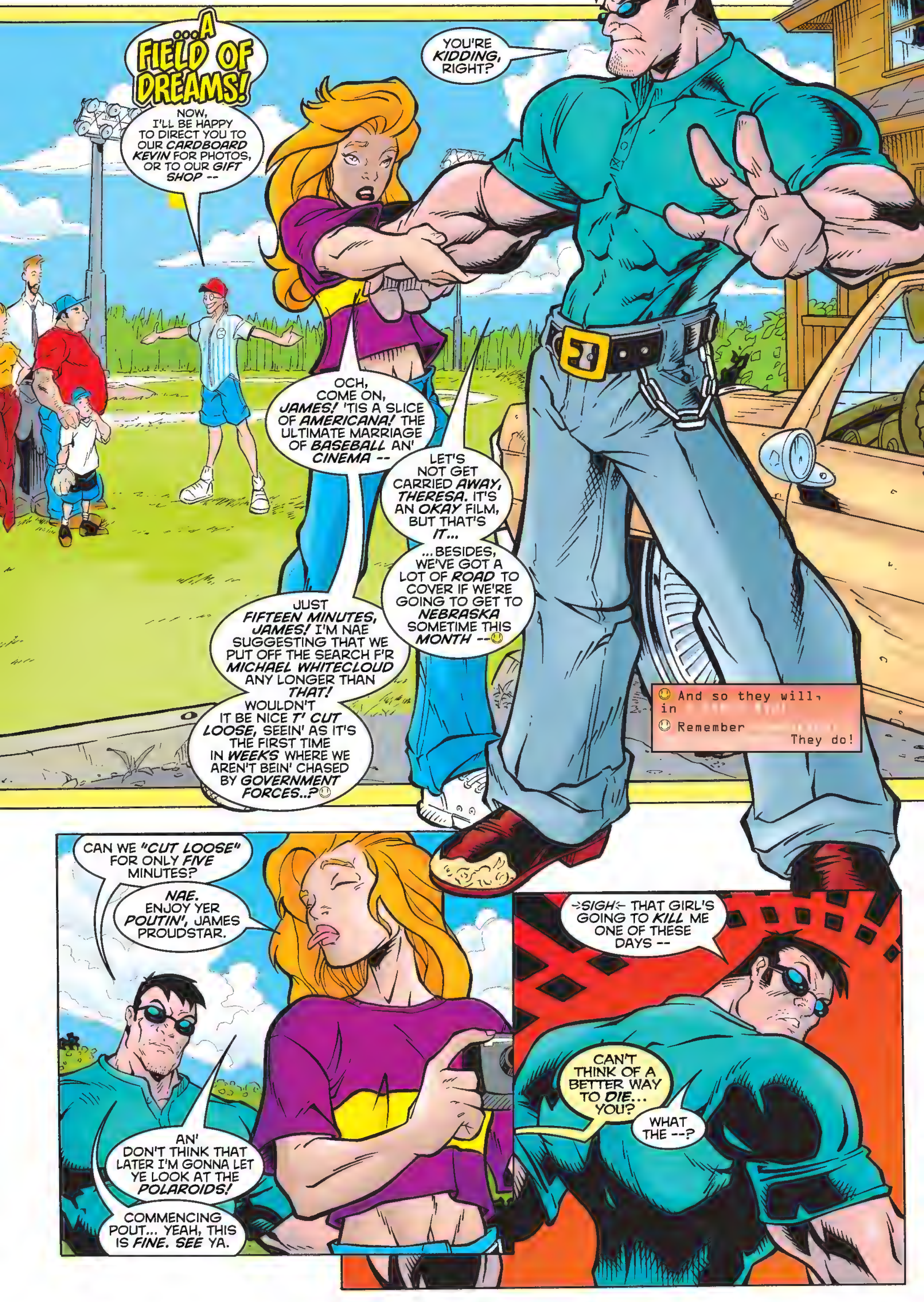

YOU'RE NOT *THINKING* CLEARLY --
BAM
YOU'RE A SENTENCE AWAY FROM A *BODY BAG,* GIRL. *SHUT UP...* 'CAUSE NOW *WADE* HAS THE FLOOR.
≈HURK≈
FIRST, MY HEAD IS *CRYSTAL,* BABE. I MAY NOT BE THE MOST *TOGETHER* MERC IN THE WORLD, BUT I AM *LUCID.*
SECOND, *T-RAY* IS *NOT* YOUR PROBLEM. HE'S *MINE,* AND IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, HE'LL BE THE *UNDERTAKER'S* MESS. END OF STORY.
NO ONE IS MESSING WITH MY HEAD. NOT *MARY,* NOT *T-RAY,* AND MOST DEFINITELY... NOT *TERRY.* I'M MY *OWN* PERSON. I'M *GOOD* ENOUGH, I'M *SMART* ENOUGH, AND GOSH DARN IT, PEOPLE @#$%&* *LIKE ME.*
ONLY THING I'M A LITTLE *HAZY* ON IS WHY I'VE LET YOU *LIVE* FOR SO LONG, KNOWING THAT YOU'RE ALL IN MY *BUSINESS.*
SNAP
OH, *WAIT,* I KNOW...
-- BECAUSE YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL ME WHERE *SIRYN* IS IF I *CRUSH* YOUR *WINDPIPE.*
≈CHURRK≈ WILSON... PLEASE... *FORGET* HER... I DON'T *KNOW* -- ≈WILSONGCH≈
YOU KNEW I'D BE *HERE* 'CAUSE I WAS LOOKING FOR *HER. HENCE, ERGO* AND *PROCTOR HOC,* YOU KNOW WHERE SHE IS *CURRENTLY.* IF YOU *DON'T...*
...NOW YOU HAVE AN *INCENTIVE* TO *FIND* HER.
I -- I CAN'T BREATHE.
YEAH... *SUCKS,* DOESN'T IT?
WÄHRENDESSEN... GANZ WOANDERS... (EIN ANSCHEINEND ZUSAMMENHANGSLOSER ORTSWECHSEL...)
JA, *JEDER* WEISS WARUM *NEUE COKE* VOM MARKT GENOMMEN WURDE...
...ES VERURSACHT *GEHIRNKREBS.* TEIL EINER *LYBERISCHEN VERSCHWÖRUNG.*
UNGLAUBLICH, GERRY... WIRKLICH... ICH KANN'S GAR NICHT *FASSEN...*
WENN SIE DENKEN, *DAS* IST UNGLAUBLICH, SOLLTEN SIE MAL HÖREN WAS SIE MIT DEN *KAFFEEBOHNEN* MACHEN, DIE SIE DA TRINKEN.
ÖH... WISSEN SIE, WIE *SPÄT* ES IST, PASTOR?

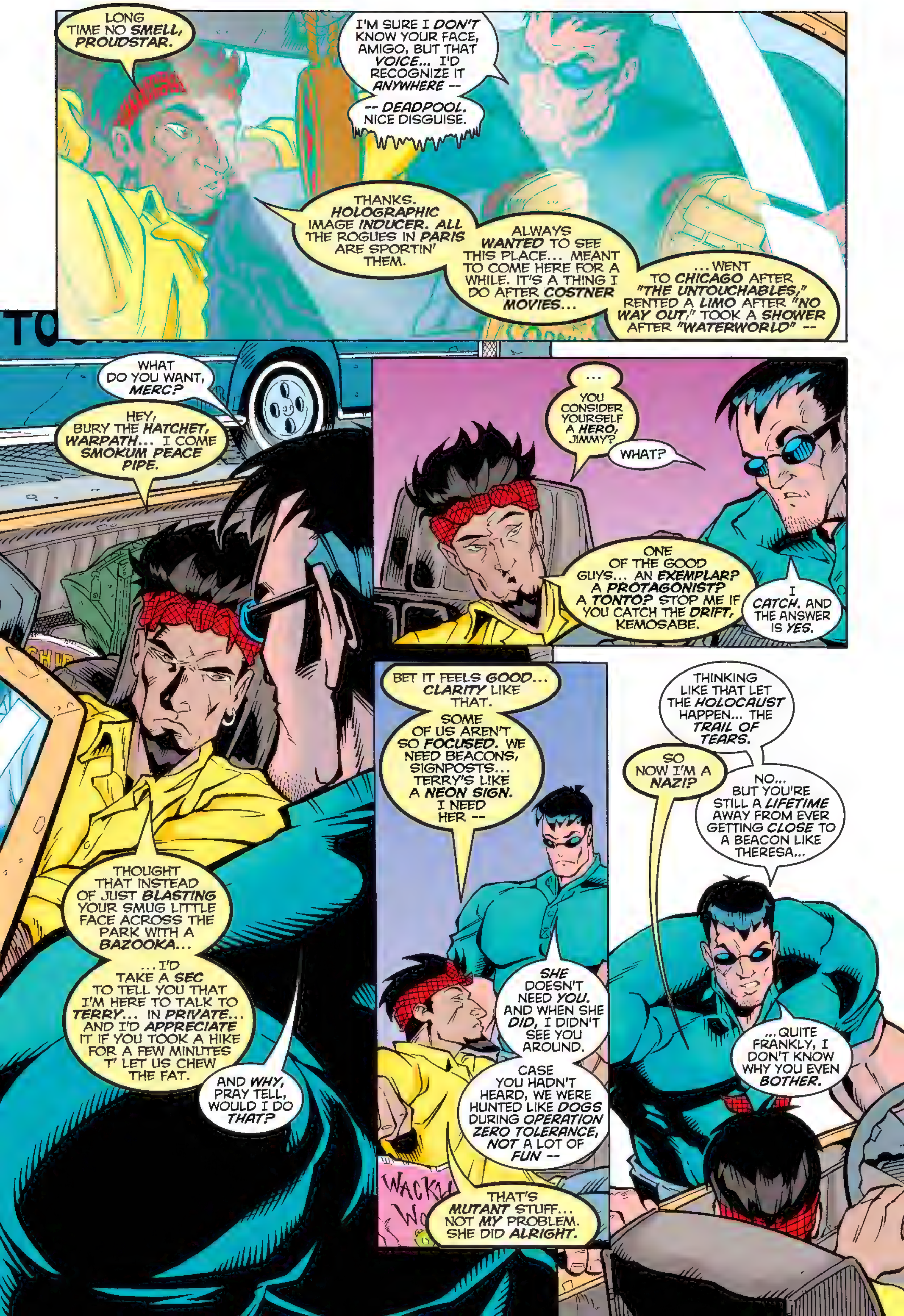

Ähh... JA... SICHER... ES IST KURZ VOR MITTAG.
WAS WAR DAS ÜBER KAFFEE --?
ACH, MIST. ICH MUSS MICH BEEILEN, PASTOR. HAB' 'NE ART VERABREDUNG MORGEN, UND ICH WILL NICHT ZU SPÄT KOMMEN.
WIR SEHEN UNS NÄCHSTE WOCHE, ABGEMACHT?
GUT... ABER BEVOR DU GEHST... WAS WAR DAS MIT DEM KAFFEE?
ACH... IS' SOWIESO ZU SPÄT FUR SIE. VERGESSEN SIE'S...
...SAGEN SIE EIN PAAR EXTRA GEBETE UND GENIESSEN SIE DIE ZEIT, DIE SIE NOCH HABEN.
SAN FRANCISCO. AT OUR TITLE CHARACTER'S ABODE...
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?
NO... BUT I THINK I'M OUT OF DILL WEED... CLEAN 'ROOS, TOO...
YOU'RE DREAMING IF YOU THINK NOW'S THE TIME TO TAKE DOWN T-RAY! HE'S TOO --
IF I WAS DREAMIN', YOU'D BE CINDY CRAWFORD AND I'D BE REALLY SKEEVED, SO DON'T GO THERE, OKAY?
TELL ME WHERE YOU HID MY MAGNIFYING GLASS, SO I CAN READ THIS MAP AND FIND TERRY.
IOWA
A MAP OF THESE UNITED STATES
A CHILD'S
WHAT WOULD I BE DOING WITH YOUR MAGNIFYING GLASS?
YOU THOUGHT IT WAS A BIG LOLLIPOP? YOU WERE TRYING TO SET ROSS PEROT ON FIRE? THE POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDLESS...
OR MAYBE YOU MISPLACED IT... LIKE YOU ACCIDENTALLY-ON-PURPOSE MISPLACED MY OTHER SLIPPER --
MOI?! I WOULD NEVER DO THAT TO YOUR WITHERED OLD TOOTSIES... WOULD I, DEUCE?
ROMPF
ANYONE EVER TELL YOU YOU GET EXPONENTIALLY MORE ANNOYING WHEN YOU'RE DESPERATE?
I AM NOT DESPERATE! THIS IS NOT DESPERATION! I'M JUST A LITTLE JITTERY, IS ALL... YOU KNOW HOW I GET AFTER A MOUNTAIN DEW AND A BOX OF --
-- MALLOMARS?
SNIFF SNIFF

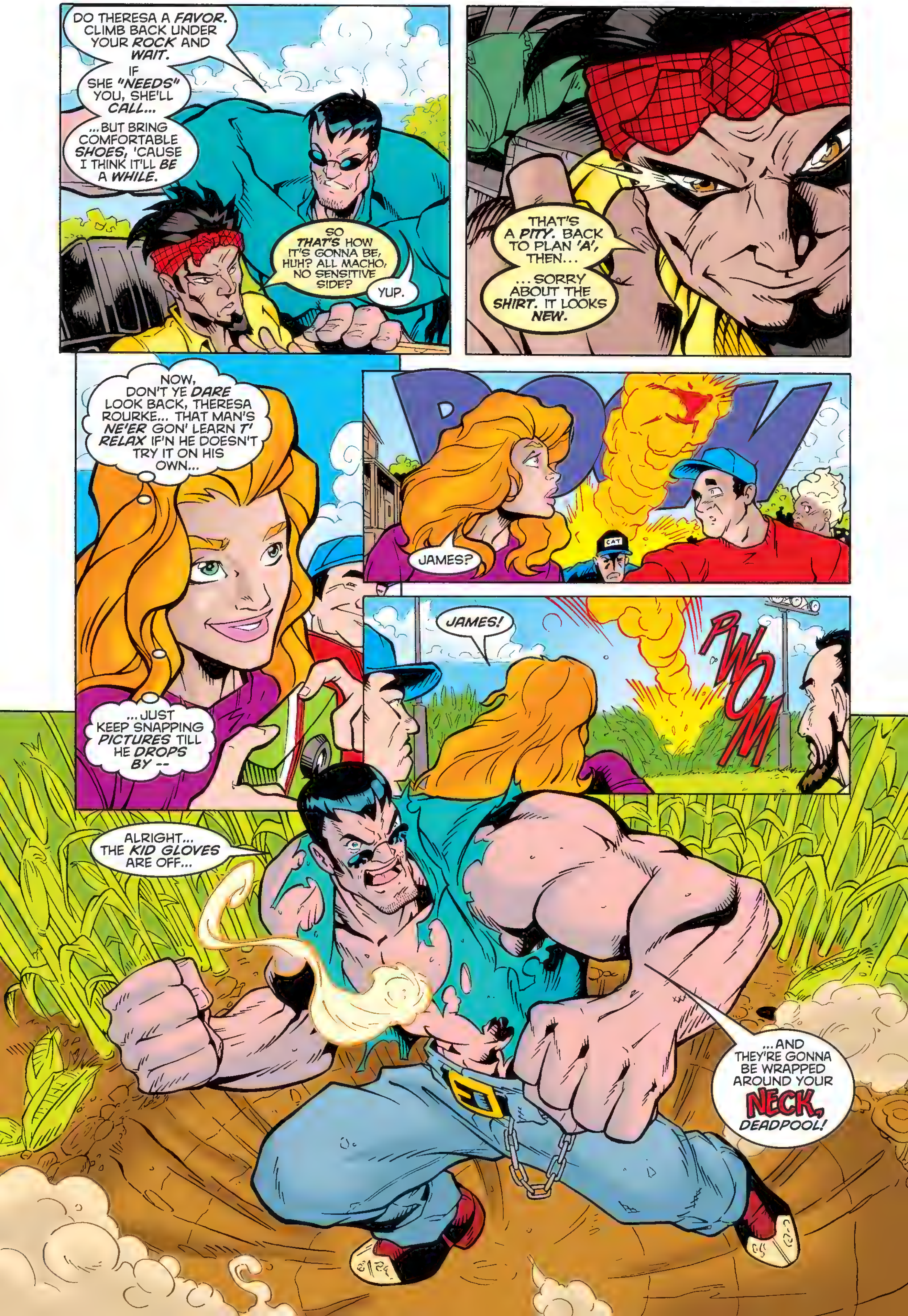

SNNFFFF
Uh... THIS IS AN UNUSUAL INVASION OF MY PERSONAL SPACE...
W-WHAT?
SOMEONE'S BEEN HERE... IN MY... HOUSE...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, WADE!
JUST ME AND THE FLEA CIRCUS --
WHATSAMATTER? I FORGET TO LOOFA?
SOMEONE'S BEEN HERE.
DON'T LIE TO ME!
WADE?
WADE?
WHURFF
I KNOW IT! I DIDN'T NOTICE IT BEFORE -- BUT NOW... I KNOW.
YOU BROKE THE RULES... I KNOW IT...
AMM
...AND THAT MEANS...
...YOU'RE GOING TO BE PUNISHED, YOU DECEITFUL OLD --
SLAPP

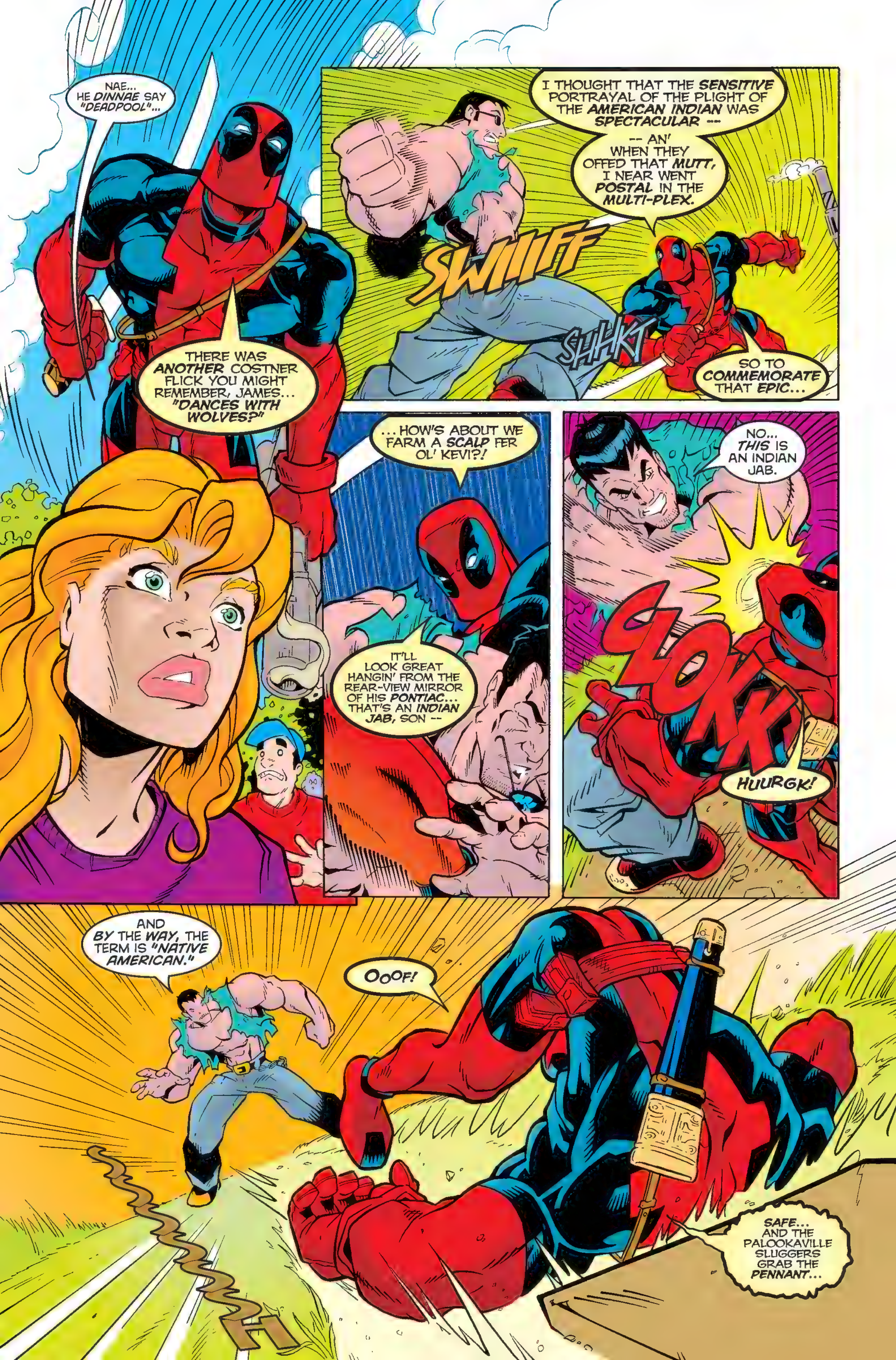

THAT'S ENOUGH!
THAT WAS MY FACE THAT JUST WENT SLAPPY... YOU HIT ME?
YES... YES, I DID, WADE. 'CAUSE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG WHILE, I -- I'M TOO SCARED TO DO ANYTHING ELSE.
THERE... I SAID IT. YOU FINALLY PUT THE FEAR O' WADE BACK INTA ME, AND I'M DOWN TO REACTING BY INSTINCT...
...HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED IT? THESE LAST FEW WEEKS? PLAYING THE ESCAPE GAME? THE RUSH TO FIGHT T-RAY? YOUR TEMPER --?
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WADE... YOU'VE BEEN IN THE BOX...
...THE BOX. YOU NEVER GO IN THERE ANY MORE...
...ALL THIS... THIS HERO STUFF YOU BEEN WORKING AT IS CATCHING UP WITH YOU... BUGGING YOU OUT... MAKING YOU CRAZY.
NO ONE WANTS YOU ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW AS MUCH AS ME... BUT...
...WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO YOURSELF, WADE?
I -- I DON'T KNOW...
...MY HEAD'S A LITTLE OUT OF WHACK LATELY, BUT -- NO... I GOT A GRIP, AL... REALLY.
I'M GONNA SQUARE THIS ALL AWAY... SOON...
FRIKIN HUGE SLURP
IOWA
...I JUST GOTTA SEE THERESA. SHE KNOWS WHAT TO DO...
...SHE KNOWS... KNOWS WHAT I'M ABOUT...

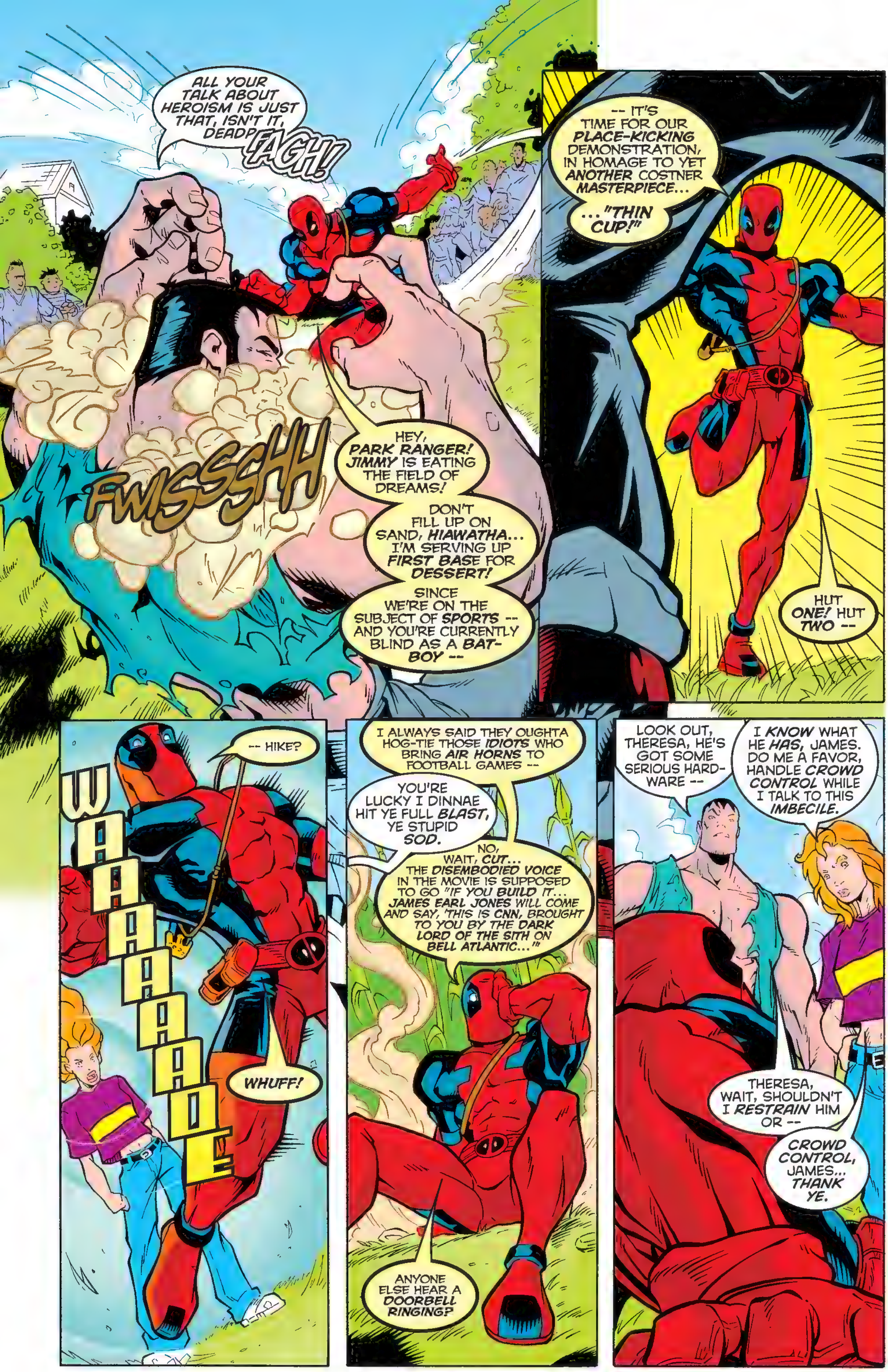

I'M... UH... *GLAD*... WE HAD THIS LITTLE *CHAT*.
YOU'RE *ALL RIGHT* FOR A BAG OF BONES, ALFRED... CONSIDER THAT SLAP *FORGOTTEN*.
BUT ON THE *OFF CHANCE* THAT YOUR *COUNSELING* THERE WAS A CLEVER *PLOY* TO DISTRACT ME FROM THE POSSIBILITY OF YOU HAVING *COMPANY*...
...I JUST WANT YOU TO REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THE *LAST* TIME YOU BROKE THE *RULES*.
RAIN NOR *SLEET* NOR *DARK OF NIGHT* MAY NOT STOP THE *MAILMAN*...
...BUT A COUPLE *TWO-BY-FOURS* AND A HANDFUL OF *THREE PENNY-NAILS* DO THE TRICK EVERY TIME.
KNOCK KNOCK
DON'T THEY, *CLIFF*, OL' BOY?
TA-TA!
...
PLEASE FIND THAT GIRL... *PLEASE*...
...AND FOR GOD'S SAKE, *WEASEL*... DON'T COME OVER HERE AGAIN... *EVER*...
*I*OWA...
LOCAL *SUPPORT* FOR THE PROJECT FINALLY GREW TO THE POINT WHERE *NO ONE* COULD IGNORE THE FACT...
...THAT WHAT STARTED AS A SIMPLE *HOLLYWOOD* SET, TRULY HAD BECOME...

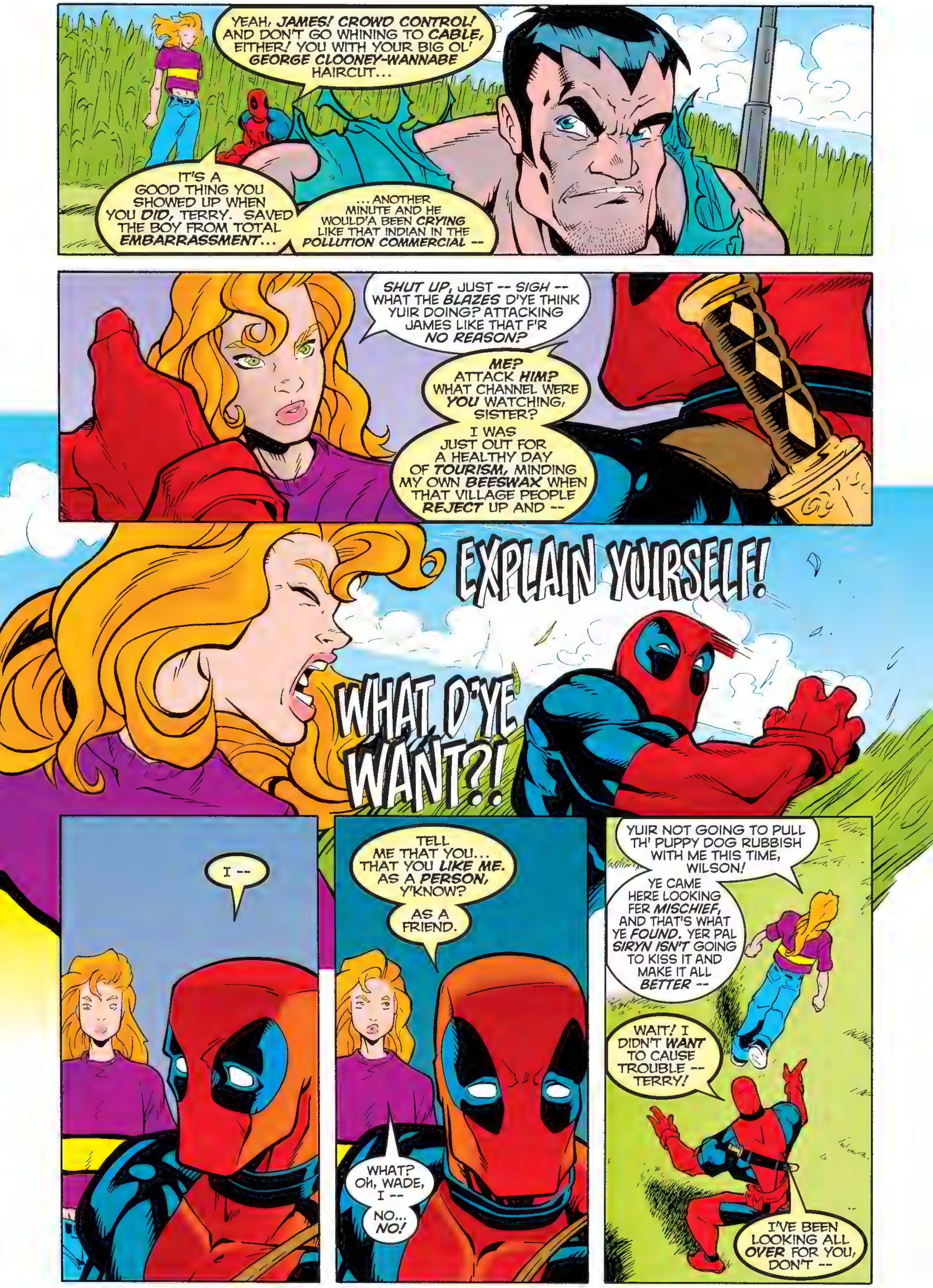

...A FIELD OF DREAMS!
NOW, I'LL BE HAPPY TO DIRECT YOU TO OUR *CARDBOARD KEVIN* FOR PHOTOS, OR TO OUR *GIFT SHOP* --
YOU'RE *KIDDING,* RIGHT?
OCH, COME ON, *JAMES!* 'TIS A SLICE OF *AMERICANA!* THE ULTIMATE MARRIAGE OF *BASEBALL* AN' *CINEMA* --
LET'S NOT GET CARRIED *AWAY, THERESA.* IT'S AN *OKAY* FILM, BUT THAT'S *IT...*
...BESIDES, WE'VE GOT A LOT OF *ROAD* TO COVER IF WE'RE GOING TO GET TO *NEBRASKA* SOMETIME THIS *MONTH* --☺
JUST *FIFTEEN MINUTES, JAMES!* I'M NAE SUGGESTING THAT WE PUT OFF THE SEARCH F'R *MICHAEL WHITECLOUD* ANY LONGER THAN *THAT!*
WOULDN'T IT BE NICE *T' CUT LOOSE,* SEEIN' AS IT'S THE FIRST TIME IN *WEEKS* WHERE WE AREN'T BEIN' CHASED BY *GOVERNMENT FORCES..?*☺
☺ And so they will, in
☺ Remember
They do!
CAN WE *"CUT LOOSE"* FOR ONLY *FIVE* MINUTES?
NAE. ENJOY YER *POUTIN',* JAMES PROUDSTAR.
AN' DON'T THINK THAT LATER I'M GONNA LET YE LOOK AT THE *POLAROIDS!*
COMMENCING POUT... YEAH, THIS IS *FINE. SEE* YA.
-*SIGH*- THAT GIRL'S GOING TO *KILL* ME ONE OF THESE DAYS --
CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER WAY TO *DIE...* YOU?
WHAT THE --?

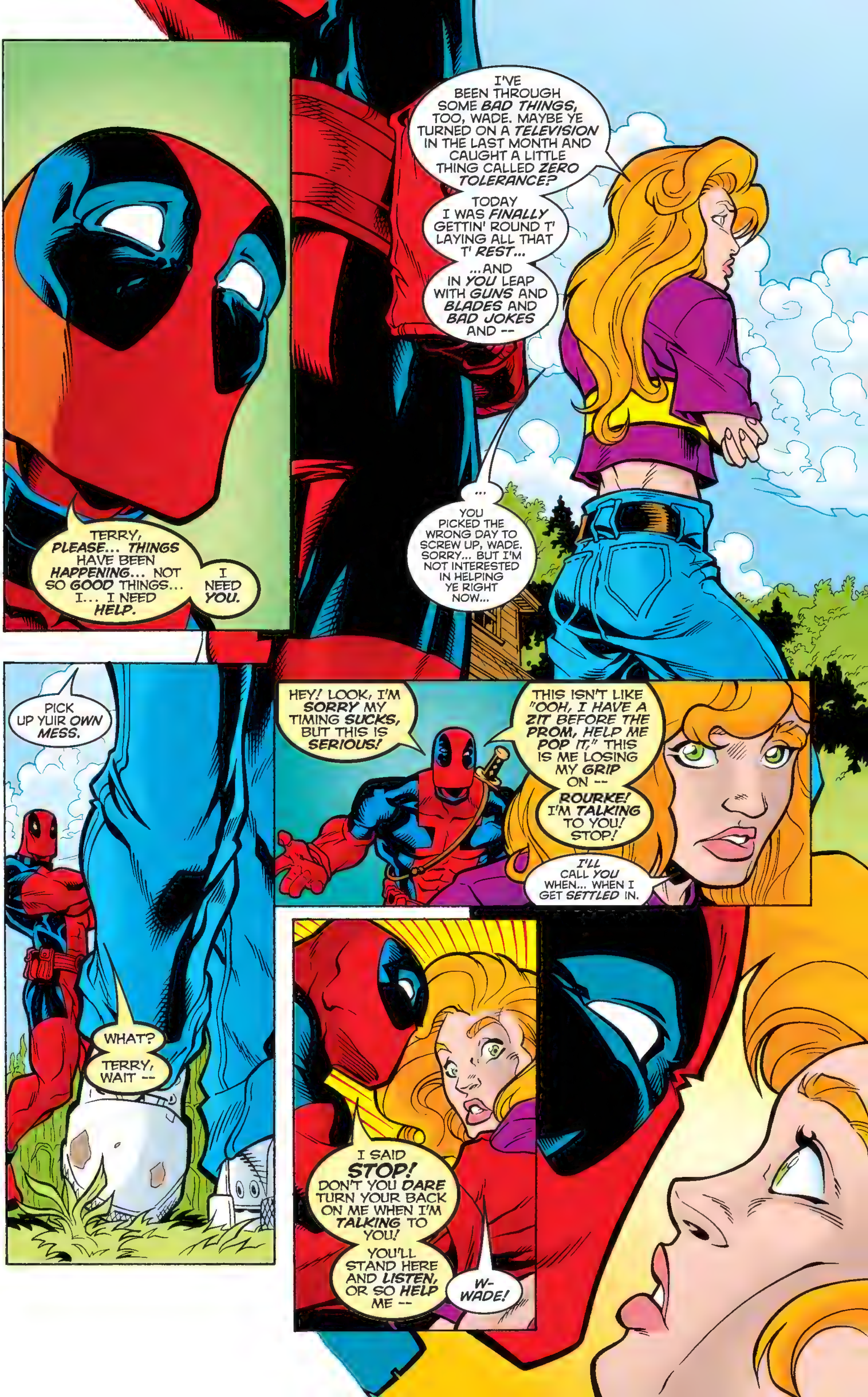

LONG TIME NO *SMELL*, *PROUDSTAR*.
I'M SURE I *DON'T* KNOW YOUR FACE, AMIGO, BUT THAT *VOICE*... I'D RECOGNIZE IT *ANYWHERE* --
-- *DEADPOOL*. NICE DISGUISE.
THANKS. *HOLOGRAPHIC* IMAGE *INDUCER*. *ALL* THE ROGUES IN *PARIS* ARE SPORTIN' THEM.
ALWAYS *WANTED* TO SEE THIS PLACE... MEANT TO COME HERE FOR A WHILE. IT'S A THING I DO AFTER *COSTNER MOVIES*...
...WENT TO *CHICAGO* AFTER *"THE UNTOUCHABLES,"* RENTED A *LIMO* AFTER *"NO WAY OUT,"* TOOK A *SHOWER* AFTER *"WATERWORLD"* --
WHAT DO YOU WANT, *MERC?*
HEY, BURY THE *HATCHET*, *WARPATH*... I COME *SMOKUM PEACE PIPE*.
THOUGHT THAT INSTEAD OF JUST *BLASTING* YOUR SMUG LITTLE FACE ACROSS THE PARK WITH A *BAZOOKA*...
...I'D TAKE A *SEC* TO TELL YOU THAT I'M HERE TO TALK TO *TERRY*... IN *PRIVATE*... AND I'D *APPRECIATE* IT IF YOU TOOK A HIKE FOR A FEW MINUTES T' LET US CHEW THE FAT.
AND *WHY*, PRAY TELL, WOULD I DO *THAT?*
...
YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A *HERO*, JIMMY?
WHAT?
ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS... AN *EXEMPLAR?* A *PROTAGONIST?* A *TONTO?* STOP ME IF YOU CATCH THE *DRIFT*, KEMOSABE.
I *CATCH*. AND THE ANSWER IS *YES*.
BET IT FEELS *GOOD*... *CLARITY* LIKE THAT.
SOME OF US AREN'T SO *FOCUSED*. WE NEED BEACONS, SIGNPOSTS... TERRY'S LIKE A *NEON SIGN*. I NEED HER --
SHE DOESN'T NEED *YOU*. AND WHEN SHE *DID*, I DIDN'T SEE YOU AROUND.
CASE YOU HADN'T HEARD, WE WERE HUNTED LIKE *DOGS* DURING *OPERATION ZERO TOLERANCE*, *NOT* A LOT OF *FUN* --
THAT'S *MUTANT* STUFF... NOT *MY* PROBLEM. SHE DID *ALRIGHT*.
THINKING LIKE THAT LET THE *HOLOCAUST* HAPPEN... THE *TRAIL OF TEARS*.
SO NOW I'M A *NAZI?*
NO... BUT YOU'RE STILL A *LIFETIME* AWAY FROM EVER GETTING *CLOSE* TO A BEACON LIKE THERESA...
...QUITE FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU EVEN *BOTHER*.

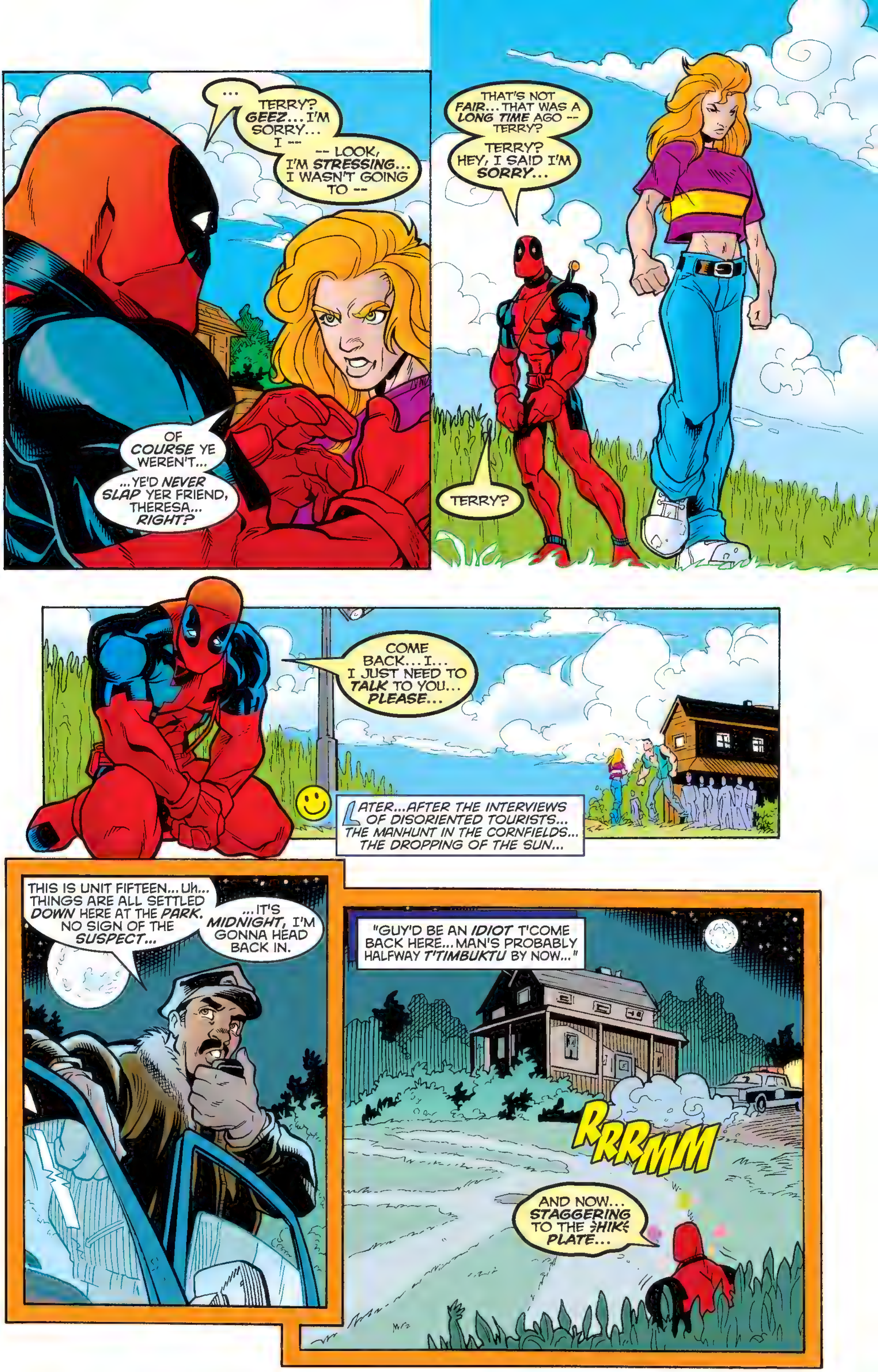

DO THERESA A *FAVOR.* CLIMB BACK UNDER YOUR *ROCK* AND *WAIT.*
IF SHE *"NEEDS"* YOU, SHE'LL *CALL...*
...BUT BRING COMFORTABLE *SHOES,* 'CAUSE I THINK IT'LL *BE* A *WHILE.*
SO *THAT'S* HOW IT'S GONNA BE, HUH? ALL MACHO, NO SENSITIVE SIDE?
YUP.
THAT'S A *PITY.* BACK TO PLAN *'A',* THEN...
...SORRY ABOUT THE *SHIRT.* IT LOOKS *NEW.*
NOW, DON'T YE *DARE* LOOK BACK, THERESA ROURKE... THAT MAN'S *NE'ER* GON' LEARN *T' RELAX* IF'N HE DOESN'T TRY IT ON HIS OWN...
...JUST KEEP SNAPPING *PICTURES* TILL HE *DROPS BY* --
POOW
CAT
JAMES?
JAMES!
PWOM
ALRIGHT... THE *KID GLOVES* ARE OFF...
...AND THEY'RE GONNA BE WRAPPED AROUND YOUR **NECK,** *DEADPOOL!*

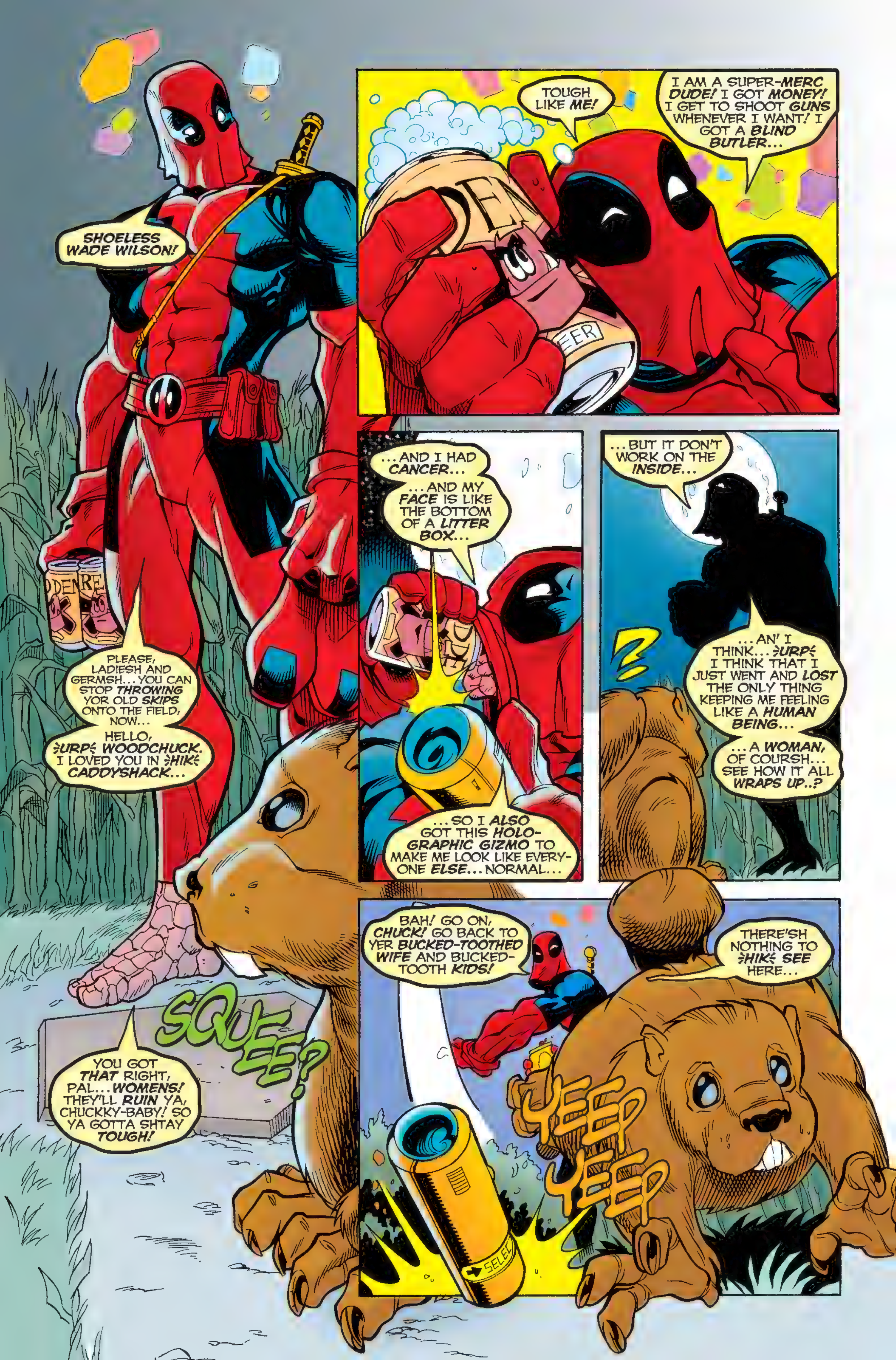

NAE... HE *DINNAE* SAY "DEADPOOL"...
THERE WAS *ANOTHER* COSTNER FLICK YOU MIGHT REMEMBER, JAMES... *"DANCES WITH WOLVES?"*
I THOUGHT THAT THE *SENSITIVE* PORTRAYAL OF THE PLIGHT OF THE *AMERICAN INDIAN* WAS *SPECTACULAR* --
-- AN' WHEN THEY OFFED THAT *MUTT,* I NEAR WENT *POSTAL* IN THE *MULTI-PLEX.*
SWIIIFF
SHHKT
SO TO *COMMEMORATE* THAT *EPIC...*
...HOW'S ABOUT WE FARM A *SCALP* FER OL' KEVI?!
IT'LL LOOK GREAT HANGIN' FROM THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR OF HIS *PONTIAC...* THAT'S AN *INDIAN JAB,* SON --
NO... *THIS* IS AN INDIAN JAB.
CLOKK
HUURGK!
AND *BY* THE *WAY,* THE TERM IS *"NATIVE AMERICAN."*
OOOF!
SAFE... AND THE PALOOKAVILLE SLUGGERS GRAB THE *PENNANT...*

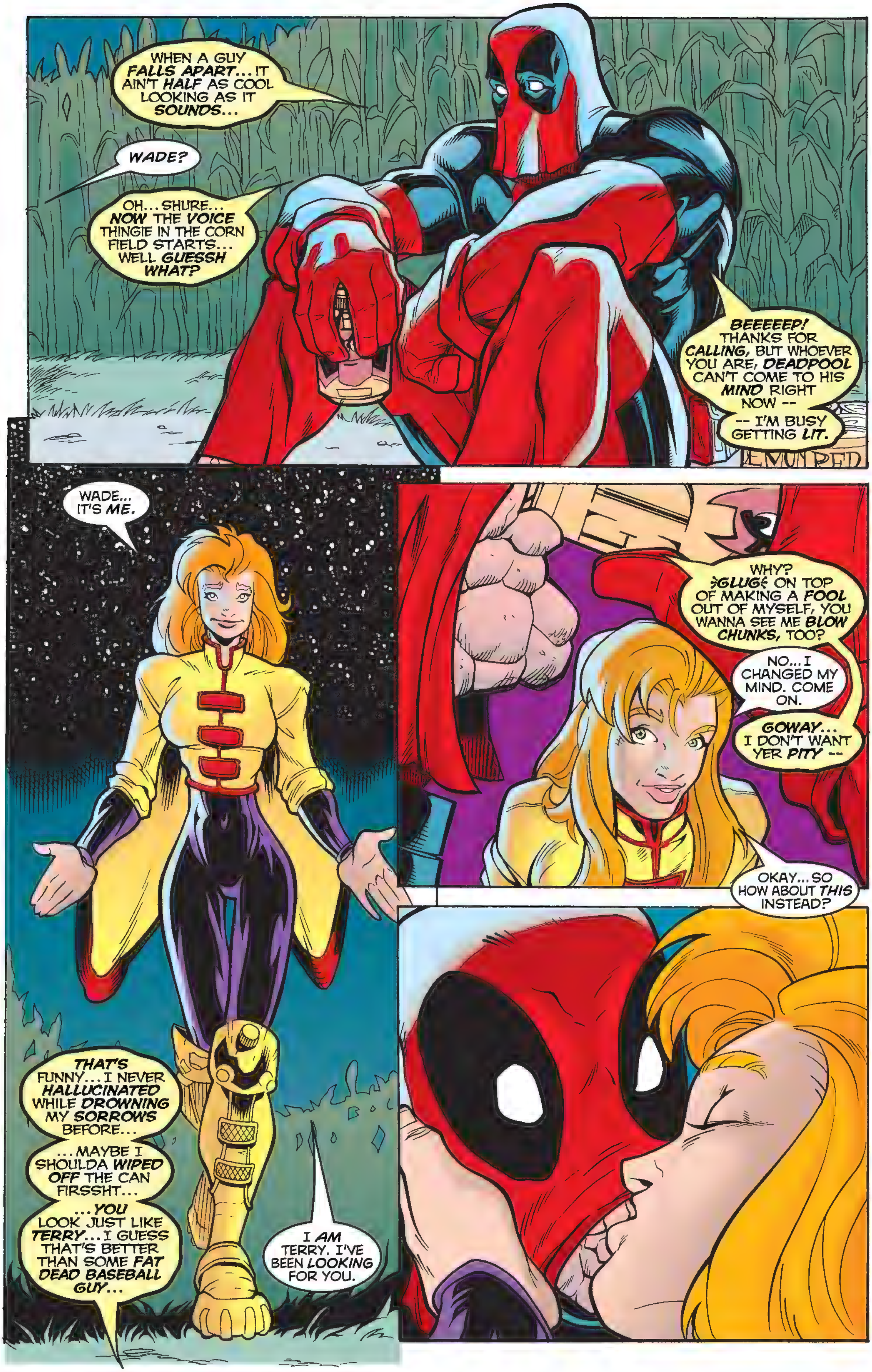

ALL YOUR TALK ABOUT HEROISM IS JUST THAT, ISN'T IT, DEADP--
EAGH!
HEY, PARK RANGER! JIMMY IS EATING THE FIELD OF DREAMS!
DON'T FILL UP ON SAND, HIAWATHA... I'M SERVING UP FIRST BASE FOR DESSERT!
SINCE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF SPORTS -- AND YOU'RE CURRENTLY BLIND AS A BAT-BOY --
FWISSSHH
-- IT'S TIME FOR OUR PLACE-KICKING DEMONSTRATION, IN HOMAGE TO YET ANOTHER COSTNER MASTERPIECE...
..."THIN CUP!"
HUT ONE! HUT TWO --
-- HIKE?
WAAAAAAOE
WHUFF!
I ALWAYS SAID THEY OUGHTA HOG-TIE THOSE IDIOTS WHO BRING AIR HORNS TO FOOTBALL GAMES --
YOU'RE LUCKY I DINNAE HIT YE FULL BLAST, YE STUPID SOD.
NO, WAIT, CUT... THE DISEMBODIED VOICE IN THE MOVIE IS SUPPOSED TO GO "IF YOU BUILD IT... JAMES EARL JONES WILL COME AND SAY, 'THIS IS CNN, BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE DARK LORD OF THE SITH ON BELL ATLANTIC...'"
ANYONE ELSE HEAR A DOORBELL RINGING?
LOOK OUT, THERESA, HE'S GOT SOME SERIOUS HARDWARE --
I KNOW WHAT HE HAS, JAMES. DO ME A FAVOR, HANDLE CROWD CONTROL WHILE I TALK TO THIS IMBECILE.
THERESA, WAIT, SHOULDN'T I RESTRAIN HIM OR --
CROWD CONTROL, JAMES... THANK YE.

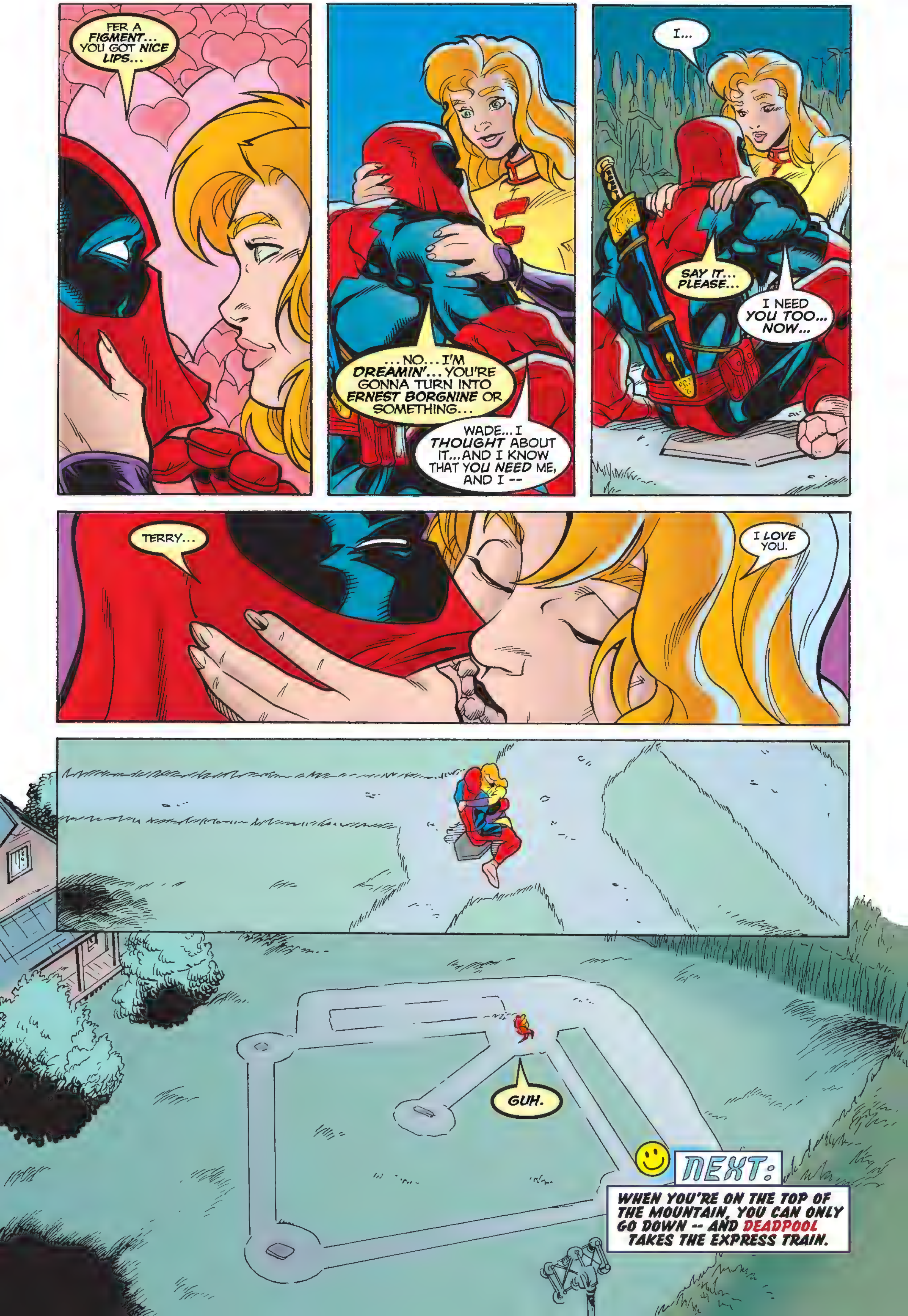

YEAH, JAMES! CROWD CONTROL! AND DON'T GO WHINING TO CABLE, EITHER! YOU WITH YOUR BIG OL' GEORGE CLOONEY-WANNABE HAIRCUT...
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU SHOWED UP WHEN YOU DID, TERRY. SAVED THE BOY FROM TOTAL EMBARRASSMENT...
...ANOTHER MINUTE AND HE WOULD'A BEEN CRYING LIKE THAT INDIAN IN THE POLLUTION COMMERCIAL --
SHUT UP, JUST -- SIGH -- WHAT THE BLAZES D'YE THINK YUIR DOING? ATTACKING JAMES LIKE THAT F'R NO REASON?
ME? ATTACK HIM? WHAT CHANNEL WERE YOU WATCHING, SISTER?
I WAS JUST OUT FOR A HEALTHY DAY OF TOURISM, MINDING MY OWN BEESWAX WHEN THAT VILLAGE PEOPLE REJECT UP AND --
EXPLAIN YUIRSELF!
WHAT D'YE WANT?!
I --
TELL ME THAT YOU... THAT YOU LIKE ME. AS A PERSON, Y'KNOW?
AS A FRIEND.
WHAT? OH, WADE, I --
NO... NO!
YUIR NOT GOING TO PULL TH' PUPPY DOG RUBBISH WITH ME THIS TIME, WILSON!
YE CAME HERE LOOKING FER MISCHIEF, AND THAT'S WHAT YE FOUND. YER PAL SIRYN ISN'T GOING TO KISS IT AND MAKE IT ALL BETTER --
WAIT! I DIDN'T WANT TO CAUSE TROUBLE -- TERRY!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU, DON'T --


TERRY, PLEASE... THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING... NOT SO GOOD THINGS... I... I NEED HELP.
I NEED YOU.
I'VE BEEN THROUGH SOME BAD THINGS, TOO, WADE. MAYBE YE TURNED ON A TELEVISION IN THE LAST MONTH AND CAUGHT A LITTLE THING CALLED ZERO TOLERANCE?
TODAY I WAS FINALLY GETTIN' ROUND T' LAYING ALL THAT T' REST...
...AND IN YOU LEAP WITH GUNS AND BLADES AND BAD JOKES AND --
...
YOU PICKED THE WRONG DAY TO SCREW UP, WADE. SORRY... BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN HELPING YE RIGHT NOW...
PICK UP YUIR OWN MESS.
WHAT?
TERRY, WAIT --
HEY! LOOK, I'M SORRY MY TIMING SUCKS, BUT THIS IS SERIOUS!
THIS ISN'T LIKE "OOH, I HAVE A ZIT BEFORE THE PROM, HELP ME POP IT," THIS IS ME LOSING MY GRIP ON --
ROURKE! I'M TALKING TO YOU! STOP!
I'LL CALL YOU WHEN... WHEN I GET SETTLED IN.
I SAID STOP! DON'T YOU DARE TURN YOUR BACK ON ME WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU!
YOU'LL STAND HERE AND LISTEN, OR SO HELP ME --
W-WADE!


... TERRY? GEEZ... I'M SORRY... I --
-- LOOK, I'M STRESSING... I WASN'T GOING TO --
OF COURSE YE WEREN'T...
...YE'D NEVER SLAP YER FRIEND, THERESA... RIGHT?
THAT'S NOT FAIR... THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO -- TERRY?
TERRY? HEY, I SAID I'M SORRY...
TERRY?
COME BACK... I... I JUST NEED TO TALK TO YOU... PLEASE...
LATER...AFTER THE INTERVIEWS OF DISORIENTED TOURISTS... THE MANHUNT IN THE CORNFIELDS... THE DROPPING OF THE SUN...
THIS IS UNIT FIFTEEN... Uh... THINGS ARE ALL SETTLED DOWN HERE AT THE PARK. NO SIGN OF THE SUSPECT...
...IT'S MIDNIGHT, I'M GONNA HEAD BACK IN.
"GUY'D BE AN IDIOT T'COME BACK HERE... MAN'S PROBABLY HALFWAY T'TIMBUKTU BY NOW..."
RRRMM
AND NOW... STAGGERING TO THE *HIK* PLATE...


SHOELESS WADE WILSON!
TOUGH LIKE ME!
I AM A SUPER-MERC DUDE! I GOT MONEY! I GET TO SHOOT GUNS WHENEVER I WANT! I GOT A BLIND BUTLER...
...AND I HAD CANCER...
...AND MY FACE IS LIKE THE BOTTOM OF A LITTER BOX...
...SO I ALSO GOT THIS HOLO-GRAPHIC GIZMO TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE EVERYONE ELSE... NORMAL...
...BUT IT DON'T WORK ON THE INSIDE...
...AN' I THINK... URP I THINK THAT I JUST WENT AND LOST THE ONLY THING KEEPING ME FEELING LIKE A HUMAN BEING...
...A WOMAN, OF COURSH... SEE HOW IT ALL WRAPS UP..?
PLEASE, LADIESH AND GERMSH... YOU CAN STOP THROWING YOR OLD SKIPS ONTO THE FIELD, NOW...
HELLO, URP WOODCHUCK. I LOVED YOU IN HIK CADDYSHACK...
SQUEEE?
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, PAL... WOMENS! THEY'LL RUIN YA, CHUCKKY-BABY! SO YA GOTTA SHTAY TOUGH!
BAH! GO ON, CHUCK! GO BACK TO YER BUCKED-TOOTHED WIFE AND BUCKED-TOOTH KIDS!
THERE'SH NOTHING TO HIK SEE HERE...
YEEP YEEP
DEN
EER
SELEC


WHEN A GUY FALLS APART... IT AIN'T HALF AS COOL LOOKING AS IT SOUNDS...
WADE?
OH... SHURE... NOW THE VOICE THINGIE IN THE CORN FIELD STARTS... WELL GUESSH WHAT?
BEEEEEP! THANKS FOR CALLING, BUT WHOEVER YOU ARE, DEADPOOL CAN'T COME TO HIS MIND RIGHT NOW --
-- I'M BUSY GETTING LIT.
WADE... IT'S ME.
THAT'S FUNNY... I NEVER HALLUCINATED WHILE DROWNING MY SORROWS BEFORE...
...MAYBE I SHOULDA WIPED OFF THE CAN FIRSSHT...
...YOU LOOK JUST LIKE TERRY... I GUESS THAT'S BETTER THAN SOME FAT DEAD BASEBALL GUY...
I AM TERRY. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU.
WHY? ≶GLUG≶ ON TOP OF MAKING A FOOL OUT OF MYSELF, YOU WANNA SEE ME BLOW CHUNKS, TOO?
NO... I CHANGED MY MIND. COME ON.
GOWAY... I DON'T WANT YER PITY --
OKAY... SO HOW ABOUT THIS INSTEAD?


FER A *FIGMENT*... YOU GOT *NICE LIPS*...
...NO... I'M *DREAMIN'*... YOU'RE GONNA TURN INTO *ERNEST BORGNINE* OR SOMETHING...
WADE... I *THOUGHT* ABOUT IT... AND I KNOW THAT *YOU NEED* ME, AND I --
I...
SAY IT... PLEASE...
I NEED *YOU TOO*... *NOW*...
TERRY...
I *LOVE* YOU.
GUH.
NEXT:
WHEN YOU'RE ON THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN, YOU CAN ONLY GO DOWN -- AND DEADPOOL TAKES THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

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DEADPOOL
DROWNING MAN pt. 2
FEATURING
The ANGST-RIDDEN AL!
The WHINY WEASEL!
The GERIATRIC GERRY!
The DOGGY, Deuce!
KELLY
WOODS
MASSENGILL
WONG
You'll See HOW LOW A MAN CAN Go!

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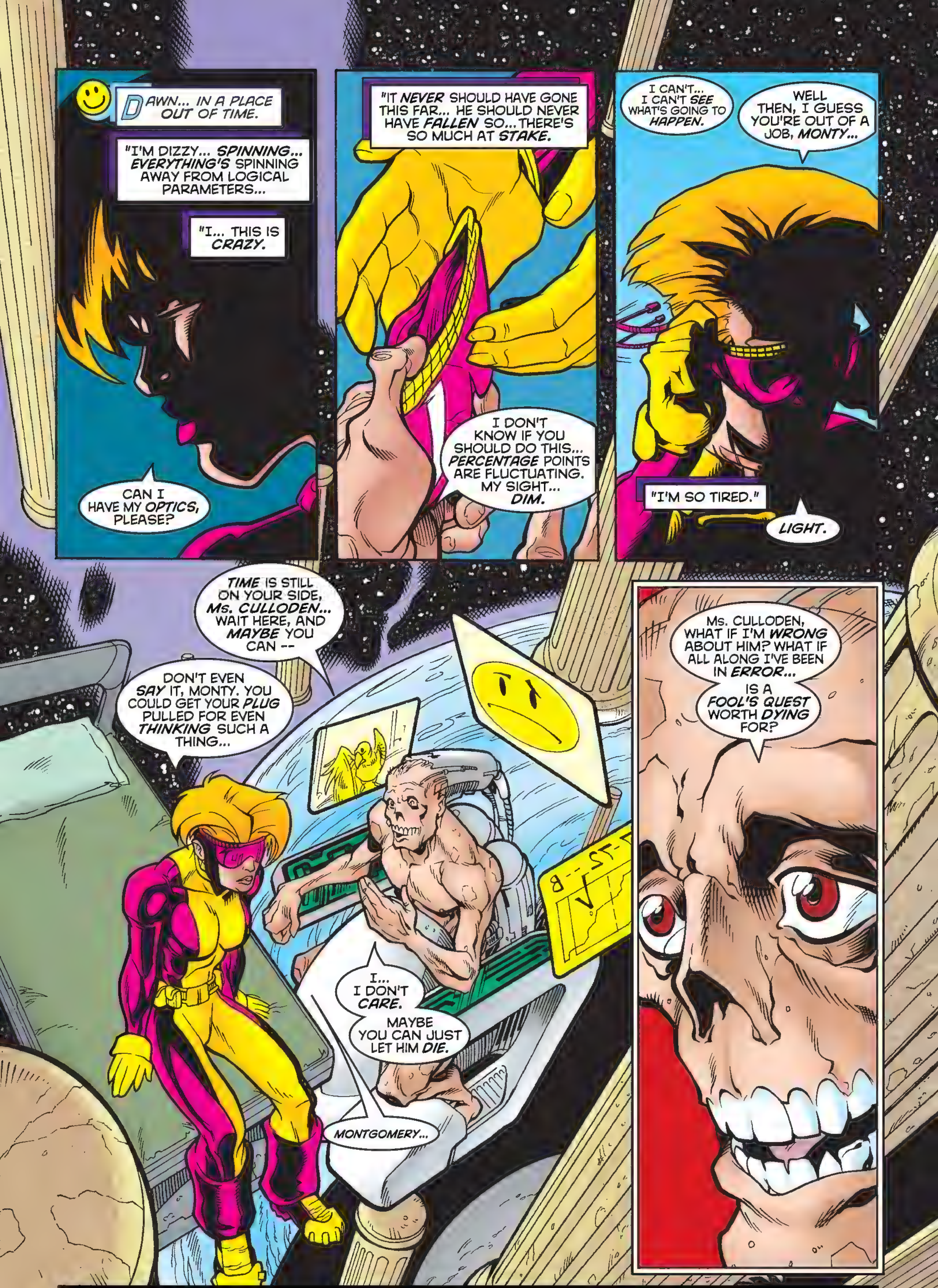
DAWN... IN A PLACE OUT OF TIME.
"I'M DIZZY... SPINNING... EVERYTHING'S SPINNING AWAY FROM LOGICAL PARAMETERS...
"I... THIS IS CRAZY.
CAN I HAVE MY OPTICS, PLEASE?
"IT NEVER SHOULD HAVE GONE THIS FAR... HE SHOULD NEVER HAVE FALLEN SO... THERE'S SO MUCH AT STAKE.
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU SHOULD DO THIS... PERCENTAGE POINTS ARE FLUCTUATING. MY SIGHT... DIM.
I CAN'T... I CAN'T SEE WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.
WELL THEN, I GUESS YOU'RE OUT OF A JOB, MONTY...
"I'M SO TIRED."
LIGHT.
TIME IS STILL ON YOUR SIDE, Ms. CULLODEN... WAIT HERE, AND MAYBE YOU CAN --
DON'T EVEN SAY IT, MONTY. YOU COULD GET YOUR PLUG PULLED FOR EVEN THINKING SUCH A THING...
I... I DON'T CARE. MAYBE YOU CAN JUST LET HIM DIE.
MONTGOMERY...
Ms. CULLODEN, WHAT IF I'M WRONG ABOUT HIM? WHAT IF ALL ALONG I'VE BEEN IN ERROR...
IS A FOOL'S QUEST WORTH DYING FOR?

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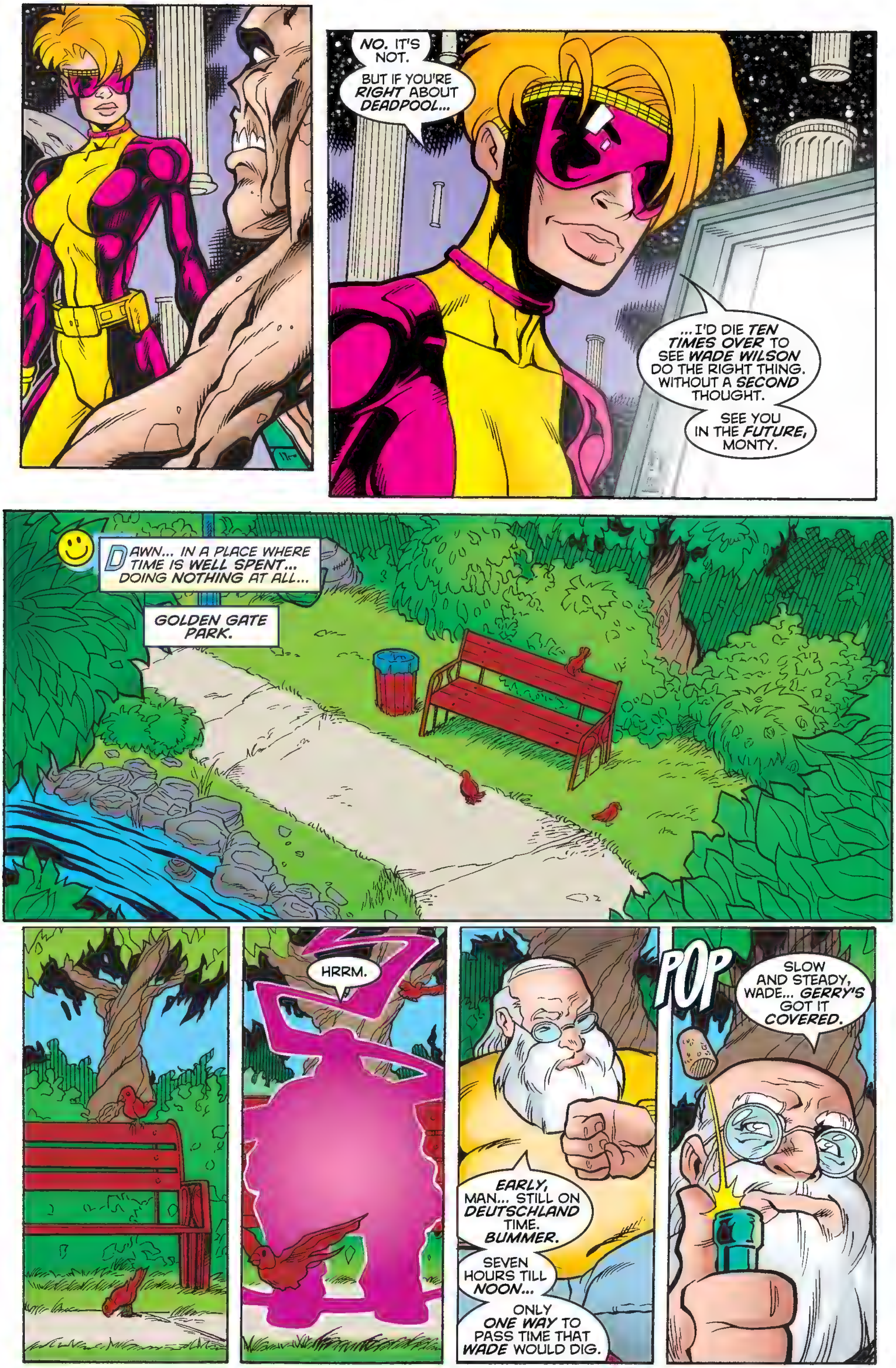
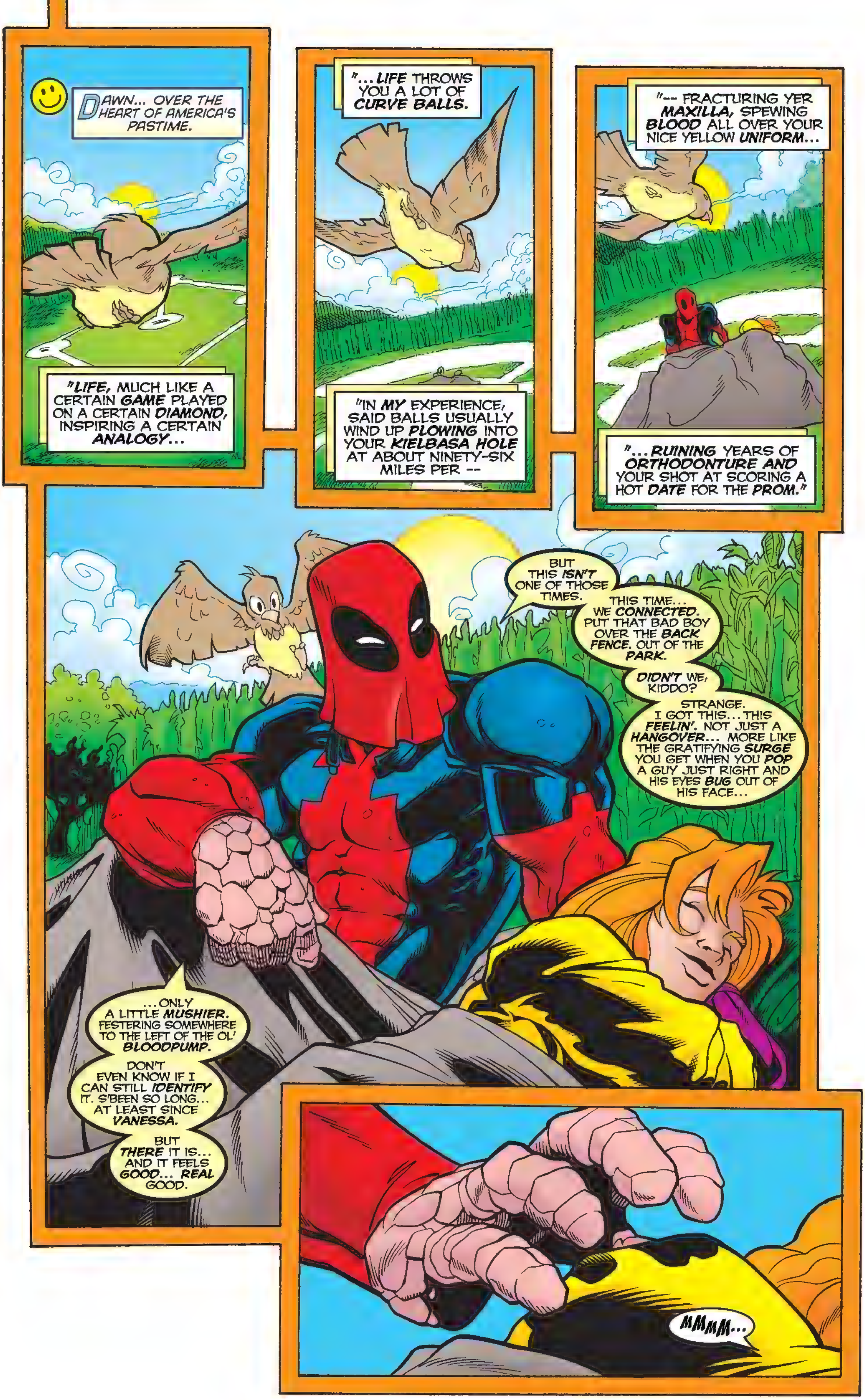
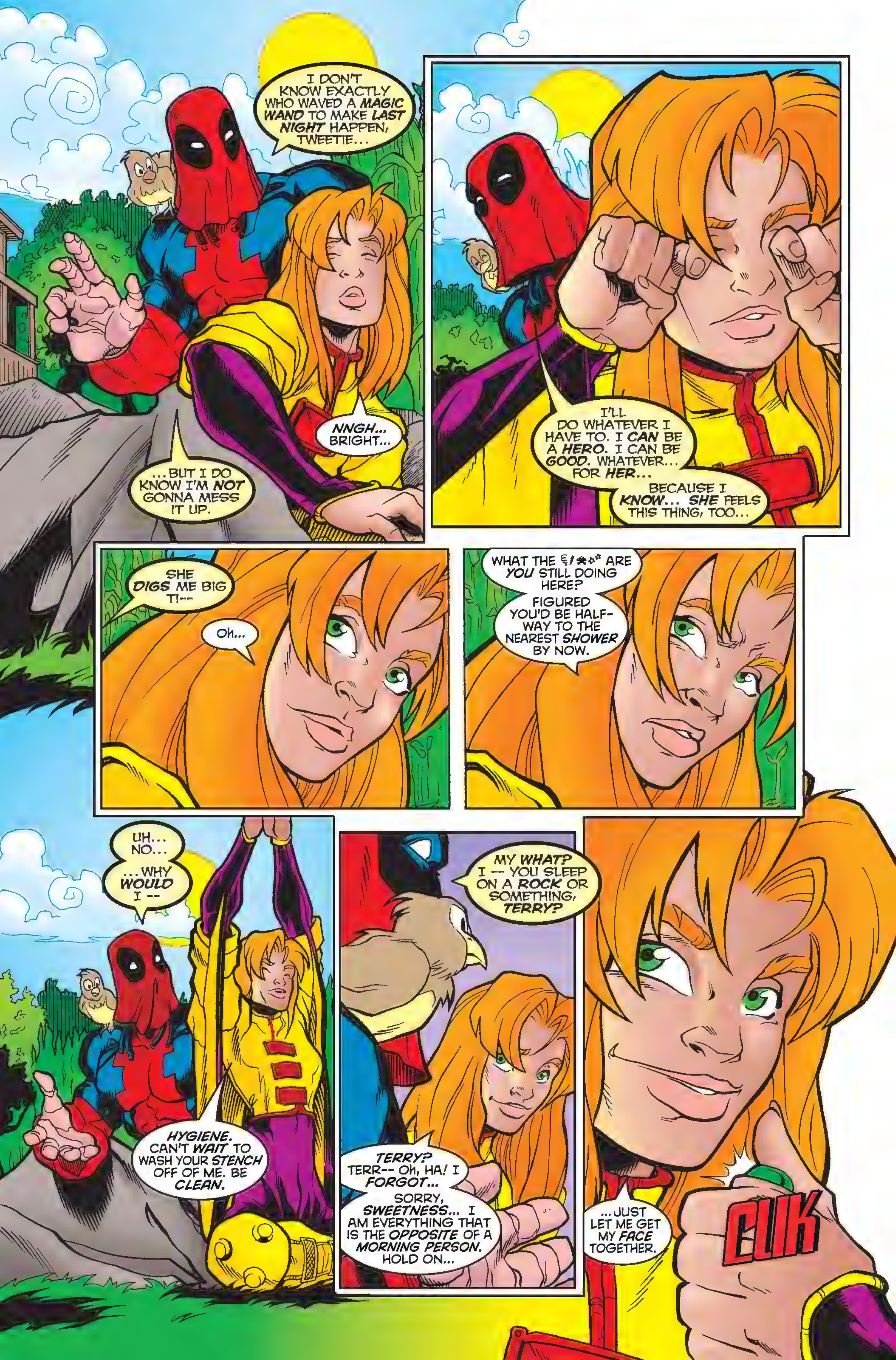
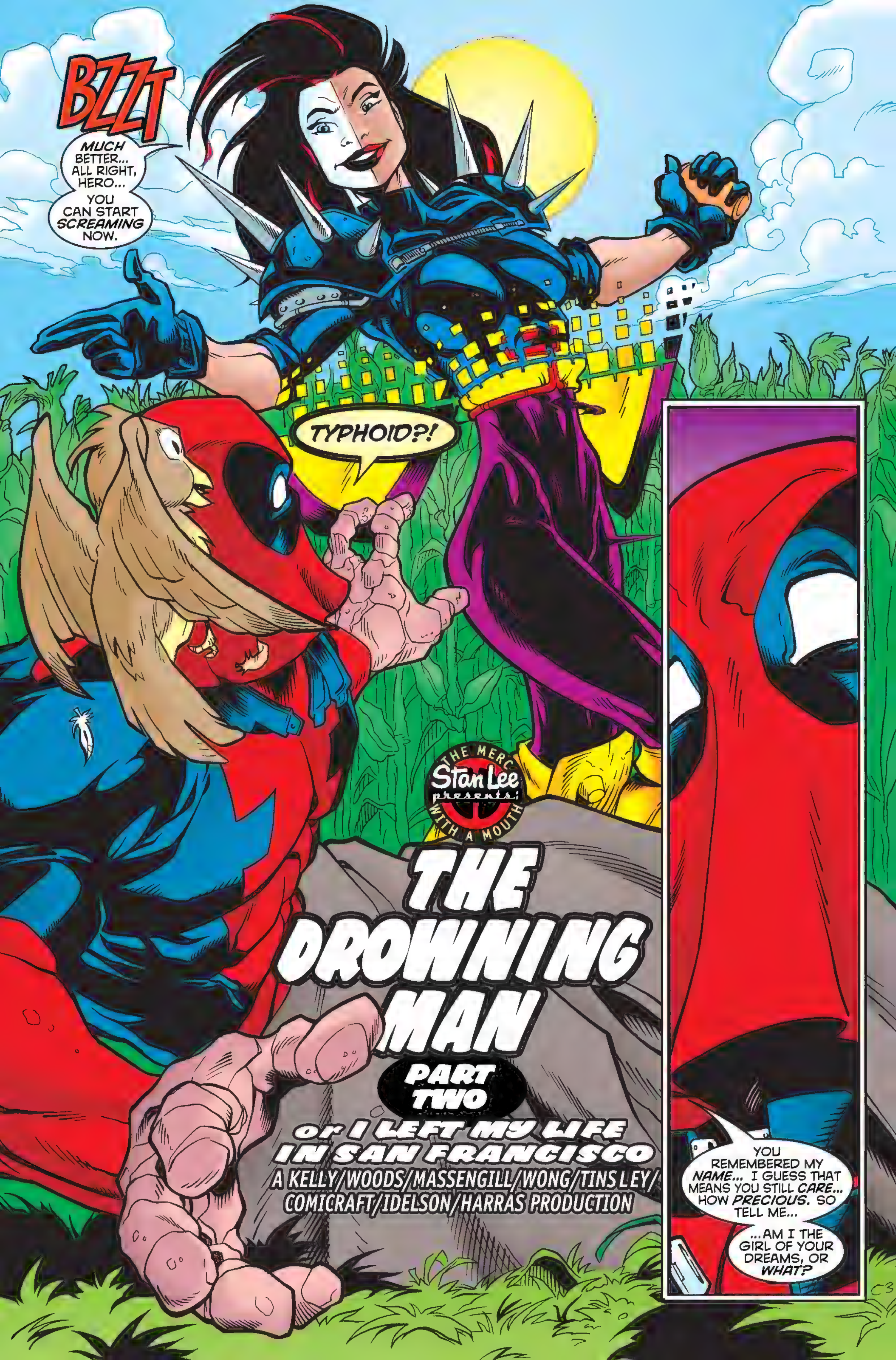
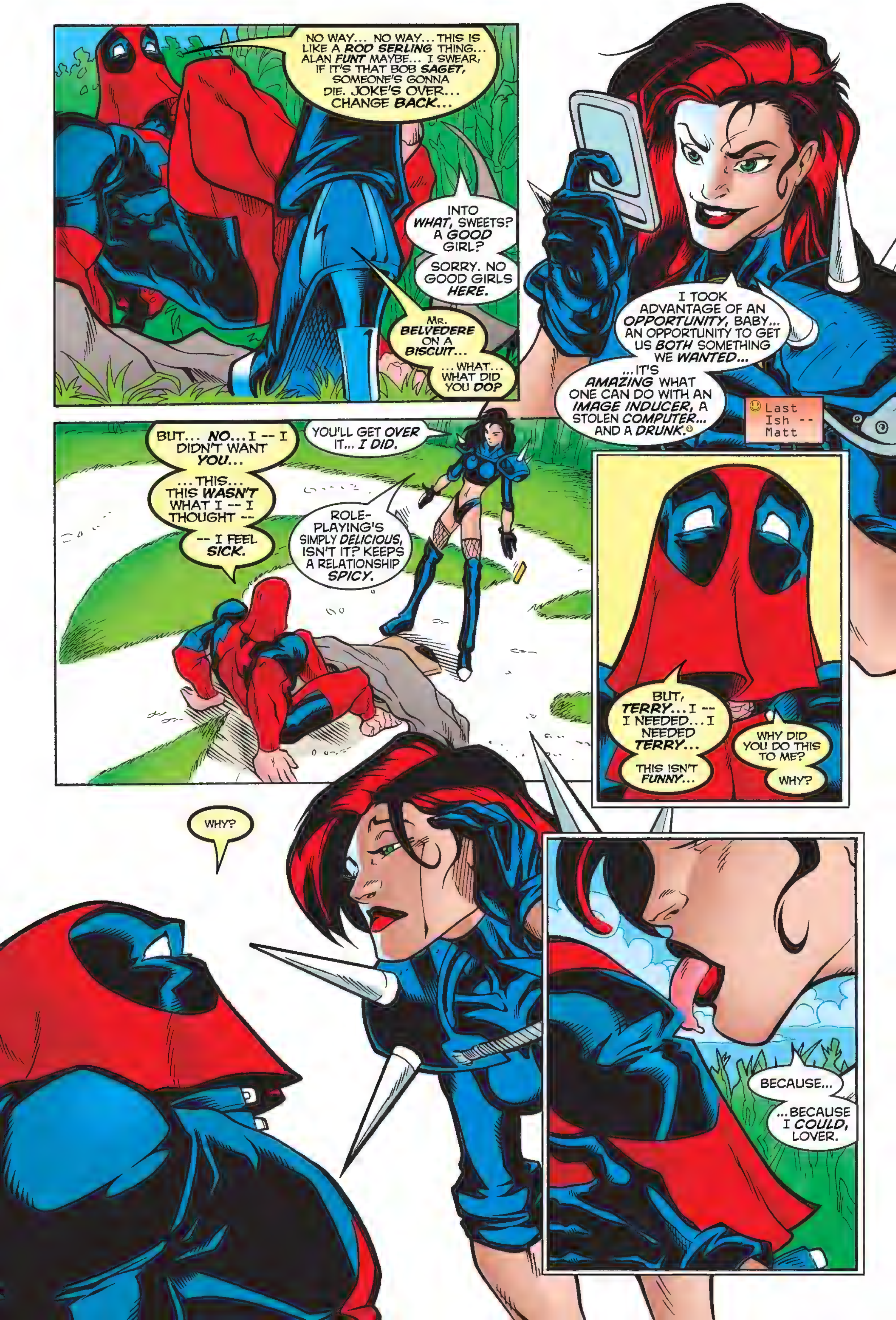
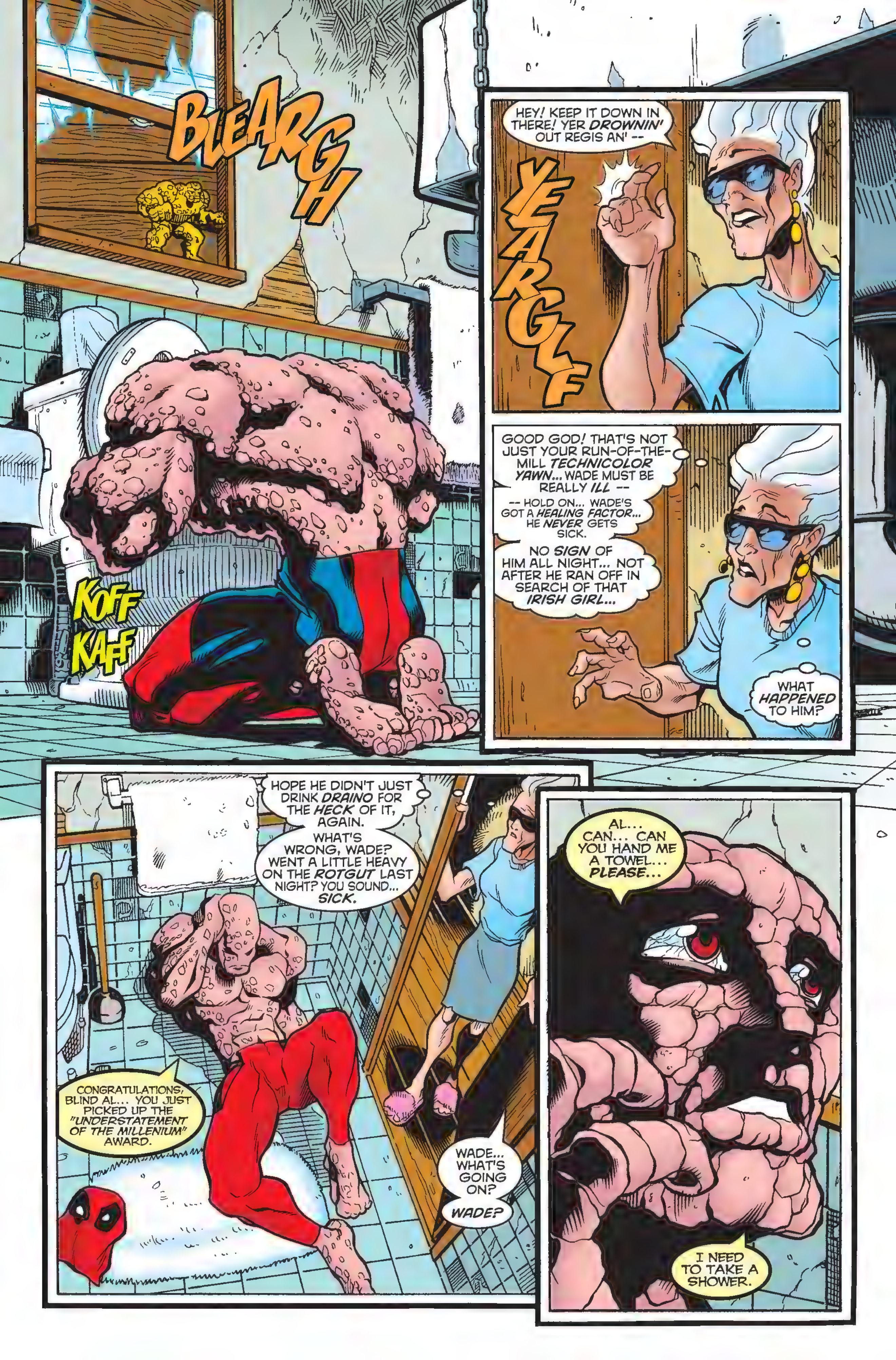

NO. IT'S NOT.
BUT IF YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT DEADPOOL...
...I'D DIE TEN TIMES OVER TO SEE WADE WILSON DO THE RIGHT THING. WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT.
SEE YOU IN THE FUTURE, MONTY.
DAWN... IN A PLACE WHERE TIME IS WELL SPENT... DOING NOTHING AT ALL...
GOLDEN GATE PARK.
HRRM.
EARLY, MAN... STILL ON DEUTSCHLAND TIME. BUMMER.
SEVEN HOURS TILL NOON...
ONLY ONE WAY TO PASS TIME THAT WADE WOULD DIG.
POP
SLOW AND STEADY, WADE... GERRY'S GOT IT COVERED.

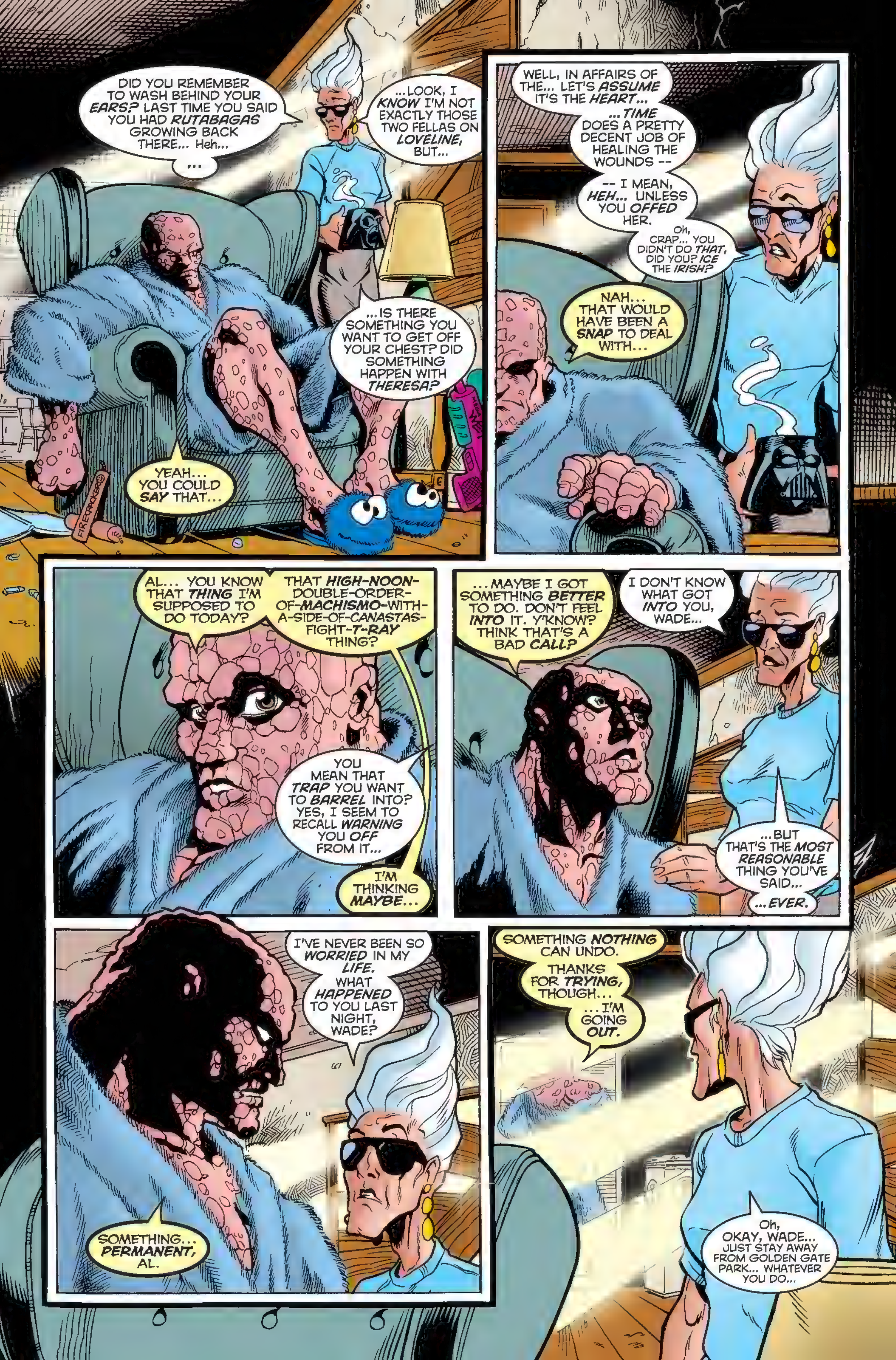

DAWN... OVER THE HEART OF AMERICA'S PASTIME.
"LIFE, MUCH LIKE A CERTAIN GAME PLAYED ON A CERTAIN DIAMOND, INSPIRING A CERTAIN ANALOGY...
"...LIFE THROWS YOU A LOT OF CURVE BALLS.
"IN MY EXPERIENCE, SAID BALLS USUALLY WIND UP PLOWING INTO YOUR KIELBASA HOLE AT ABOUT NINETY-SIX MILES PER --
"-- FRACTURING YER MAXILLA, SPEWING BLOOD ALL OVER YOUR NICE YELLOW UNIFORM...
"...RUINING YEARS OF ORTHODONTURE AND YOUR SHOT AT SCORING A HOT DATE FOR THE PROM."
BUT THIS ISN'T ONE OF THOSE TIMES.
THIS TIME... WE CONNECTED. PUT THAT BAD BOY OVER THE BACK FENCE. OUT OF THE PARK.
DIDN'T WE, KIDDO?
STRANGE. I GOT THIS... THIS FEELIN'. NOT JUST A HANGOVER... MORE LIKE THE GRATIFYING SURGE YOU GET WHEN YOU POP A GUY JUST RIGHT AND HIS EYES BUG OUT OF HIS FACE...
...ONLY A LITTLE MUSHIER. FESTERING SOMEWHERE TO THE LEFT OF THE OL' BLOODPUMP.
DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I CAN STILL IDENTIFY IT. S'BEEN SO LONG... AT LEAST SINCE VANESSA.
BUT THERE IT IS... AND IT FEELS GOOD... REAL GOOD.
MMMM...

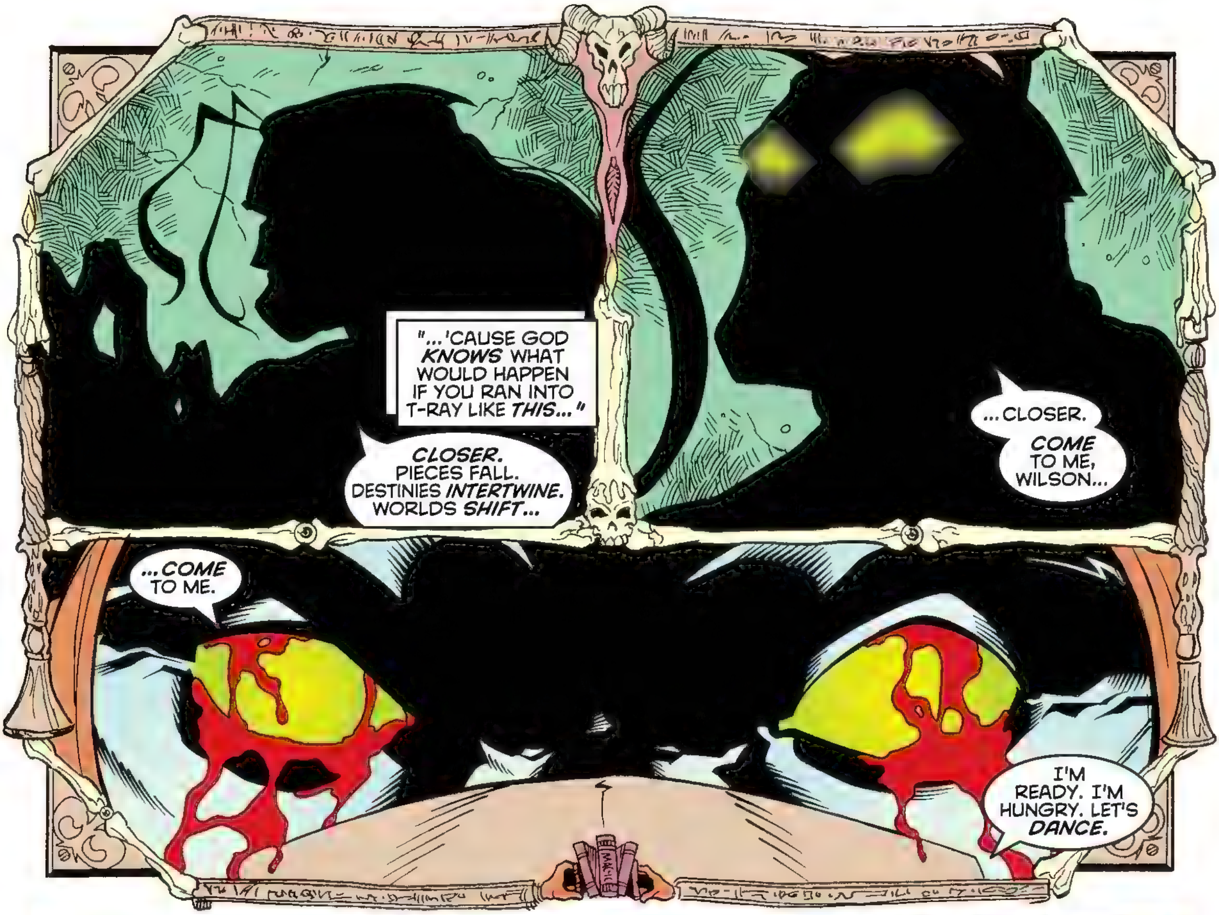

I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHO WAVED A MAGIC WAND TO MAKE LAST NIGHT HAPPEN, TWEETIE...
NNGH... BRIGHT...
...BUT I DO KNOW I'M NOT GONNA MESS IT UP.
I'LL DO WHATEVER I HAVE TO. I CAN BE A HERO. I CAN BE GOOD. WHATEVER... FOR HER...
BECAUSE I KNOW... SHE FEELS THIS THING, TOO...
SHE DIGS ME BIG T!--
Oh...
WHAT THE ୡ/☠✲* ARE YOU STILL DOING HERE?
FIGURED YOU'D BE HALF-WAY TO THE NEAREST SHOWER BY NOW.
UH... NO...
...WHY WOULD I --
HYGIENE. CAN'T WAIT TO WASH YOUR STENCH OFF OF ME. BE CLEAN.
MY WHAT? I -- YOU SLEEP ON A ROCK OR SOMETHING, TERRY?
TERRY? TERR-- Oh, HA! I FORGOT...
SORRY, SWEETNESS... I AM EVERYTHING THAT IS THE OPPOSITE OF A MORNING PERSON. HOLD ON...
...JUST LET ME GET MY FACE TOGETHER.
CLIK

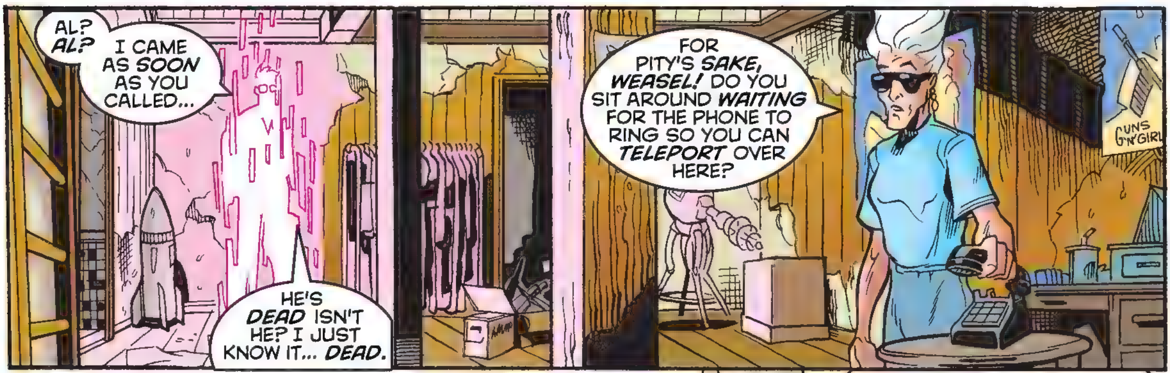

BZZT
MUCH BETTER... ALL RIGHT, HERO... YOU CAN START *SCREAMING* NOW.
TYPHOID?!
THE MERC WITH A MOUTH
Stan Lee presents:
THE DROWNING MAN
PART TWO
or I LEFT MY LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO
A KELLY/WOODS/MASSENGILL/WONG/TINSLEY/COMICRAFT/IDELSON/HARRAS PRODUCTION
YOU REMEMBERED MY *NAME*... I GUESS THAT MEANS YOU STILL *CARE*... HOW *PRECIOUS.* SO TELL ME...
...AM I THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS, OR *WHAT?*

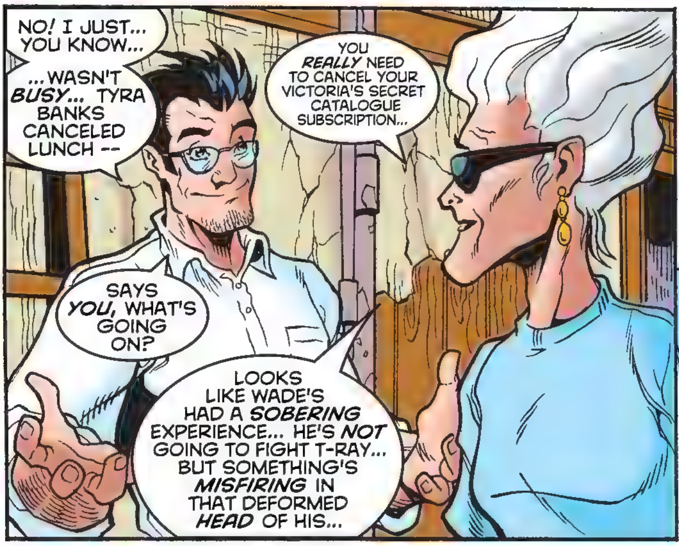

NO WAY... NO WAY... THIS IS LIKE A ROD SERLING THING... ALAN FUNT MAYBE... I SWEAR, IF IT'S THAT BOB SAGET, SOMEONE'S GONNA DIE. JOKE'S OVER... CHANGE BACK...
INTO WHAT, SWEETS? A GOOD GIRL?
SORRY. NO GOOD GIRLS HERE.
MR. BELVEDERE ON A BISCUIT...
...WHAT... WHAT DID YOU DO?
I TOOK ADVANTAGE OF AN OPPORTUNITY, BABY... AN OPPORTUNITY TO GET US BOTH SOMETHING WE WANTED...
...IT'S AMAZING WHAT ONE CAN DO WITH AN IMAGE INDUCER, A STOLEN COMPUTER... AND A DRUNK.
Last Ish -- Matt
BUT... NO... I -- I DIDN'T WANT YOU...
...THIS... THIS WASN'T WHAT I -- I THOUGHT --
-- I FEEL SICK.
YOU'LL GET OVER IT... I DID.
ROLE-PLAYING'S SIMPLY DELICIOUS, ISN'T IT? KEEPS A RELATIONSHIP SPICY.
BUT, TERRY... I -- I NEEDED... I NEEDED TERRY...
THIS ISN'T FUNNY...
WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME?
WHY?
WHY?
BECAUSE...
...BECAUSE I COULD, LOVER.

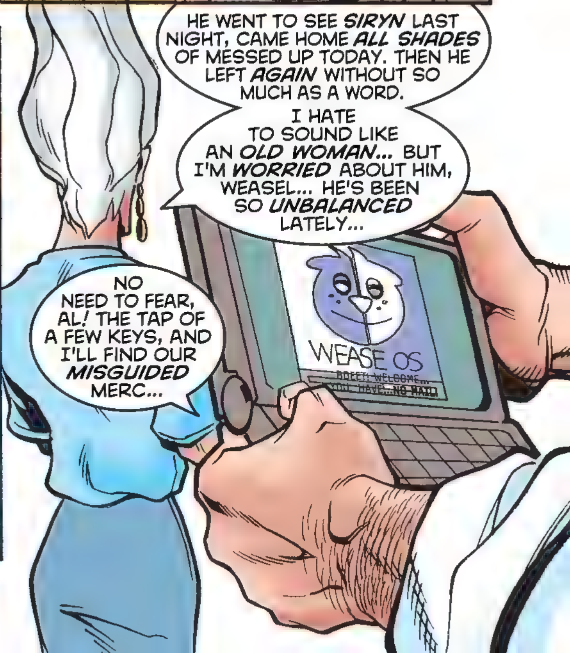

BLEARGH
HEY! KEEP IT DOWN IN THERE! YER *DROWNIN'* OUT REGIS AN' --
YEARGLF
KOFF
KAFF
GOOD GOD! THAT'S NOT JUST YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL *TECHNICOLOR YAWN*... WADE MUST BE REALLY *ILL* --
-- HOLD ON... WADE'S GOT A *HEALING FACTOR*... HE *NEVER* GETS SICK.
NO *SIGN* OF HIM ALL NIGHT... NOT AFTER HE RAN OFF IN SEARCH OF THAT *IRISH GIRL*...
WHAT *HAPPENED* TO HIM?
HOPE HE DIDN'T JUST DRINK *DRAINO* FOR THE *HECK* OF IT, AGAIN.
WHAT'S WRONG, WADE? WENT A LITTLE HEAVY ON THE *ROTGUT* LAST NIGHT? YOU SOUND... *SICK*.
CONGRATULATIONS, BLIND AL... YOU JUST PICKED UP THE *"UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE MILLENIUM"* AWARD.
WADE... WHAT'S GOING ON? *WADE?*
AL... CAN... CAN YOU HAND ME A TOWEL... *PLEASE*...
I NEED TO TAKE A SHOWER.

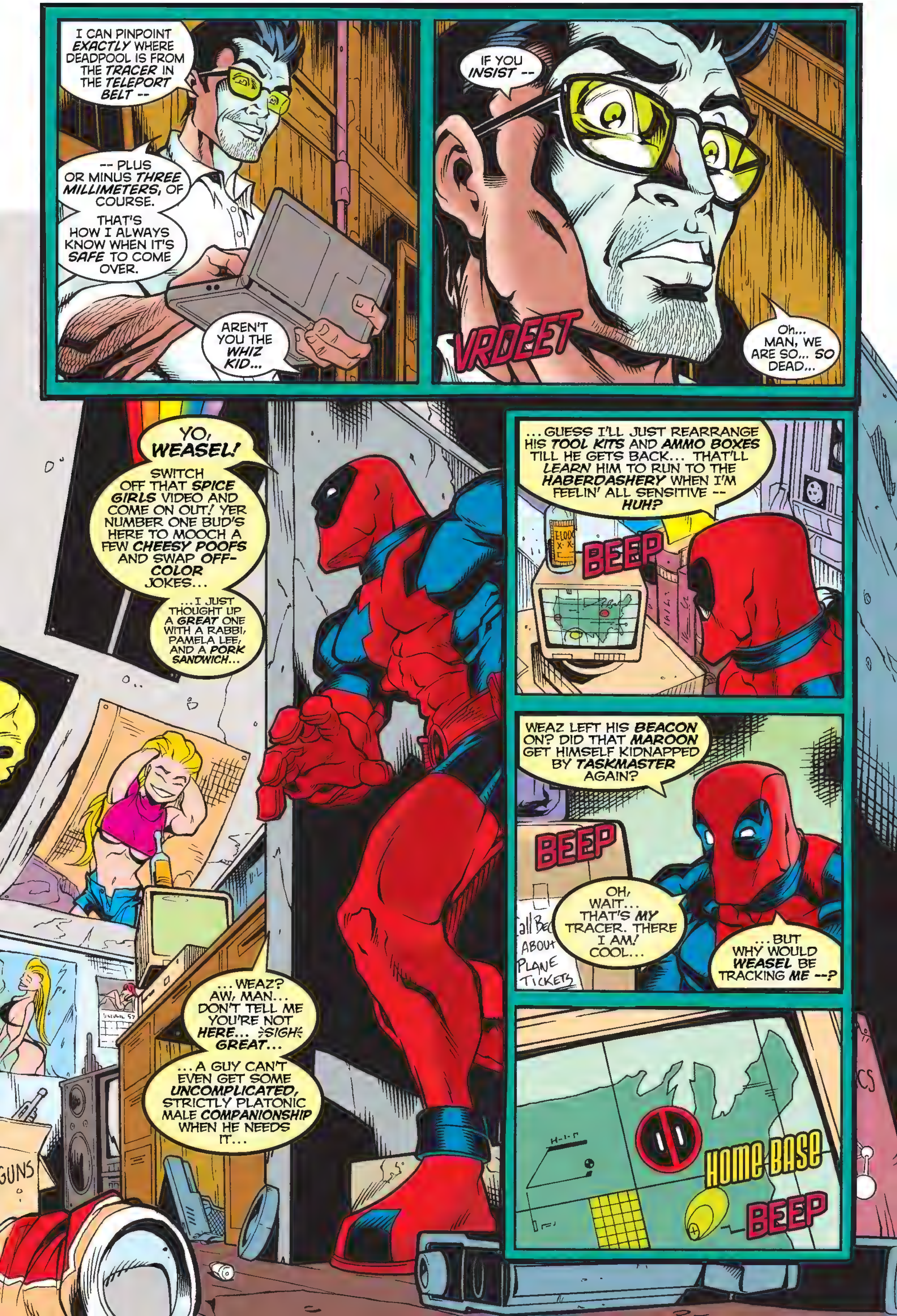

DID YOU REMEMBER TO WASH BEHIND YOUR EARS? LAST TIME YOU SAID YOU HAD RUTABAGAS GROWING BACK THERE... Heh...
...
...LOOK, I KNOW I'M NOT EXACTLY THOSE TWO FELLAS ON LOVELINE, BUT...
...IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO GET OFF YOUR CHEST? DID SOMETHING HAPPEN WITH THERESA?
YEAH... YOU COULD SAY THAT...
FIRECRACKER
WELL, IN AFFAIRS OF THE... LET'S ASSUME IT'S THE HEART...
...TIME DOES A PRETTY DECENT JOB OF HEALING THE WOUNDS --
-- I MEAN, HEH... UNLESS YOU OFFED HER.
Oh, CRAP... YOU DIDN'T DO THAT, DID YOU? ICE THE IRISH?
NAH... THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A SNAP TO DEAL WITH...
AL... YOU KNOW THAT THING I'M SUPPOSED TO DO TODAY?
THAT HIGH-NOON-DOUBLE-ORDER-OF-MACHISMO-WITH-A-SIDE-OF-CANASTAS-FIGHT-T-RAY THING?
YOU MEAN THAT TRAP YOU WANT TO BARREL INTO? YES, I SEEM TO RECALL WARNING YOU OFF FROM IT...
I'M THINKING MAYBE...
...MAYBE I GOT SOMETHING BETTER TO DO. DON'T FEEL INTO IT. Y'KNOW? THINK THAT'S A BAD CALL?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT INTO YOU, WADE...
...BUT THAT'S THE MOST REASONABLE THING YOU'VE SAID...
...EVER.
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO WORRIED IN MY LIFE. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU LAST NIGHT, WADE?
SOMETHING... PERMANENT, AL.
SOMETHING NOTHING CAN UNDO.
THANKS FOR TRYING, THOUGH...
...I'M GOING OUT.
Oh, OKAY, WADE... JUST STAY AWAY FROM GOLDEN GATE PARK... WHATEVER YOU DO...

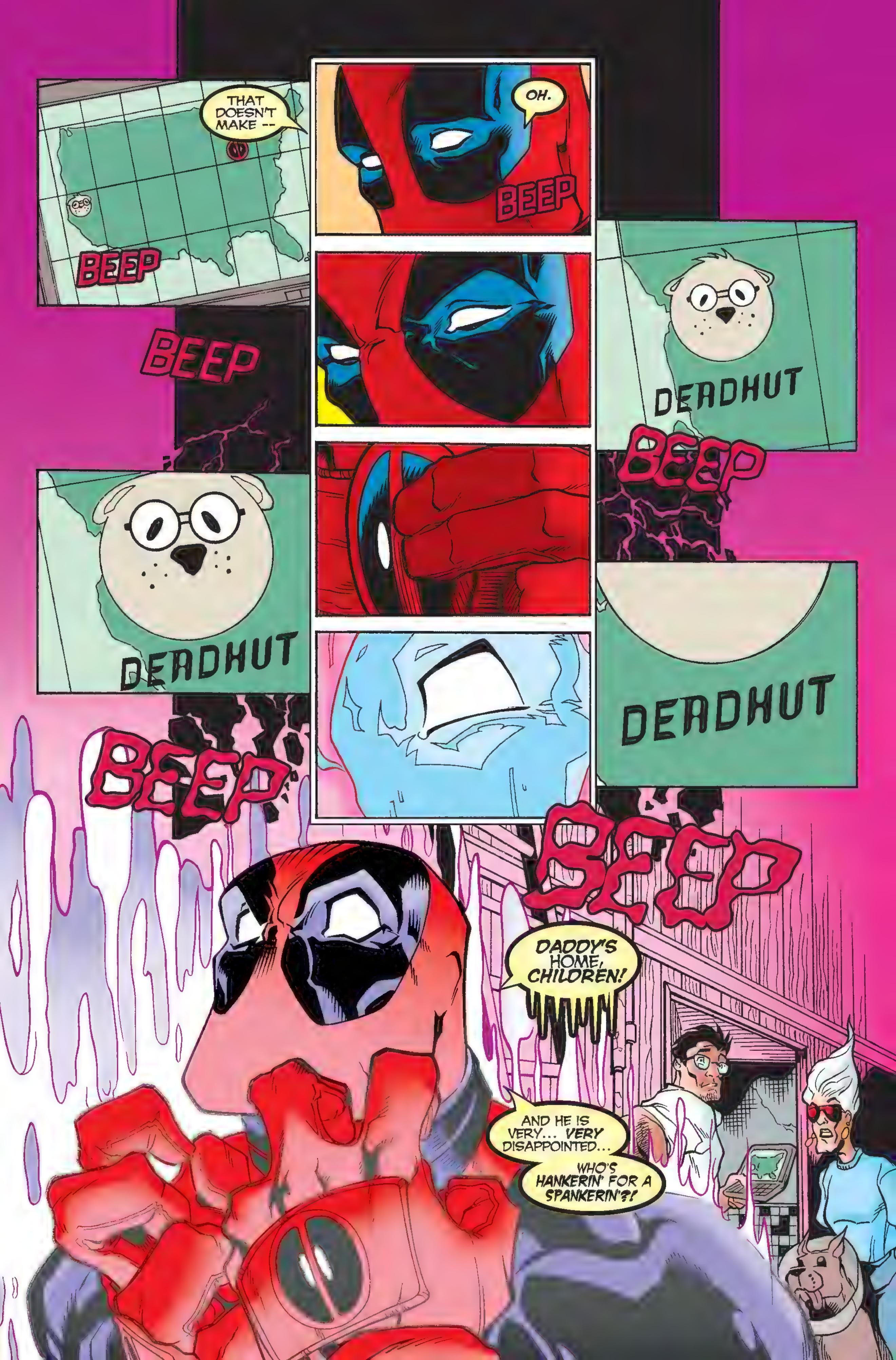

"...'CAUSE GOD *KNOWS* WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU RAN INTO T-RAY LIKE *THIS...*"
CLOSER. PIECES FALL. DESTINIES *INTERTWINE.* WORLDS *SHIFT...*
...CLOSER. *COME* TO ME, WILSON...
...COME TO ME.
I'M READY. I'M HUNGRY. LET'S *DANCE.*

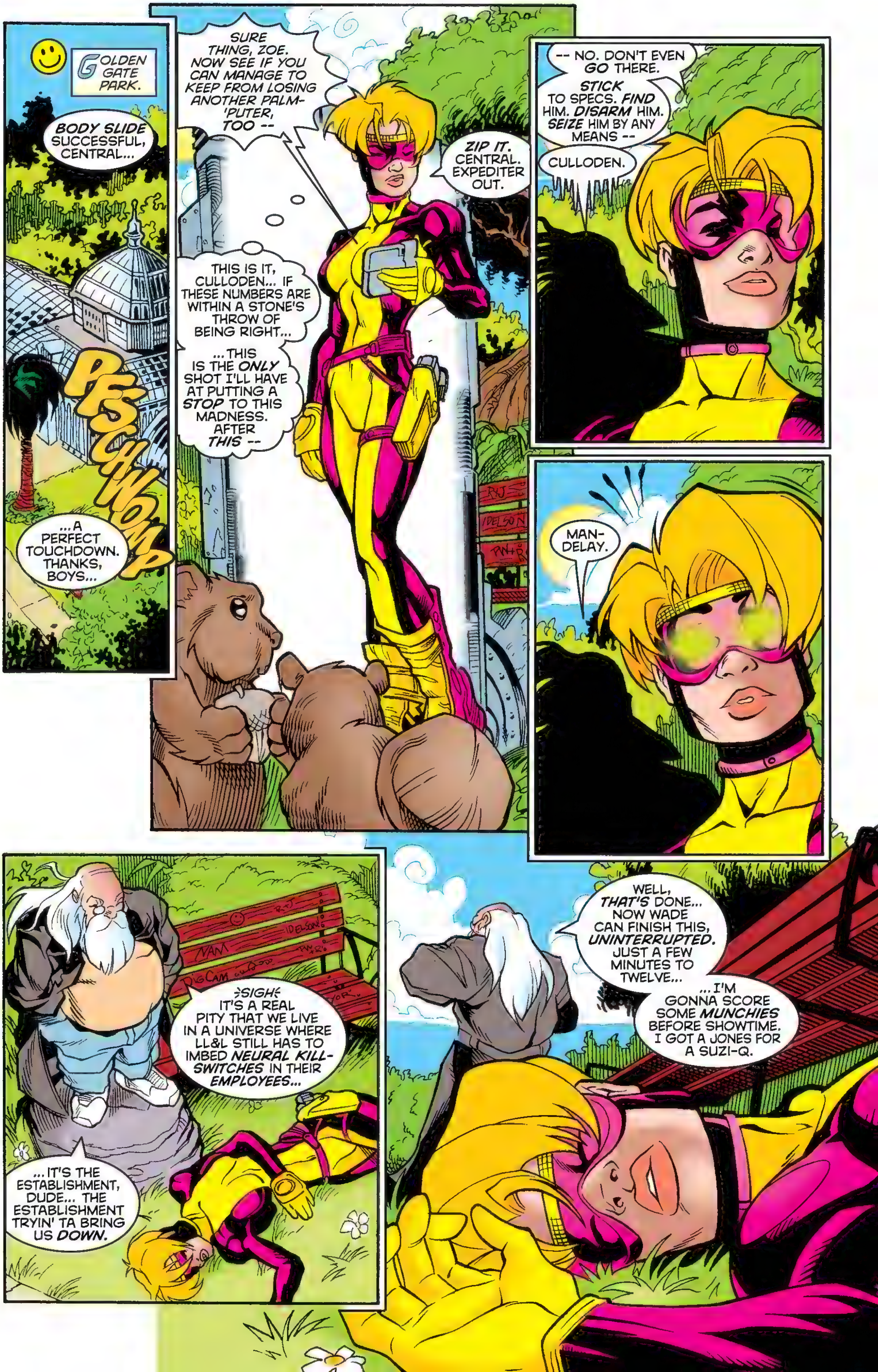

AL? *AL?* I CAME AS *SOON* AS YOU CALLED...
HE'S *DEAD* ISN'T HE? I JUST KNOW IT... *DEAD.*
FOR PITY'S *SAKE, WEASEL!* DO YOU SIT AROUND *WAITING* FOR THE PHONE TO RING SO YOU CAN *TELEPORT* OVER HERE?
UNS 'N' GIRL

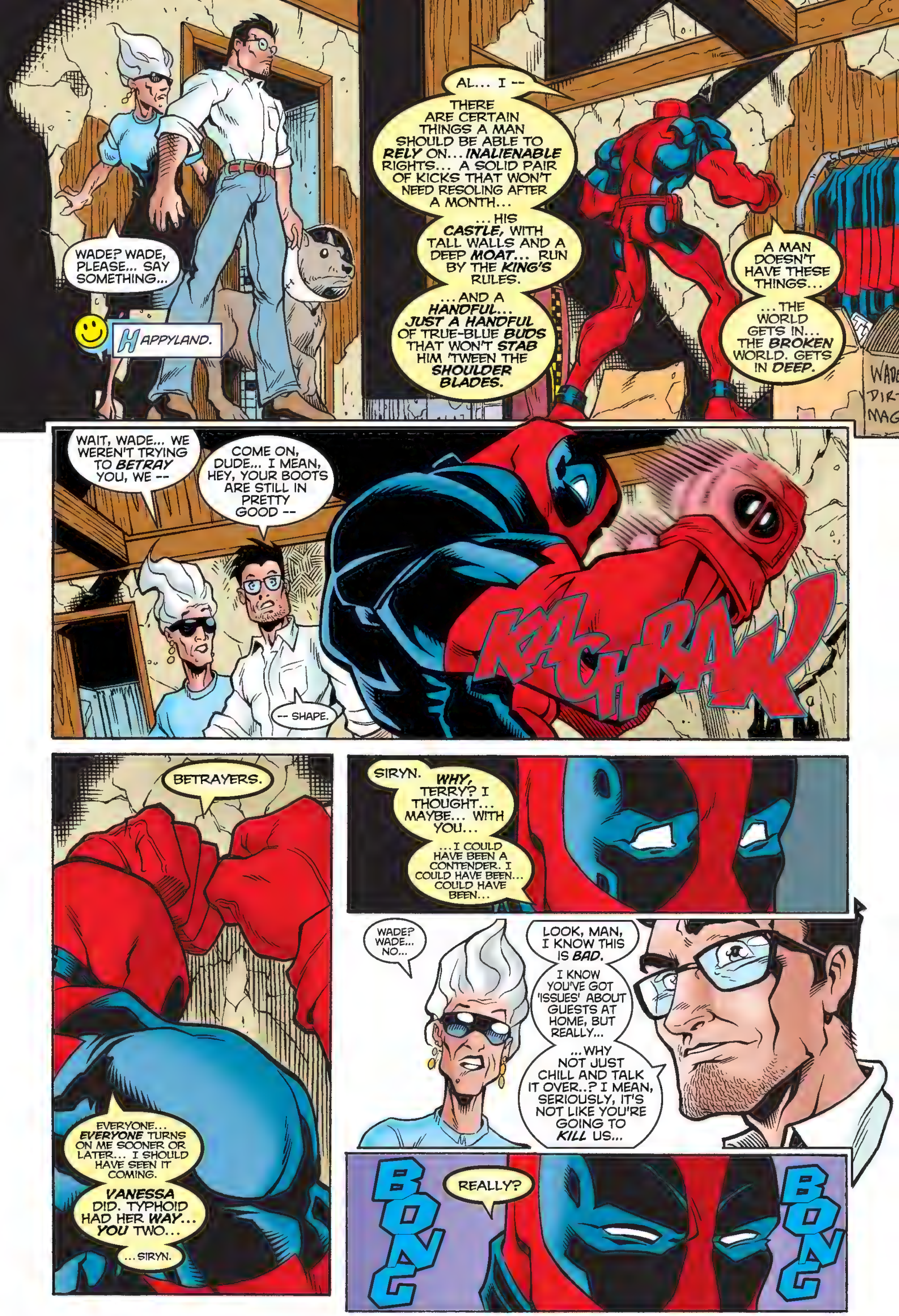

NO! I JUST... YOU KNOW...
...WASN'T *BUSY...* TYRA BANKS CANCELED LUNCH --
YOU *REALLY* NEED TO CANCEL YOUR VICTORIA'S SECRET CATALOGUE SUBSCRIPTION...
SAYS *YOU,* WHAT'S GOING ON?
LOOKS LIKE WADE'S HAD A *SOBERING* EXPERIENCE... HE'S *NOT* GOING TO FIGHT T-RAY... BUT SOMETHING'S *MISFIRING* IN THAT DEFORMED *HEAD* OF HIS...

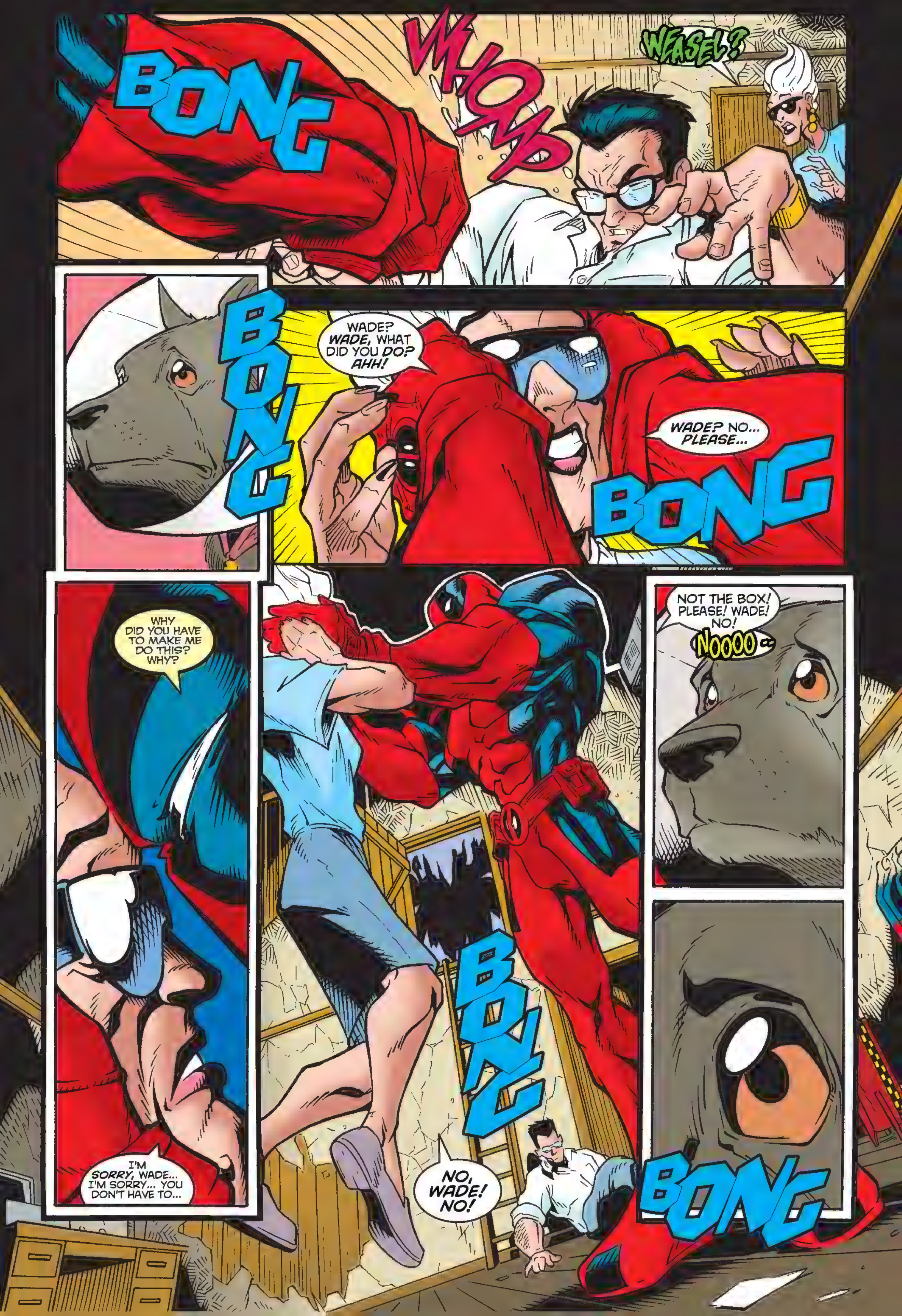

HE WENT TO SEE *SIRYN* LAST NIGHT, CAME HOME *ALL SHADES* OF MESSED UP TODAY. THEN HE LEFT *AGAIN* WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A WORD.
I HATE TO SOUND LIKE AN *OLD WOMAN...* BUT I'M *WORRIED* ABOUT HIM, WEASEL... HE'S BEEN SO *UNBALANCED* LATELY...
NO NEED TO FEAR, AL*!* THE TAP OF A FEW KEYS, AND I'LL FIND OUR *MISGUIDED* MERC...
WEASE OS

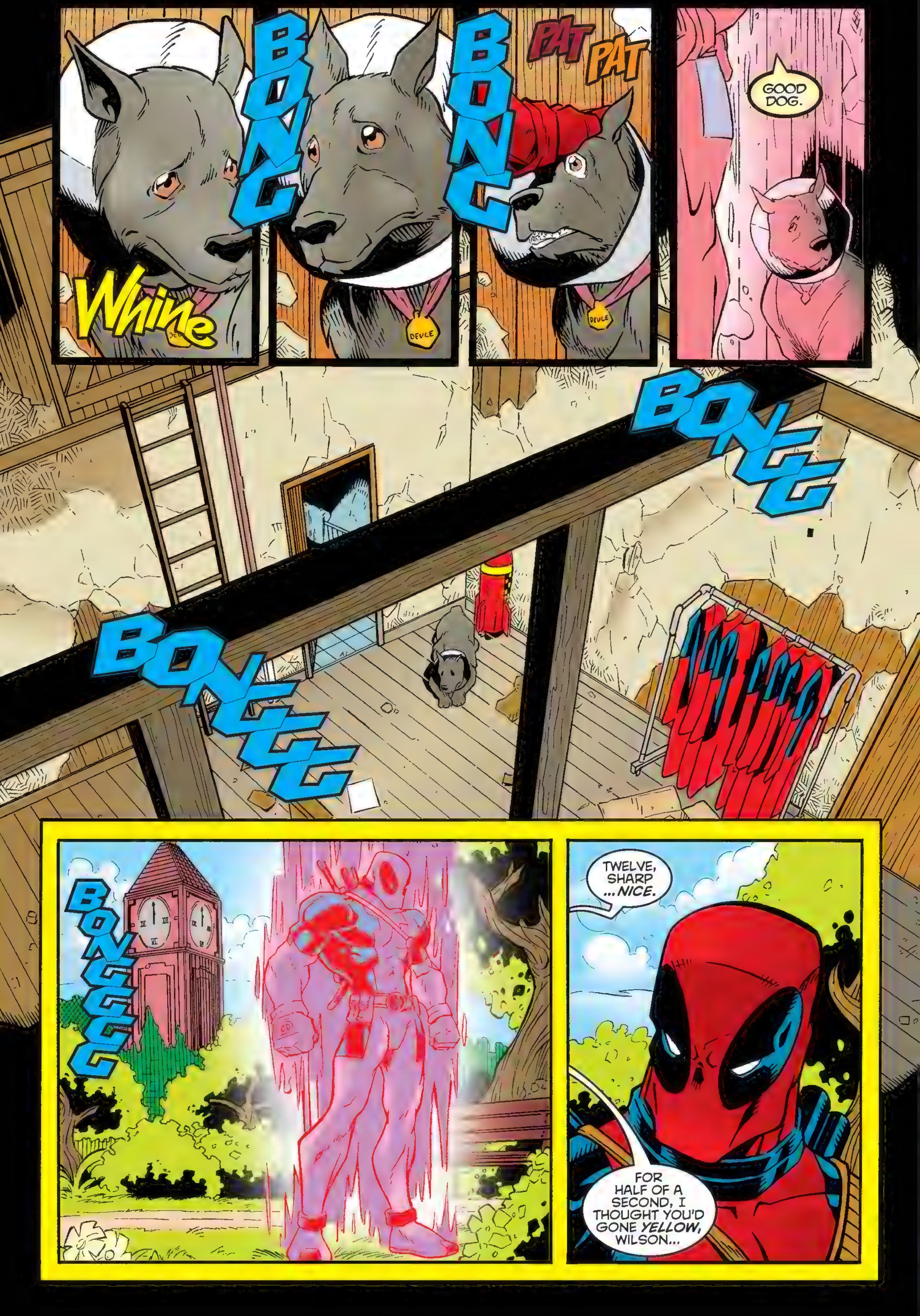

I CAN PINPOINT *EXACTLY* WHERE DEADPOOL IS FROM THE *TRACER* IN THE *TELEPORT BELT* --
-- PLUS OR MINUS *THREE MILLIMETERS,* OF COURSE.
THAT'S HOW I ALWAYS KNOW WHEN IT'S *SAFE* TO COME OVER.
AREN'T YOU THE *WHIZ KID...*
IF YOU *INSIST* --
VRDEET
Oh... MAN, WE ARE SO... SO DEAD...
YO, *WEASEL!*
SWITCH OFF THAT *SPICE GIRLS* VIDEO AND COME ON OUT! YER NUMBER ONE BUD'S HERE TO MOOCH A FEW *CHEESY POOFS* AND SWAP *OFF-COLOR* JOKES...
...I JUST THOUGHT UP A *GREAT* ONE WITH A RABBI, PAMELA LEE, AND A *PORK SANDWICH...*
...GUESS I'LL JUST REARRANGE HIS *TOOL KITS* AND *AMMO BOXES* TILL HE GETS BACK... THAT'LL *LEARN* HIM TO RUN TO THE *HABERDASHERY* WHEN I'M FEELIN' ALL SENSITIVE -- *HUH?*
BEEP
WEAZ LEFT HIS *BEACON* ON? DID THAT *MAROON* GET HIMSELF KIDNAPPED BY *TASKMASTER* AGAIN?
BEEP
OH, WAIT... THAT'S *MY* TRACER. THERE I AM! COOL...
...BUT WHY WOULD *WEASEL* BE TRACKING *ME* --?
all Be
About
PLANE
TICKETS
...WEAZ? AW, MAN... DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE NOT *HERE...* *SIGH* *GREAT...*
...A GUY CAN'T EVEN GET SOME *UNCOMPLICATED,* STRICTLY PLATONIC MALE *COMPANIONSHIP* WHEN HE NEEDS IT...
GUNS
HOME BASE
BEEP

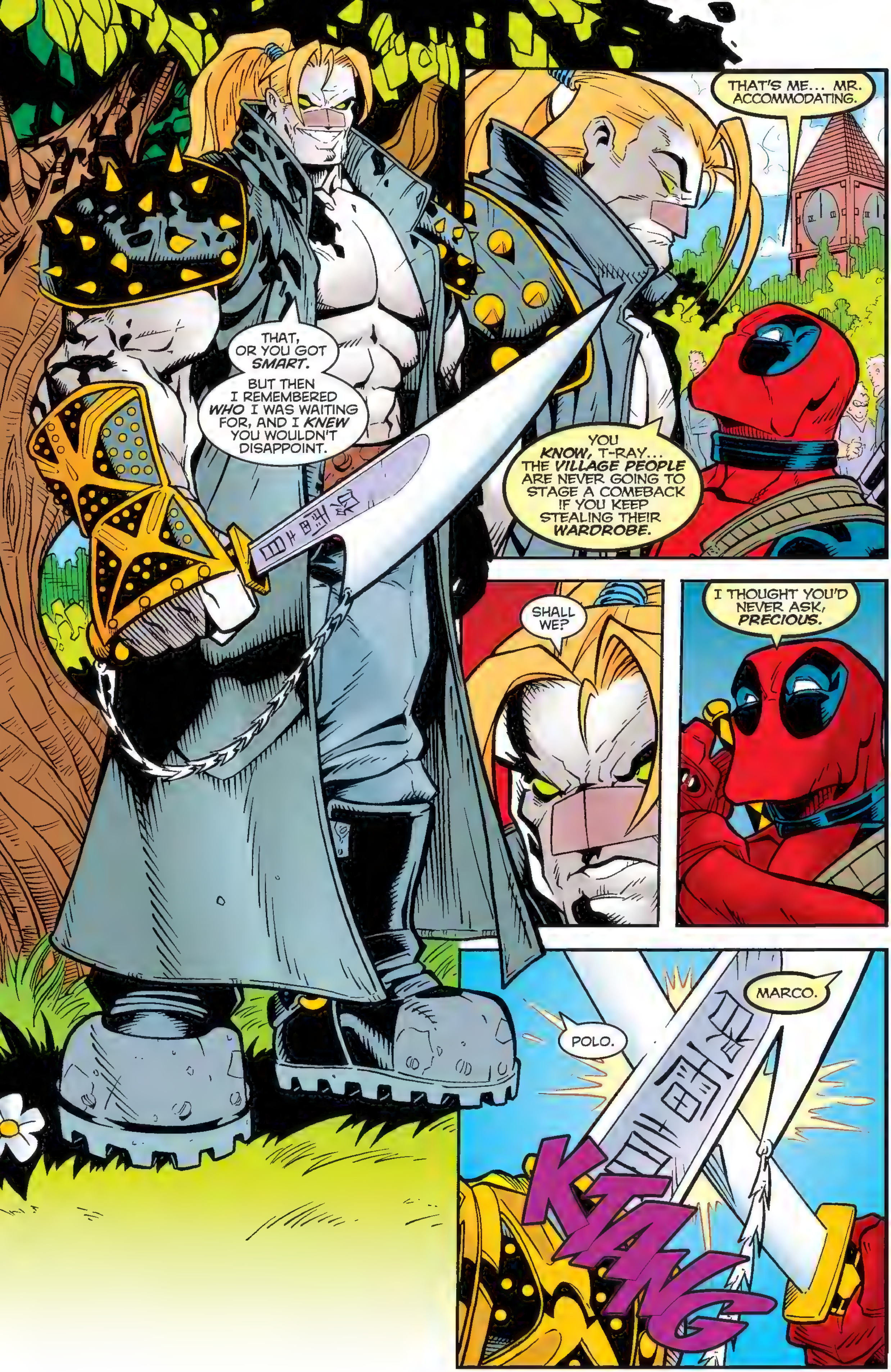

THAT DOESN'T MAKE --
BEEP
OH.
BEEP
BEEP
DEADHUT
BEEP
DEADHUT
DEADHUT
BEEP
BEEP
DADDY'S HOME, CHILDREN!
AND HE IS VERY... VERY DISAPPOINTED...
WHO'S HANKERIN' FOR A SPANKERIN'?!

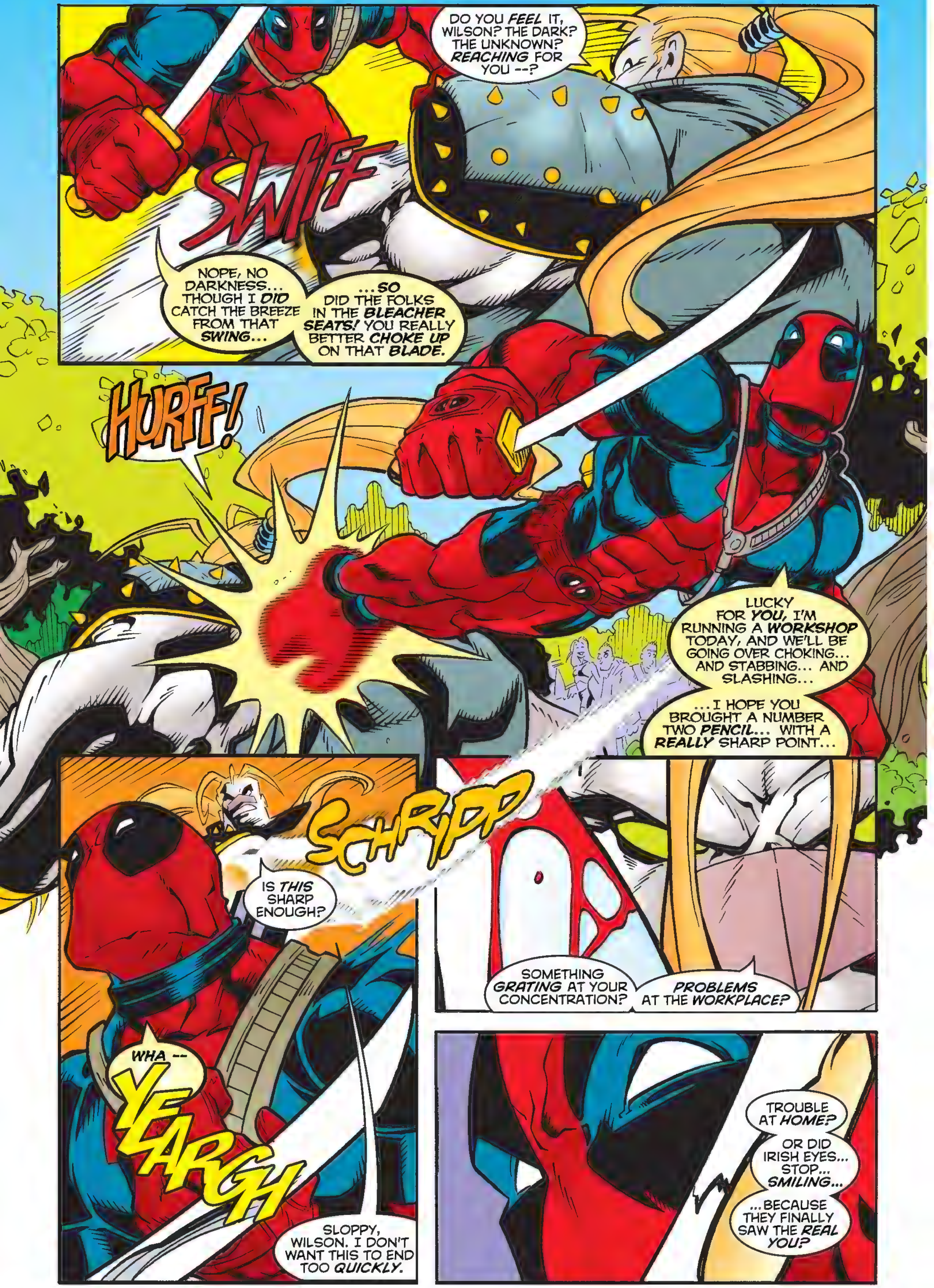

GOLDEN GATE PARK.
BODY SLIDE SUCCESSFUL, CENTRAL...
PESCHWOMP
...A PERFECT TOUCHDOWN. THANKS, BOYS...
SURE THING, ZOE. NOW SEE IF YOU CAN MANAGE TO KEEP FROM LOSING ANOTHER PALM-'PUTER, TOO --
ZIP IT. CENTRAL. EXPEDITER OUT.
THIS IS IT, CULLODEN... IF THESE NUMBERS ARE WITHIN A STONE'S THROW OF BEING RIGHT...
...THIS IS THE ONLY SHOT I'LL HAVE AT PUTTING A STOP TO THIS MADNESS. AFTER THIS --
-- NO. DON'T EVEN GO THERE.
STICK TO SPECS. FIND HIM. DISARM HIM. SEIZE HIM BY ANY MEANS --
CULLODEN.
MAN-DELAY.
SIGH IT'S A REAL PITY THAT WE LIVE IN A UNIVERSE WHERE LL&L STILL HAS TO IMBED NEURAL KILL-SWITCHES IN THEIR EMPLOYEES...
...IT'S THE ESTABLISHMENT, DUDE... THE ESTABLISHMENT TRYIN' TA BRING US DOWN.
WELL, THAT'S DONE... NOW WADE CAN FINISH THIS, UNINTERRUPTED. JUST A FEW MINUTES TO TWELVE...
...I'M GONNA SCORE SOME MUNCHIES BEFORE SHOWTIME. I GOT A JONES FOR A SUZI-Q.

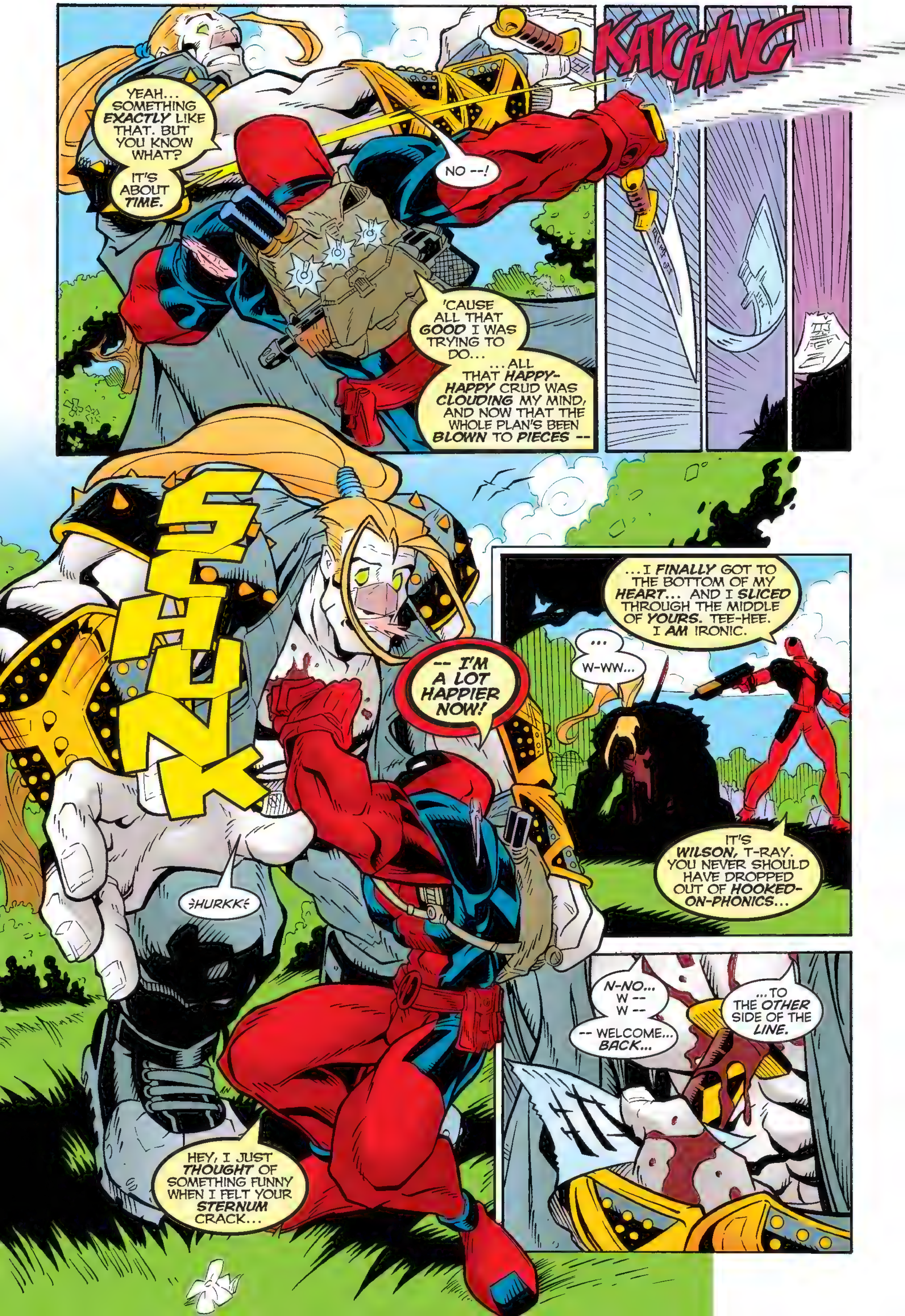

WADE? WADE, PLEASE... SAY SOMETHING...
HAPPYLAND.
AL... I --
THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS A MAN SHOULD BE ABLE TO **RELY** ON... **INALIENABLE** RIGHTS... A SOLID PAIR OF KICKS THAT WON'T NEED RESOLING AFTER A MONTH...
...HIS **CASTLE,** WITH TALL WALLS AND A DEEP **MOAT**... RUN BY THE **KING'S** RULES.
...AND A **HANDFUL... JUST A HANDFUL** OF TRUE-BLUE **BUDS** THAT WON'T **STAB** HIM 'TWEEN THE **SHOULDER BLADES.**
A MAN DOESN'T HAVE THESE THINGS...
...THE WORLD GETS IN... THE **BROKEN** WORLD. GETS IN **DEEP.**
WAIT, WADE... WE WEREN'T TRYING TO **BETRAY** YOU, WE --
COME ON, DUDE... I MEAN, HEY, YOUR BOOTS ARE STILL IN PRETTY GOOD --
KACHRAK
-- SHAPE.
BETRAYERS.
EVERYONE... **EVERYONE** TURNS ON ME SOONER OR LATER... I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT COMING.
VANESSA DID. TYPHOID HAD HER **WAY**... **YOU** TWO...
...SIRYN.
SIRYN. **WHY,** TERRY? I THOUGHT... MAYBE... WITH YOU...
...I COULD HAVE BEEN A CONTENDER. I COULD HAVE BEEN... COULD HAVE BEEN...
WADE? WADE... NO...
LOOK, MAN, I KNOW THIS IS **BAD.**
I KNOW YOU'VE GOT 'ISSUES' ABOUT GUESTS AT HOME, BUT REALLY...
...WHY NOT JUST CHILL AND TALK IT OVER..? I MEAN, SERIOUSLY, IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO **KILL** US...
BONG
REALLY?
BONG

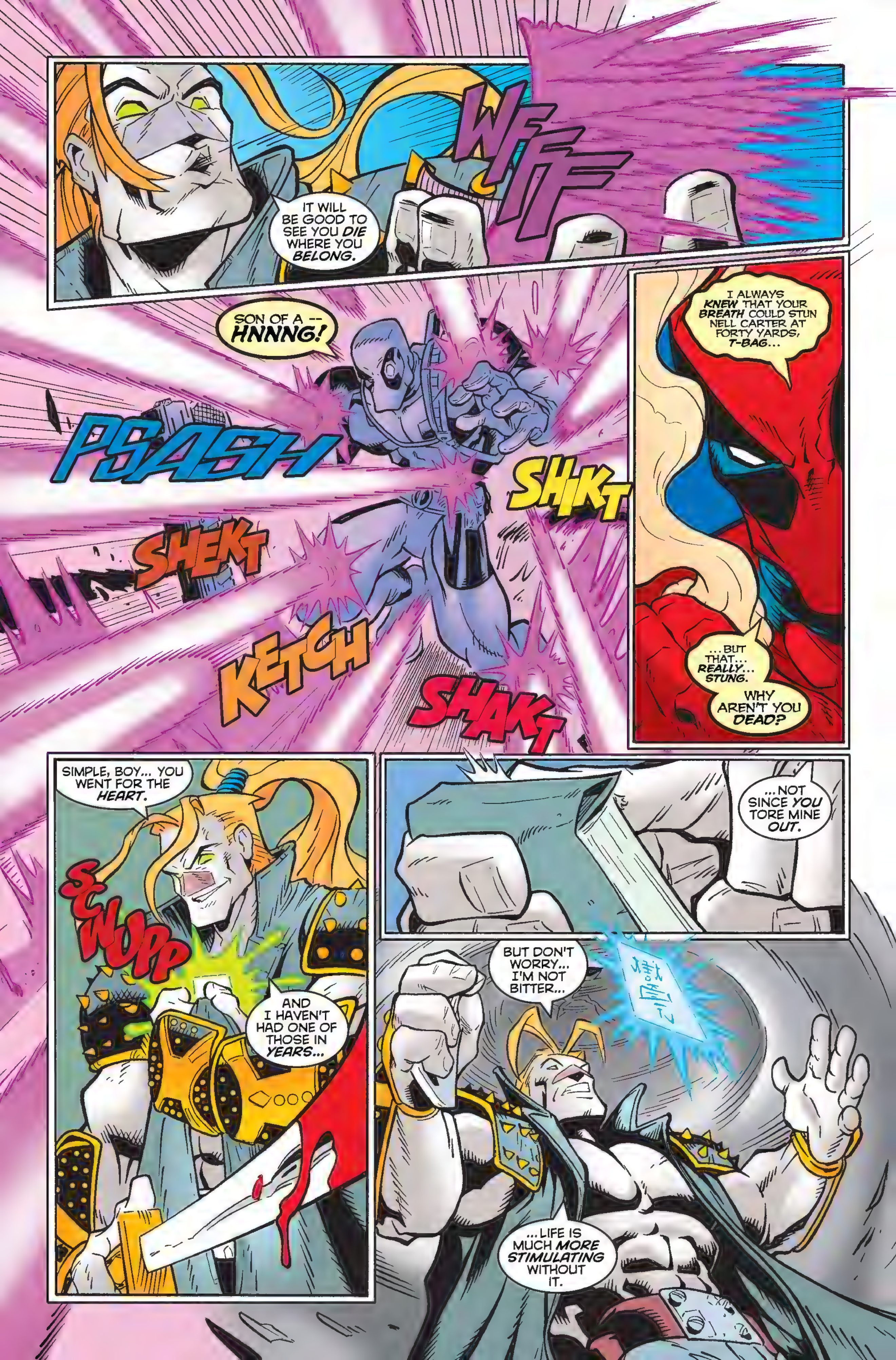

BONG
WHOMP
WEASEL?
BONG
WADE? *WADE*, WHAT DID YOU *DO*? *AHH!*
WADE? NO... PLEASE...
BONG
WHY DID YOU HAVE TO MAKE ME DO THIS? WHY?
I'M *SORRY*, WADE... I'M SORRY... YOU DON'T HAVE TO...
NOT THE BOX! PLEASE! WADE! NO!
NOOOO--
BONG
NO, WADE! NO!
BONG

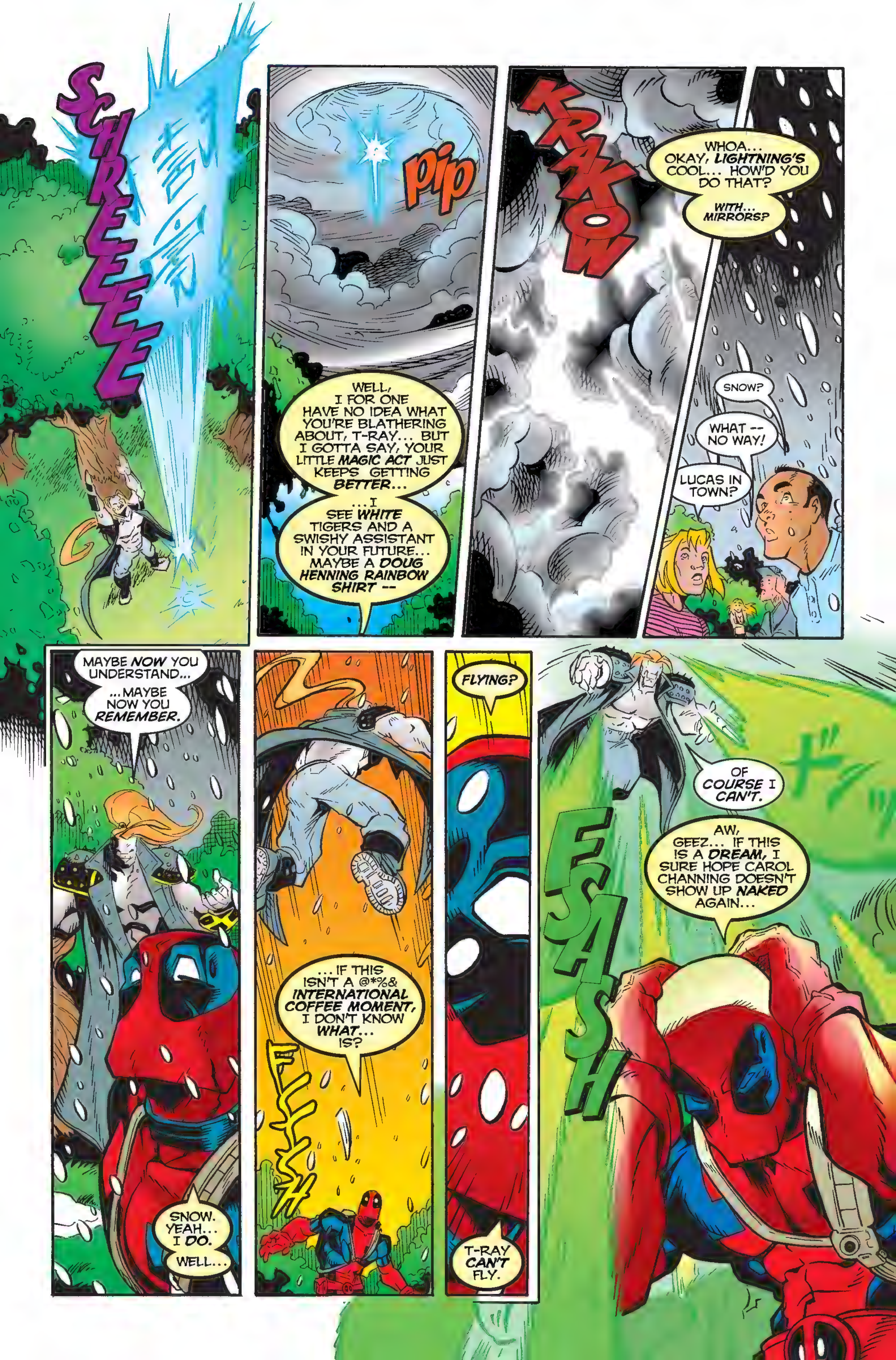

Whine
DEUCE
BONG
DEUCE
BONG
PAT PAT
DEUCE
GOOD DOG.
BONGGG
BONGGG
BONGGG
TWELVE, SHARP ...*NICE*.
FOR HALF OF A SECOND, I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE *YELLOW*, WILSON...

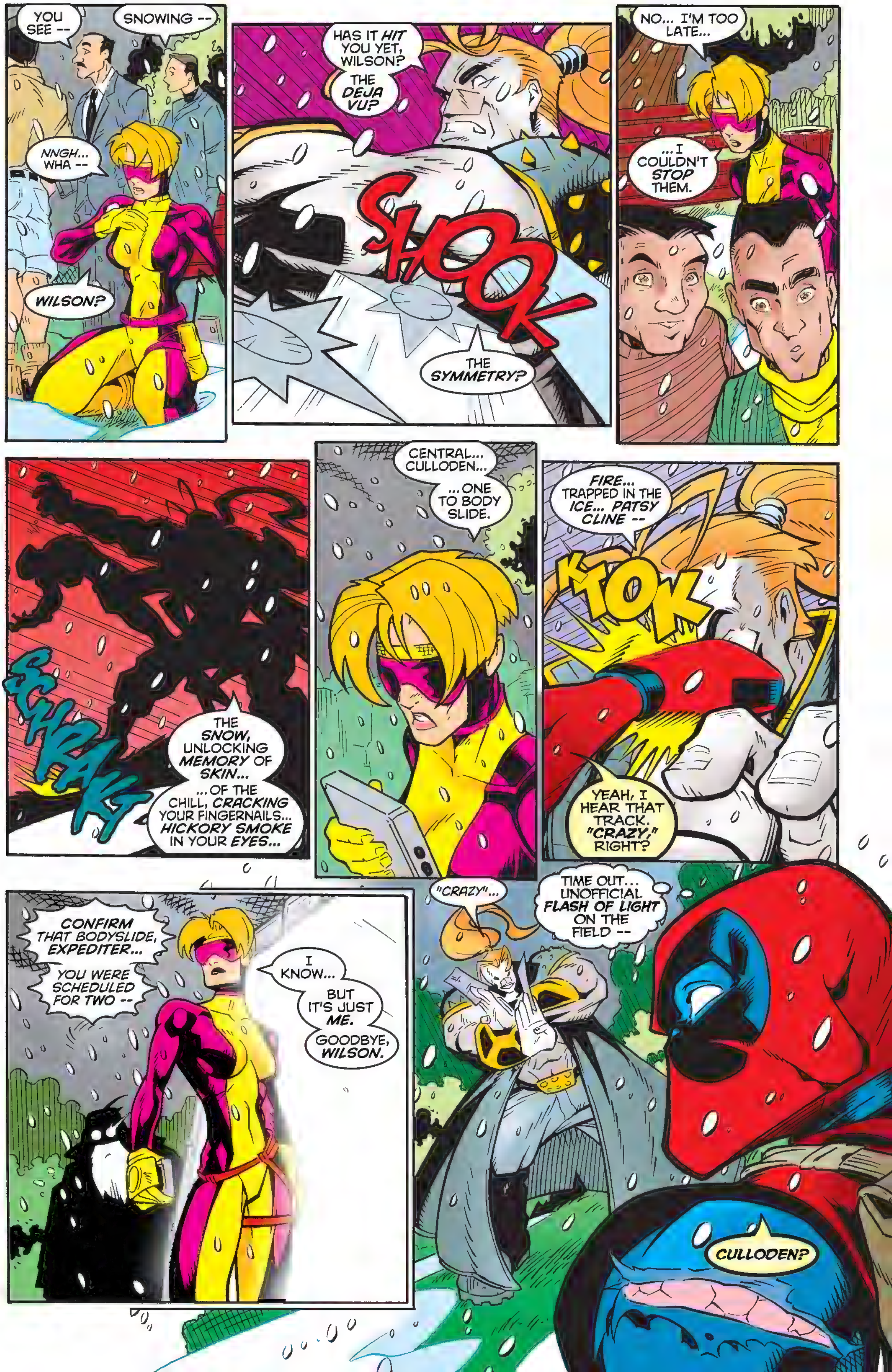

THAT, OR YOU GOT *SMART.*
BUT THEN I REMEMBERED *WHO* I WAS WAITING FOR, AND I *KNEW* YOU WOULDN'T DISAPPOINT.
THAT'S ME... MR. ACCOMMODATING.
YOU *KNOW,* T-RAY... THE *VILLAGE PEOPLE* ARE NEVER GOING TO STAGE A COMEBACK IF YOU KEEP STEALING THEIR *WARDROBE.*
SHALL WE?
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK, *PRECIOUS.*
MARCO.
POLO.
KTANG

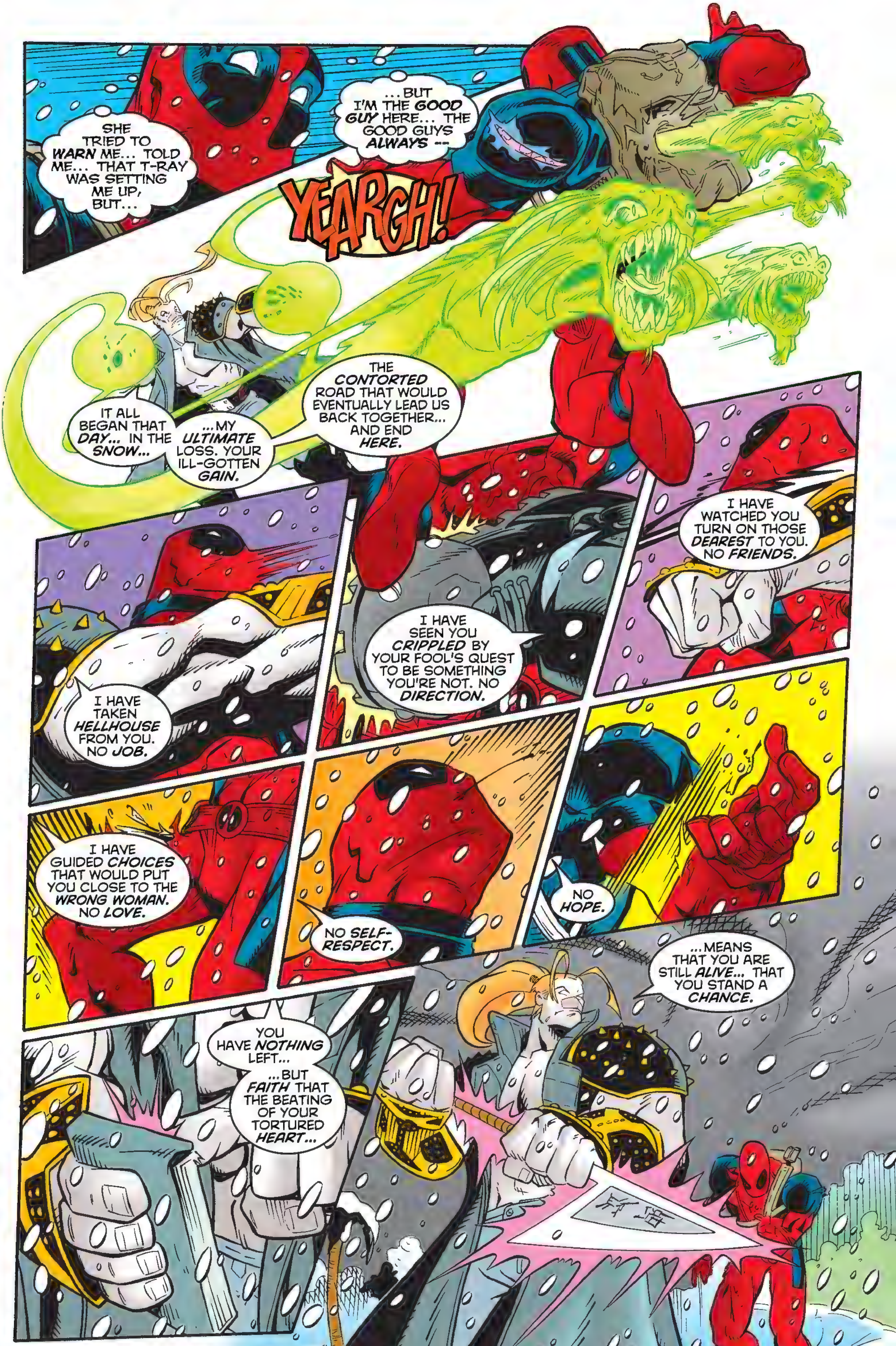

DO YOU FEEL IT, WILSON? THE DARK? THE UNKNOWN? REACHING FOR YOU --?
SWIFF
NOPE, NO DARKNESS... THOUGH I DID CATCH THE BREEZE FROM THAT SWING...
...SO DID THE FOLKS IN THE BLEACHER SEATS! YOU REALLY BETTER CHOKE UP ON THAT BLADE.
HURFF!
LUCKY FOR YOU, I'M RUNNING A WORKSHOP TODAY, AND WE'LL BE GOING OVER CHOKING... AND STABBING... AND SLASHING...
...I HOPE YOU BROUGHT A NUMBER TWO PENCIL... WITH A REALLY SHARP POINT...
SCHRIPP
IS THIS SHARP ENOUGH?
SOMETHING GRATING AT YOUR CONCENTRATION?
PROBLEMS AT THE WORKPLACE?
WHA --
YEARGH
SLOPPY, WILSON. I DON'T WANT THIS TO END TOO QUICKLY.
TROUBLE AT HOME?
OR DID IRISH EYES... STOP... SMILING...
...BECAUSE THEY FINALLY SAW THE REAL YOU?

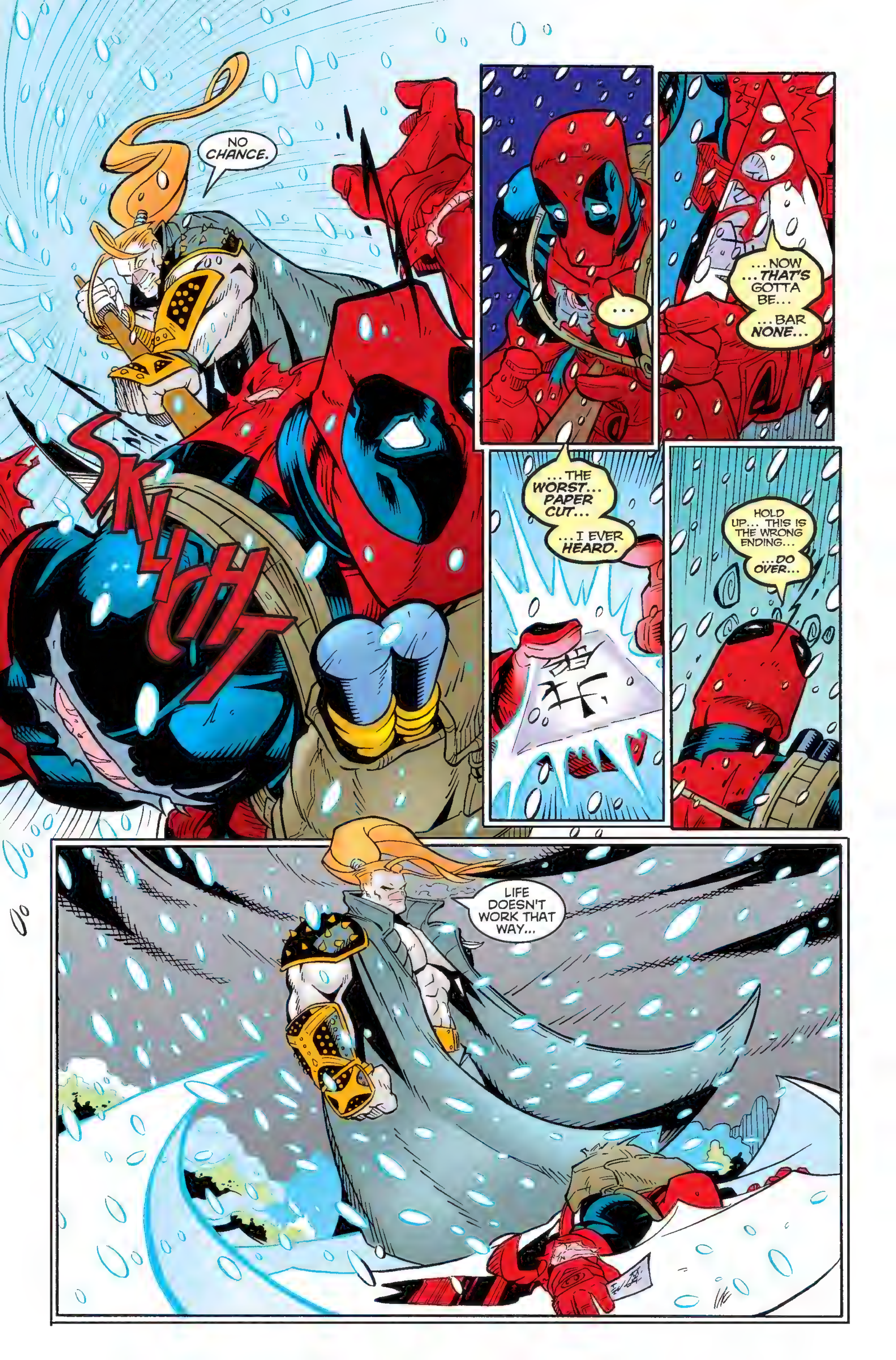

YEAH... SOMETHING *EXACTLY* LIKE THAT. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT?
IT'S ABOUT *TIME.*
NO --!
KATCHING
'CAUSE ALL THAT *GOOD* I WAS TRYING TO DO...
...ALL THAT *HAPPY-HAPPY* CRUD WAS *CLOUDING* MY MIND, AND NOW THAT THE WHOLE PLAN'S BEEN *BLOWN* TO *PIECES* --
SHUNK
-- I'M A LOT HAPPIER NOW!
HURKK
HEY, I JUST *THOUGHT* OF SOMETHING FUNNY WHEN I FELT YOUR *STERNUM* CRACK...
...I *FINALLY* GOT TO THE BOTTOM OF MY *HEART*... AND I *SLICED* THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF *YOURS.* TEE-HEE. I *AM* IRONIC.
...
W-WW...
IT'S *WILSON,* T-RAY. YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE DROPPED OUT OF *HOOKED-ON-PHONICS*...
N-NO... W -- W --
-- WELCOME... *BACK*...
...TO THE *OTHER* SIDE OF THE *LINE.*

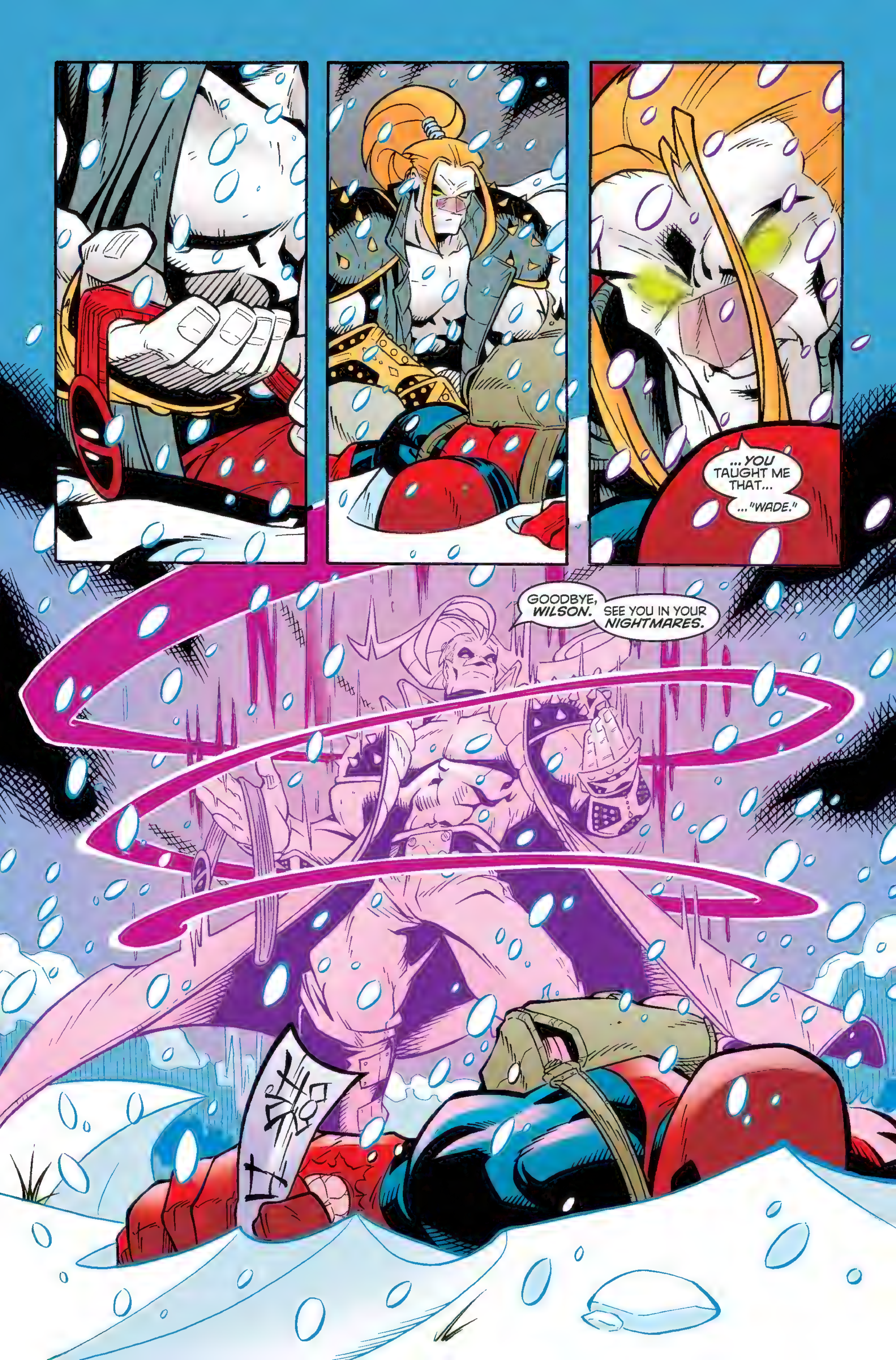

IT WILL BE GOOD TO SEE YOU *DIE* WHERE YOU *BELONG*.
WFFF
SON OF A -- *HNNNG!*
PSASH
SHEKT
KETCH
SHAKT
SHIKT
I ALWAYS *KNEW* THAT YOUR *BREATH* COULD STUN NELL CARTER AT FORTY YARDS, *T-BAG*...
...BUT THAT... *REALLY*... *STUNG*.
WHY AREN'T YOU *DEAD?*
SIMPLE, BOY... YOU WENT FOR THE *HEART*.
SCWUPP
AND I HAVEN'T HAD ONE OF THOSE IN *YEARS*...
...NOT SINCE *YOU* TORE MINE *OUT*.
BUT DON'T WORRY... I'M NOT BITTER...
...LIFE IS MUCH *MORE STIMULATING* WITHOUT IT.

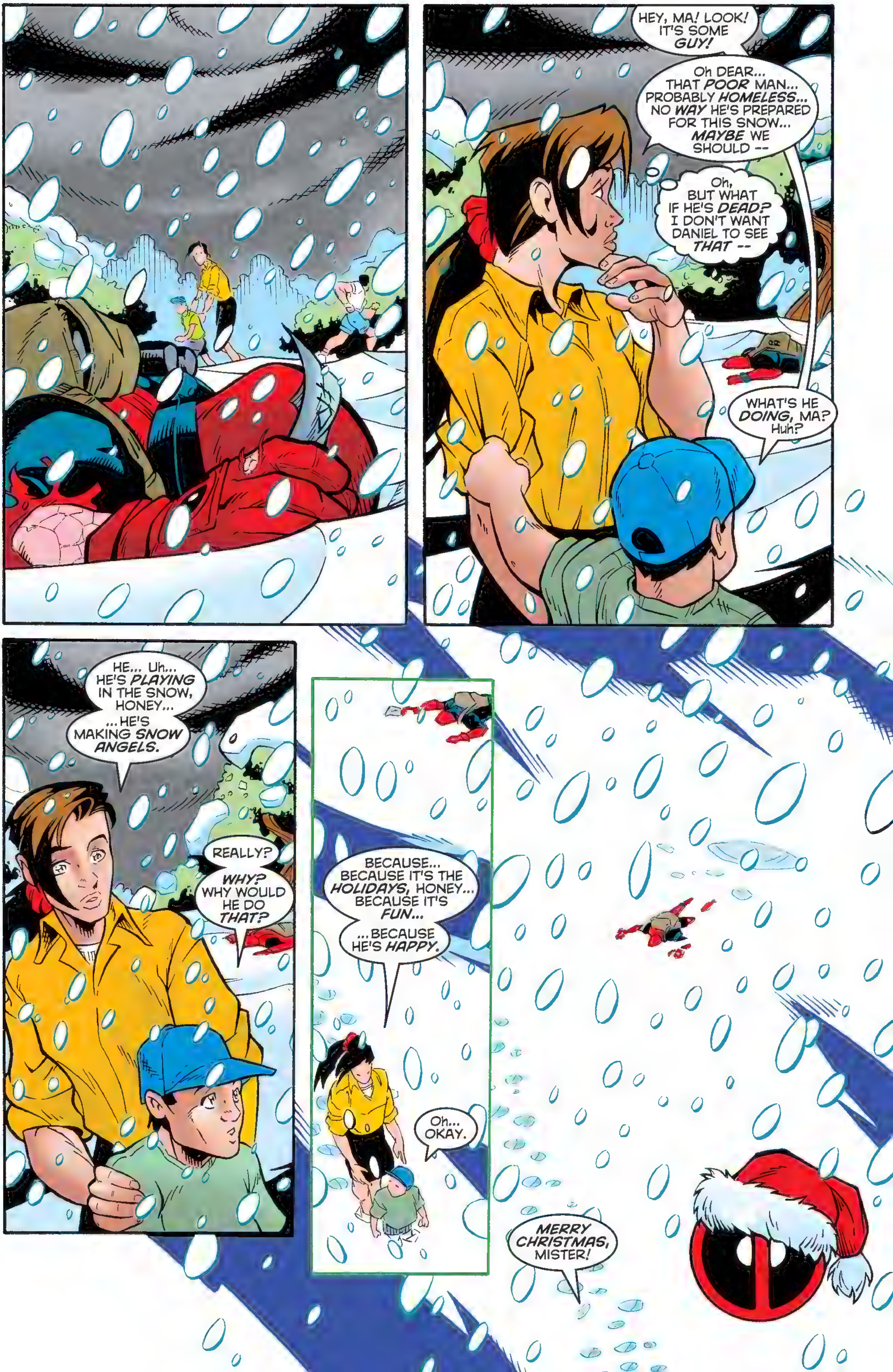

SCHREEEEE
pip
WELL, I FOR ONE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE BLATHERING ABOUT, T-RAY... BUT I GOTTA SAY, YOUR LITTLE MAGIC ACT JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER...
...I SEE WHITE TIGERS AND A SWISHY ASSISTANT IN YOUR FUTURE... MAYBE A DOUG HENNING RAINBOW SHIRT --
KRAKOW
WHOA... OKAY, LIGHTNING'S COOL... HOW'D YOU DO THAT?
WITH... MIRRORS?
SNOW?
WHAT -- NO WAY!
LUCAS IN TOWN?
MAYBE NOW YOU UNDERSTAND...
...MAYBE NOW YOU REMEMBER.
SNOW. YEAH... I DO.
WELL...
...IF THIS ISN'T A @*%& INTERNATIONAL COFFEE MOMENT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT... IS?
FLASH
FLYING?
T-RAY CAN'T FLY.
OF COURSE I CAN'T.
AW, GEEZ... IF THIS IS A DREAM, I SURE HOPE CAROL CHANNING DOESN'T SHOW UP NAKED AGAIN...
FSASH
ズッ

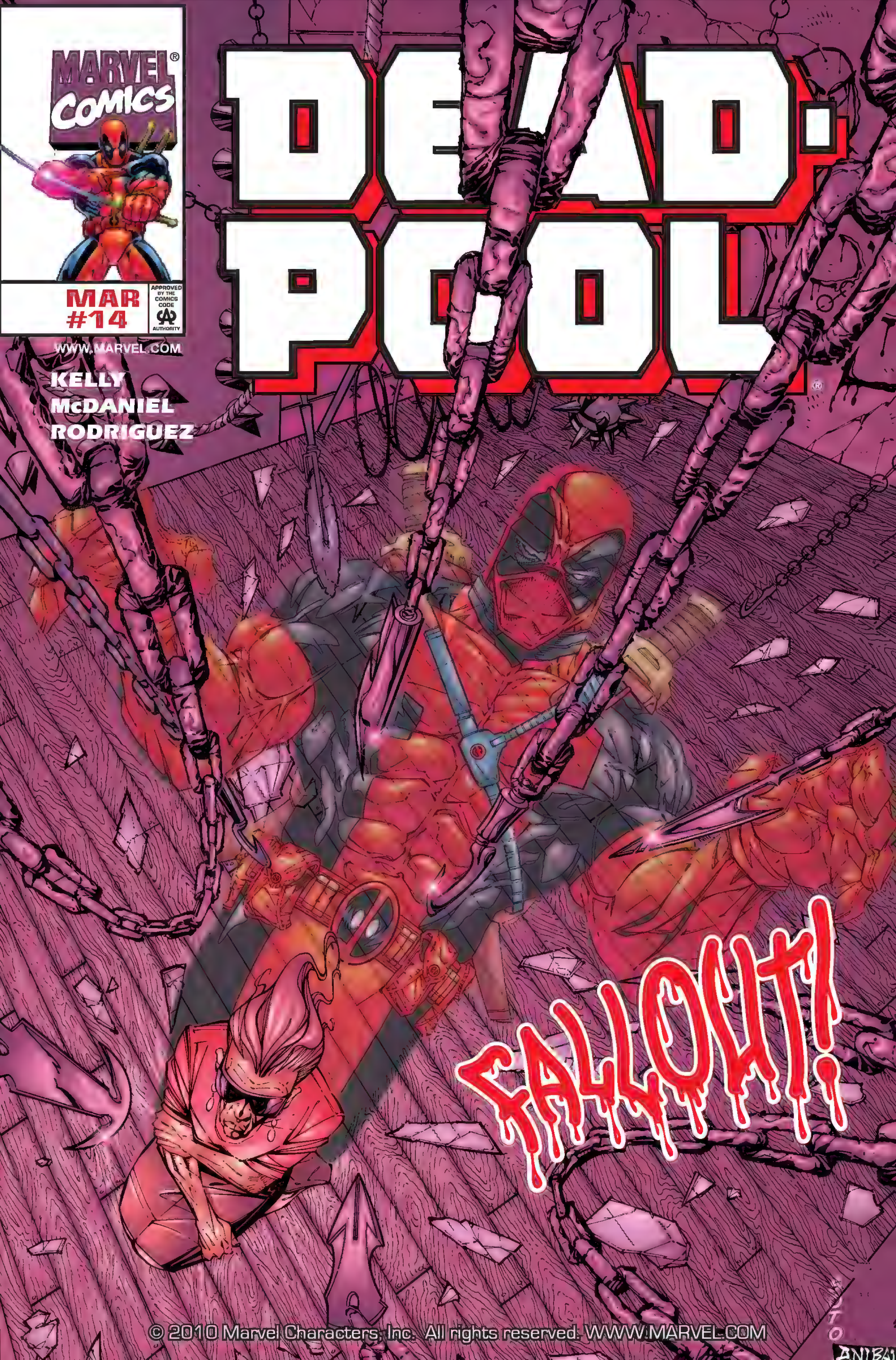

YOU SEE --
SNOWING --
NNGH... WHA --
WILSON?
HAS IT *HIT* YOU YET, WILSON?
THE *DEJA VU?*
SHOOK
THE *SYMMETRY?*
NO... I'M TOO LATE...
...I COULDN'T *STOP* THEM.
SCHRAK
THE *SNOW,* UNLOCKING *MEMORY* OF *SKIN...*
...OF THE CHILL, *CRACKING* YOUR FINGERNAILS... *HICKORY SMOKE* IN YOUR *EYES...*
CENTRAL... CULLODEN...
...ONE TO BODY SLIDE.
FIRE... TRAPPED IN THE *ICE... PATSY CLINE --*
KTOK
YEAH, I HEAR THAT TRACK. *"CRAZY,"* RIGHT?
CONFIRM THAT BODYSLIDE, *EXPEDITER...*
YOU WERE SCHEDULED FOR *TWO --*
I KNOW...
BUT IT'S JUST *ME.*
GOODBYE, *WILSON.*
"CRAZY"...
TIME OUT... UNOFFICIAL *FLASH OF LIGHT* ON THE FIELD --
CULLODEN?


SHE TRIED TO *WARN* ME... TOLD ME... THAT T-RAY WAS SETTING ME UP, BUT...
...BUT I'M THE *GOOD GUY* HERE... THE GOOD GUYS *ALWAYS* --
YEARGH!
IT ALL BEGAN THAT *DAY*... IN THE *SNOW*...
...MY *ULTIMATE* LOSS. YOUR ILL-GOTTEN *GAIN*.
THE *CONTORTED* ROAD THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY LEAD US BACK TOGETHER... AND END *HERE*.
I HAVE TAKEN *HELLHOUSE* FROM YOU. NO *JOB*.
I HAVE SEEN YOU *CRIPPLED* BY YOUR FOOL'S QUEST TO BE SOMETHING YOU'RE NOT. NO *DIRECTION*.
I HAVE WATCHED YOU TURN ON THOSE *DEAREST* TO YOU. NO *FRIENDS*.
I HAVE GUIDED *CHOICES* THAT WOULD PUT YOU CLOSE TO THE *WRONG WOMAN*. NO *LOVE*.
NO *SELF-RESPECT*.
NO *HOPE*.
YOU HAVE *NOTHING* LEFT...
...BUT *FAITH* THAT THE BEATING OF YOUR TORTURED *HEART*...
...MEANS THAT YOU ARE STILL *ALIVE*... THAT YOU STAND A *CHANCE*.


NO CHANCE.
SKLUCHT
...
...NOW ...THAT'S GOTTA BE... ...BAR NONE...
...THE WORST... PAPER CUT... ...I EVER HEARD.
HOLD UP... THIS IS THE WRONG ENDING... ...DO OVER...
LIFE DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY...


...YOU TAUGHT ME THAT...
..."WADE."
GOODBYE, WILSON.
SEE YOU IN YOUR NIGHTMARES.


HEY, MA! LOOK! IT'S SOME GUY!
Oh DEAR... THAT POOR MAN... PROBABLY HOMELESS... NO WAY HE'S PREPARED FOR THIS SNOW... MAYBE WE SHOULD --
Oh, BUT WHAT IF HE'S DEAD? I DON'T WANT DANIEL TO SEE THAT --
WHAT'S HE DOING, MA? Huh?
HE... Uh... HE'S PLAYING IN THE SNOW, HONEY...
...HE'S MAKING SNOW ANGELS.
REALLY?
WHY? WHY WOULD HE DO THAT?
BECAUSE... BECAUSE IT'S THE HOLIDAYS, HONEY... BECAUSE IT'S FUN...
...BECAUSE HE'S HAPPY.
Oh... OKAY.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, MISTER!


MARVEL COMICS
DEAD-POOL
MAR
#14
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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KELLY
McDANIEL
RODRIGUEZ
FALLOUT!

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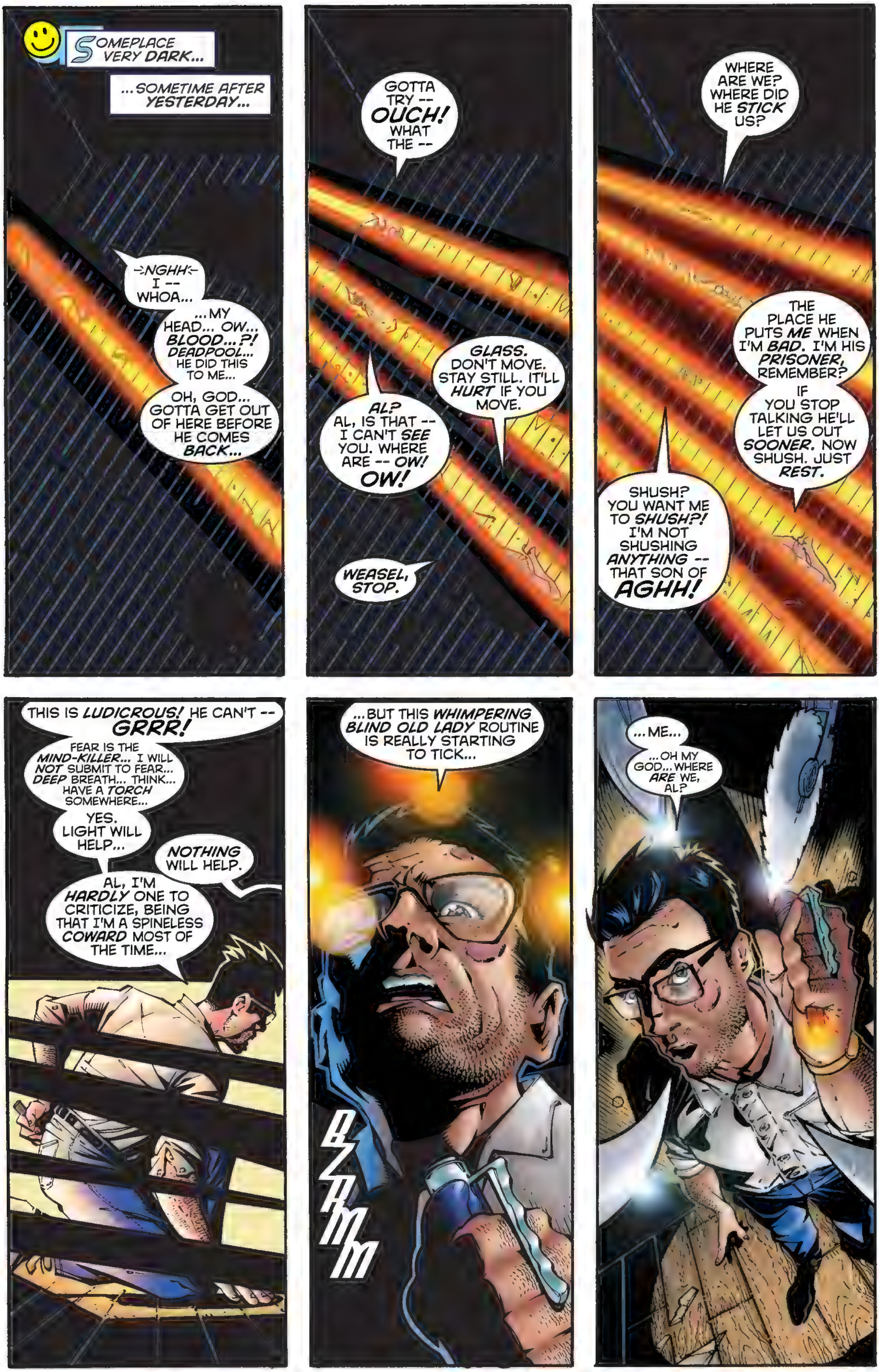
SOMEPLACE VERY DARK...
...SOMETIME AFTER YESTERDAY...
-NGHH- I -- WHOA...
...MY HEAD... OW... BLOOD...?! DEADPOOL... HE DID THIS TO ME...
OH, GOD... GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE COMES BACK...
GOTTA TRY -- OUCH! WHAT THE --
AL? AL, IS THAT -- I CAN'T SEE YOU. WHERE ARE -- OW! OW!
GLASS. DON'T MOVE. STAY STILL. IT'LL HURT IF YOU MOVE.
WEASEL, STOP.
WHERE ARE WE? WHERE DID HE STICK US?
THE PLACE HE PUTS ME WHEN I'M BAD. I'M HIS PRISONER, REMEMBER?
IF YOU STOP TALKING HE'LL LET US OUT SOONER. NOW SHUSH. JUST REST.
SHUSH? YOU WANT ME TO SHUSH?! I'M NOT SHUSHING ANYTHING -- THAT SON OF AGHH!
THIS IS LUDICROUS! HE CAN'T -- GRRR!
FEAR IS THE MIND-KILLER... I WILL NOT SUBMIT TO FEAR... DEEP BREATH... THINK... HAVE A TORCH SOMEWHERE...
YES. LIGHT WILL HELP...
NOTHING WILL HELP.
AL, I'M HARDLY ONE TO CRITICIZE, BEING THAT I'M A SPINELESS COWARD MOST OF THE TIME...
...BUT THIS WHIMPERING BLIND OLD LADY ROUTINE IS REALLY STARTING TO TICK...
BZRMM
...ME...
...OH MY GOD... WHERE ARE WE, AL?

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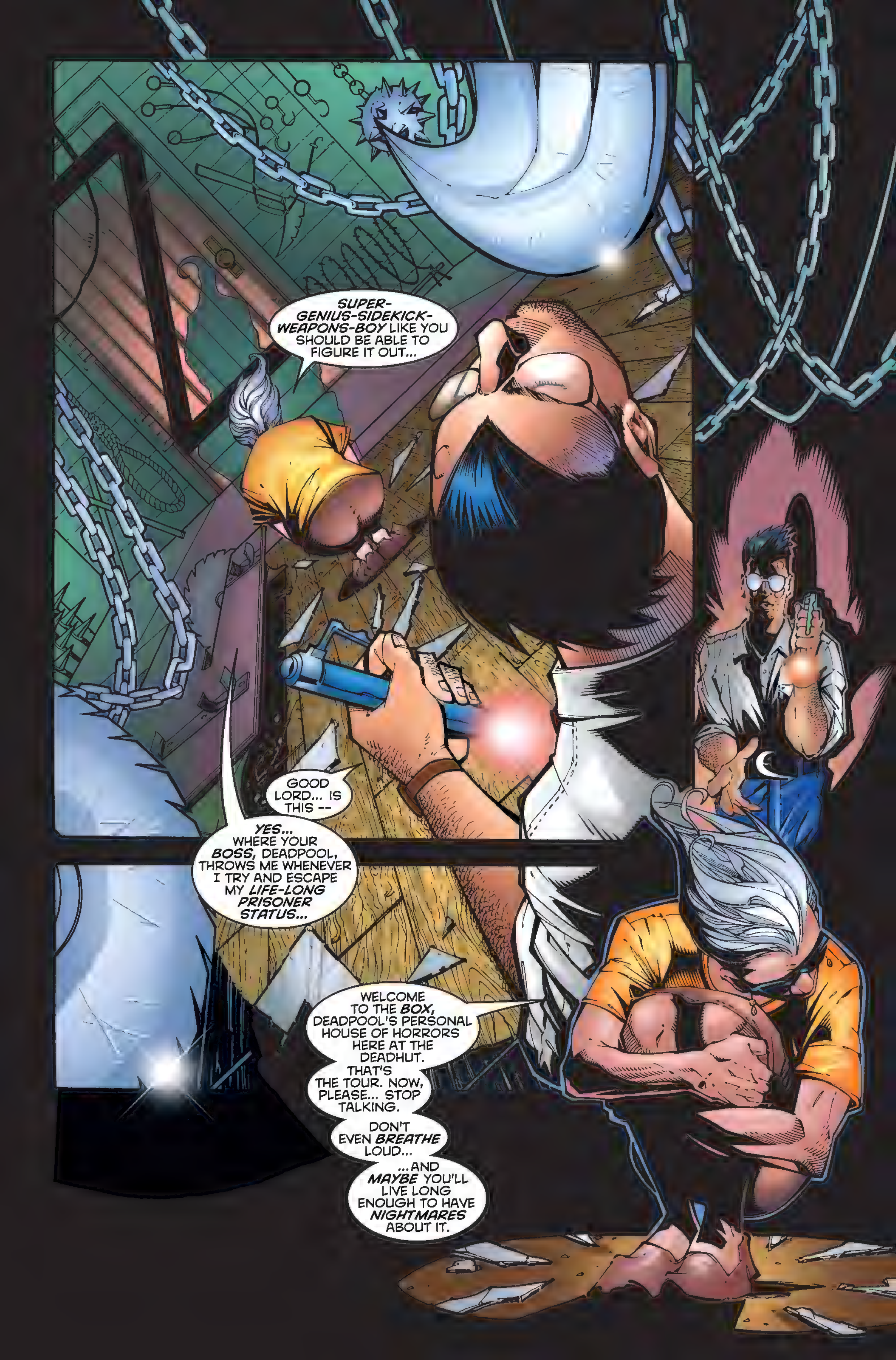
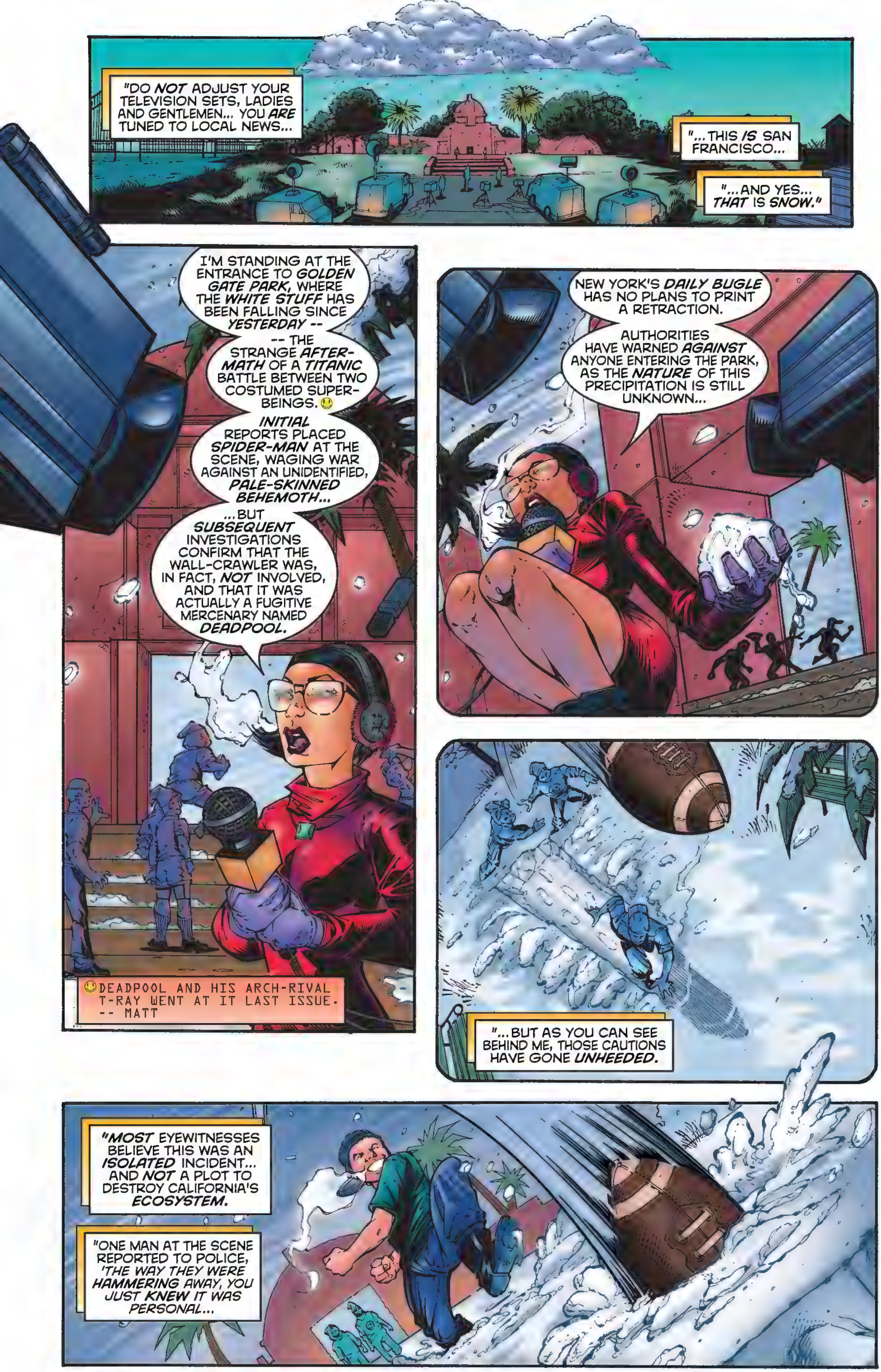
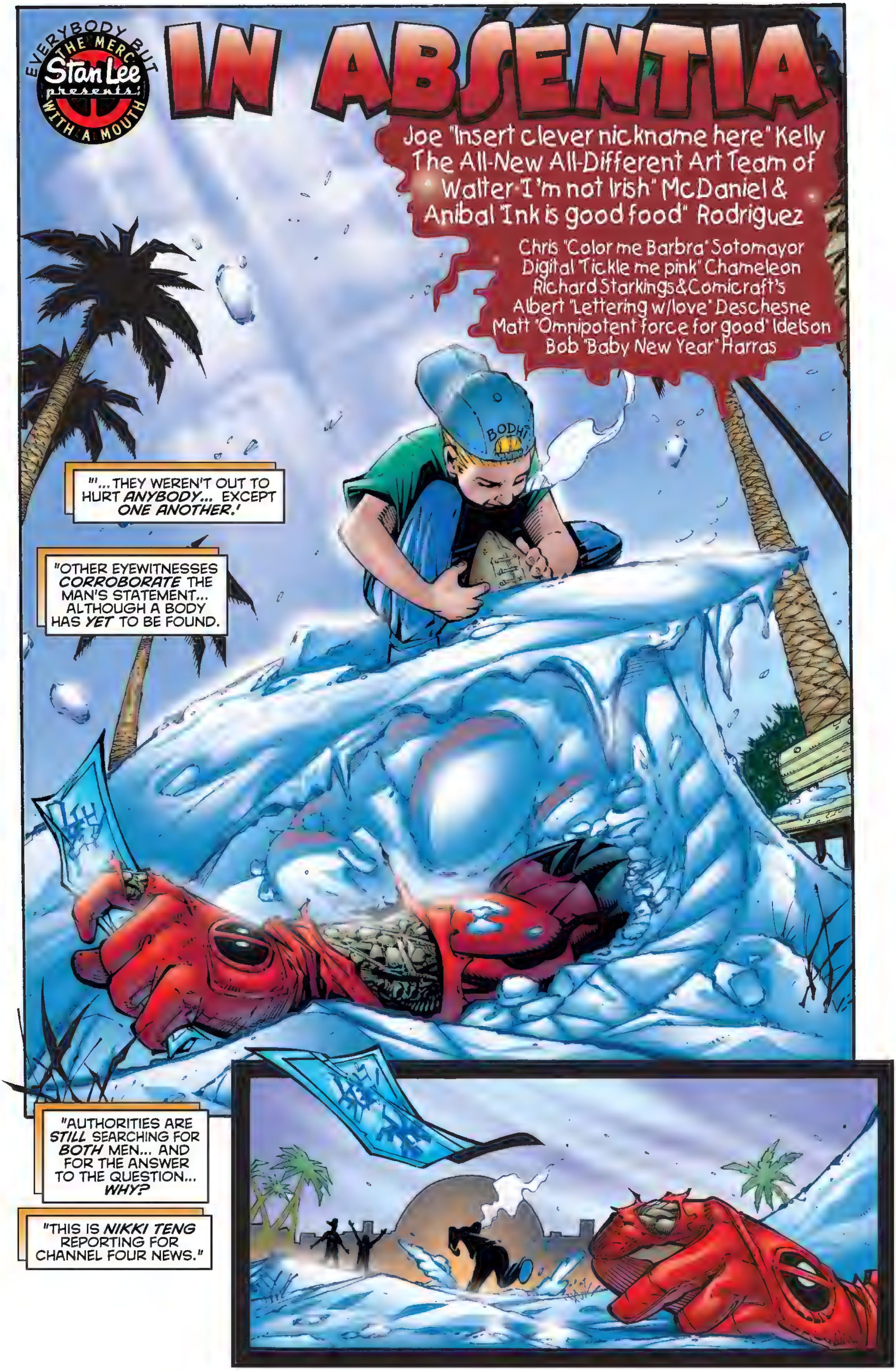
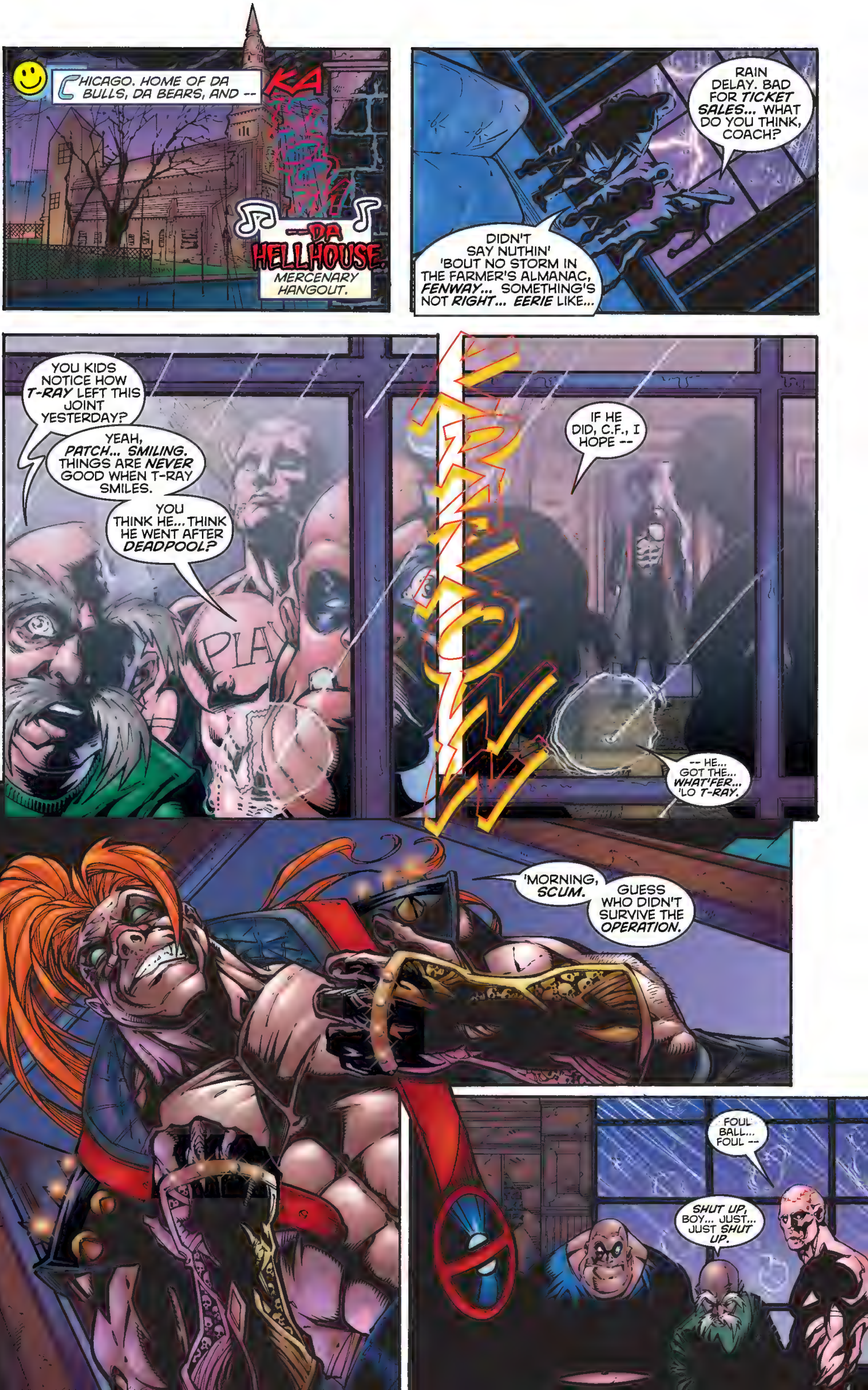
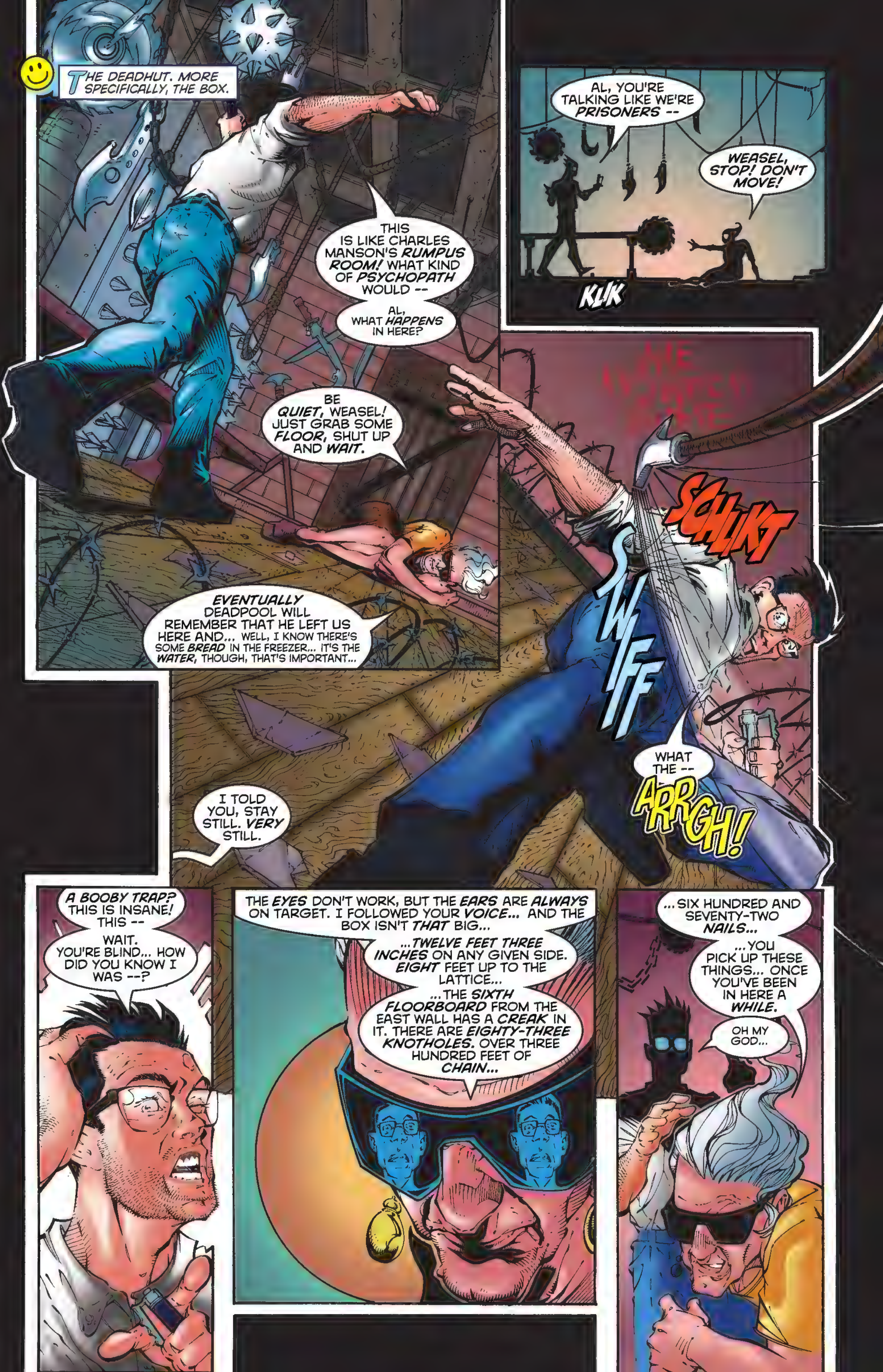
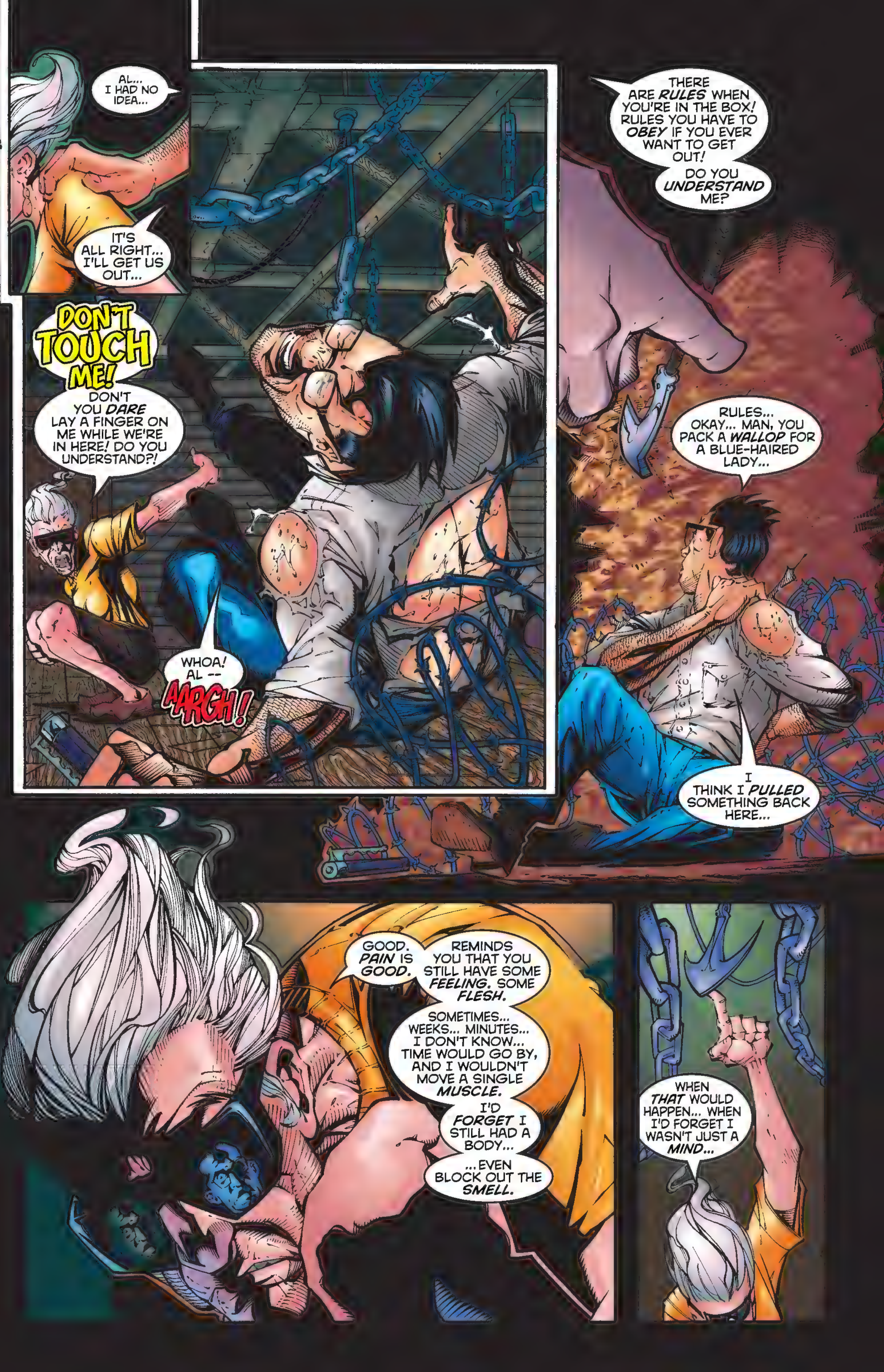

SUPER-GENIUS-SIDEKICK-WEAPONS-BOY LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIGURE IT OUT...
GOOD LORD... IS THIS --
YES... WHERE YOUR BOSS, DEADPOOL, THROWS ME WHENEVER I TRY AND ESCAPE MY LIFE-LONG PRISONER STATUS...
WELCOME TO THE BOX, DEADPOOL'S PERSONAL HOUSE OF HORRORS HERE AT THE DEADHUT.
THAT'S THE TOUR. NOW, PLEASE... STOP TALKING.
DON'T EVEN BREATHE LOUD...
...AND MAYBE YOU'LL LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE NIGHTMARES ABOUT IT.

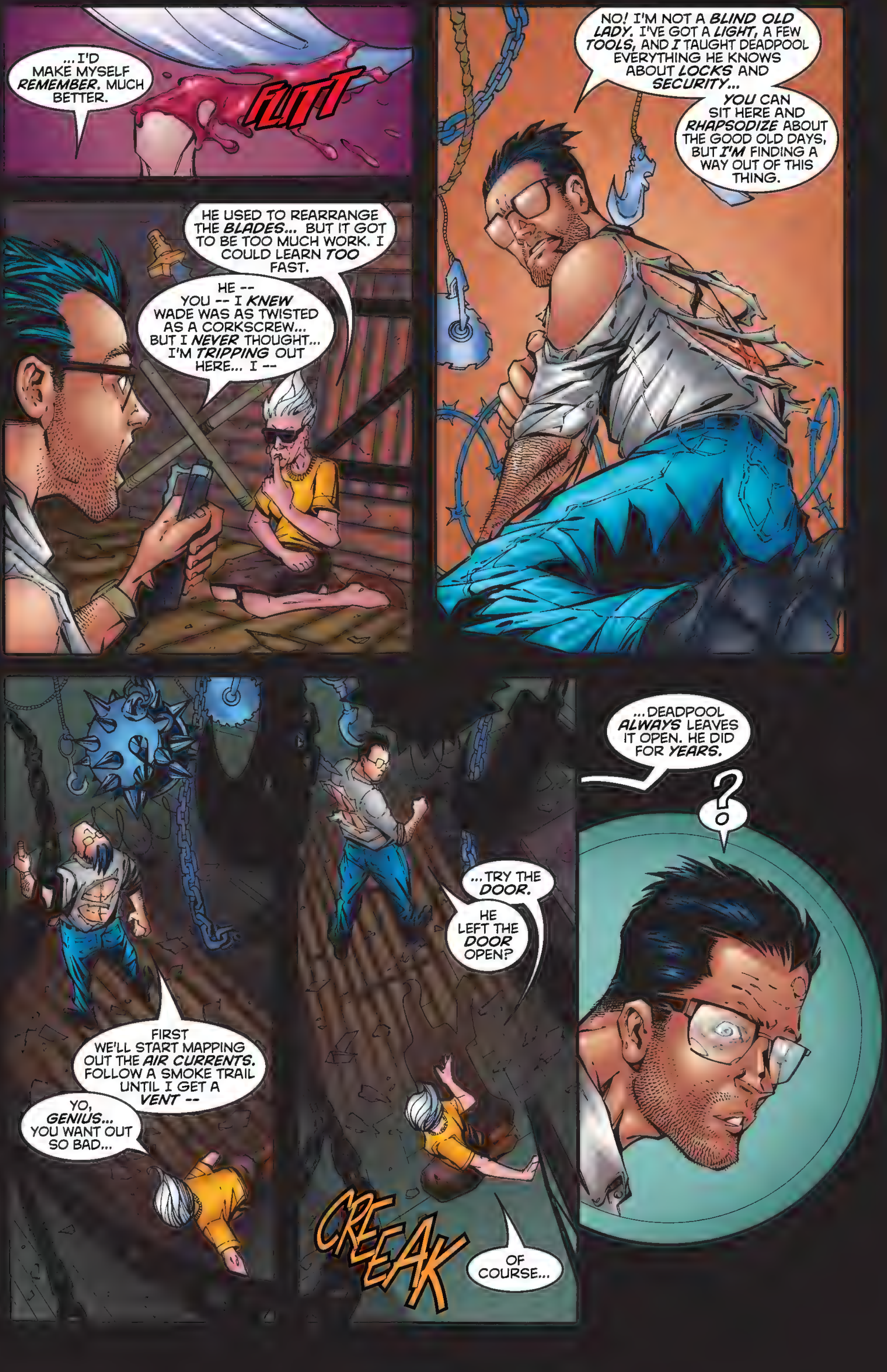

"DO NOT ADJUST YOUR TELEVISION SETS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... YOU ARE TUNED TO LOCAL NEWS...
"...THIS IS SAN FRANCISCO...
"...AND YES... THAT IS SNOW."
I'M STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE TO GOLDEN GATE PARK, WHERE THE WHITE STUFF HAS BEEN FALLING SINCE YESTERDAY --
-- THE STRANGE AFTERMATH OF A TITANIC BATTLE BETWEEN TWO COSTUMED SUPER-BEINGS.☺
INITIAL REPORTS PLACED SPIDER-MAN AT THE SCENE, WAGING WAR AGAINST AN UNIDENTIFIED, PALE-SKINNED BEHEMOTH...
...BUT SUBSEQUENT INVESTIGATIONS CONFIRM THAT THE WALL-CRAWLER WAS, IN FACT, NOT INVOLVED, AND THAT IT WAS ACTUALLY A FUGITIVE MERCENARY NAMED DEADPOOL.
☺DEADPOOL AND HIS ARCH-RIVAL T-RAY WENT AT IT LAST ISSUE. -- MATT
NEW YORK'S DAILY BUGLE HAS NO PLANS TO PRINT A RETRACTION.
AUTHORITIES HAVE WARNED AGAINST ANYONE ENTERING THE PARK, AS THE NATURE OF THIS PRECIPITATION IS STILL UNKNOWN...
"...BUT AS YOU CAN SEE BEHIND ME, THOSE CAUTIONS HAVE GONE UNHEEDED.
"MOST EYEWITNESSES BELIEVE THIS WAS AN ISOLATED INCIDENT... AND NOT A PLOT TO DESTROY CALIFORNIA'S ECOSYSTEM.
"ONE MAN AT THE SCENE REPORTED TO POLICE, 'THE WAY THEY WERE HAMMERING AWAY, YOU JUST KNEW IT WAS PERSONAL...

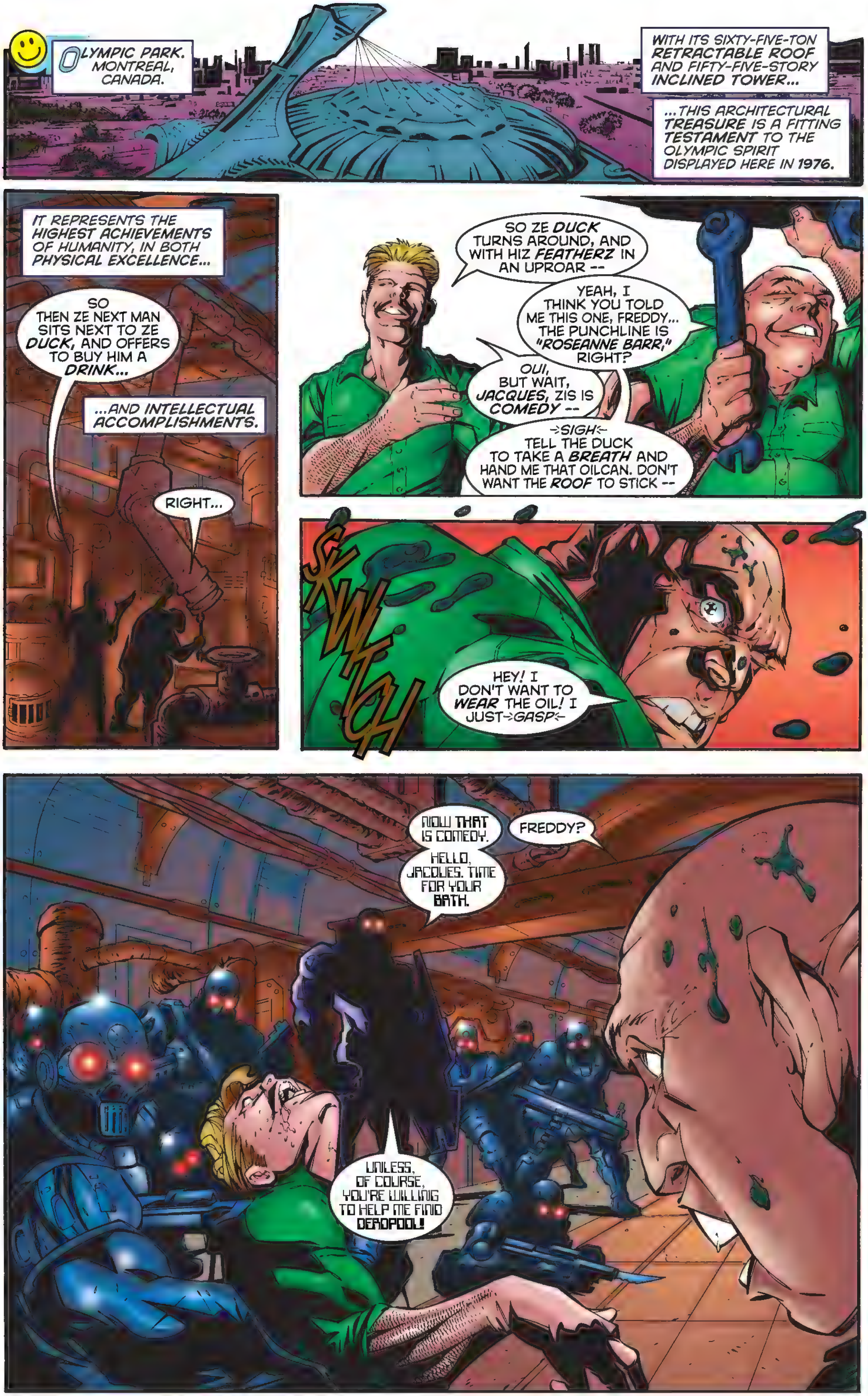

EVERYBODY BUT THE MERC WITH A MOUTH
Stan Lee presents:
IN ABSENTIA
Joe "Insert clever nickname here" Kelly
The All-New All-Different Art Team of
Walter "I'm not Irish" McDaniel &
Anibal "Ink is good food" Rodriguez
Chris "Color me Barbra" Sotomayor
Digital "Tickle me pink" Chameleon
Richard Starkings & Comicraft's
Albert "Lettering w/love" Deschesne
Matt "Omnipotent force for good" Idelson
Bob "Baby New Year" Harras
BODHI
"'...THEY WEREN'T OUT TO HURT *ANYBODY*... EXCEPT *ONE ANOTHER.*'
"OTHER EYEWITNESSES *CORROBORATE* THE MAN'S STATEMENT... ALTHOUGH A BODY HAS *YET* TO BE FOUND.
"AUTHORITIES ARE *STILL* SEARCHING FOR *BOTH* MEN... AND FOR THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION... *WHY?*
"THIS IS *NIKKI TENG* REPORTING FOR CHANNEL FOUR NEWS."

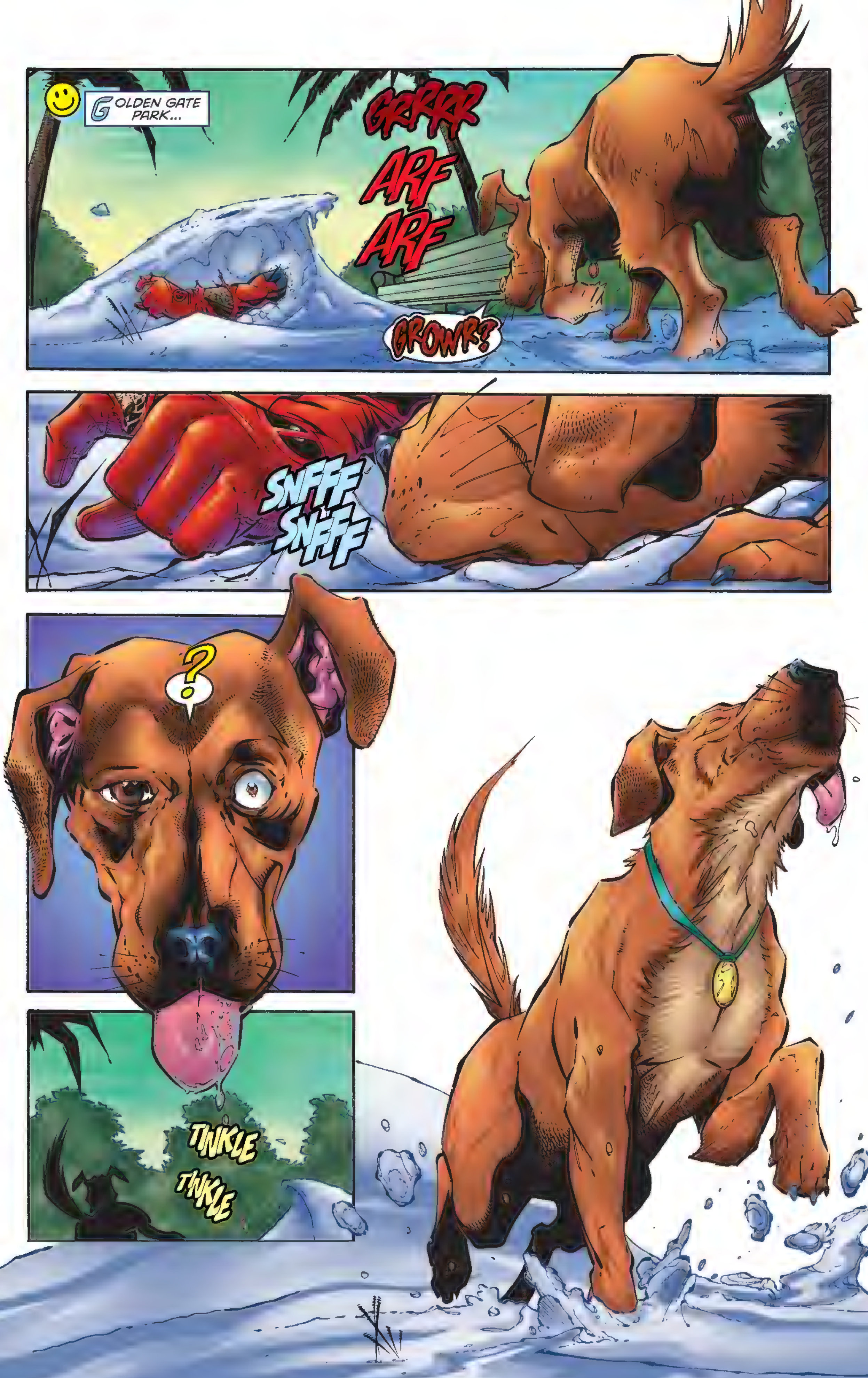

CHICAGO. HOME OF DA BULLS, DA BEARS, AND --
KA
--DA HELLHOUSE. MERCENARY HANGOUT.
RAIN DELAY. BAD FOR *TICKET SALES...* WHAT DO YOU THINK, COACH?
DIDN'T SAY NUTHIN' 'BOUT NO STORM IN THE FARMER'S ALMANAC, *FENWAY...* SOMETHING'S NOT *RIGHT... EERIE* LIKE...
YOU KIDS NOTICE HOW *T-RAY* LEFT THIS JOINT YESTERDAY?
YEAH, *PATCH... SMILING.* THINGS ARE *NEVER* GOOD WHEN T-RAY SMILES.
YOU THINK HE... THINK HE WENT AFTER *DEADPOOL?*
PLAY
IF HE DID, C.F., I HOPE --
-- HE... GOT THE... *WHAT'FER...* 'LO *T-RAY.*
'MORNING, *SCUM.*
GUESS WHO DIDN'T SURVIVE THE *OPERATION.*
FOUL BALL... FOUL --
SHUT UP, BOY... JUST... JUST *SHUT UP.*

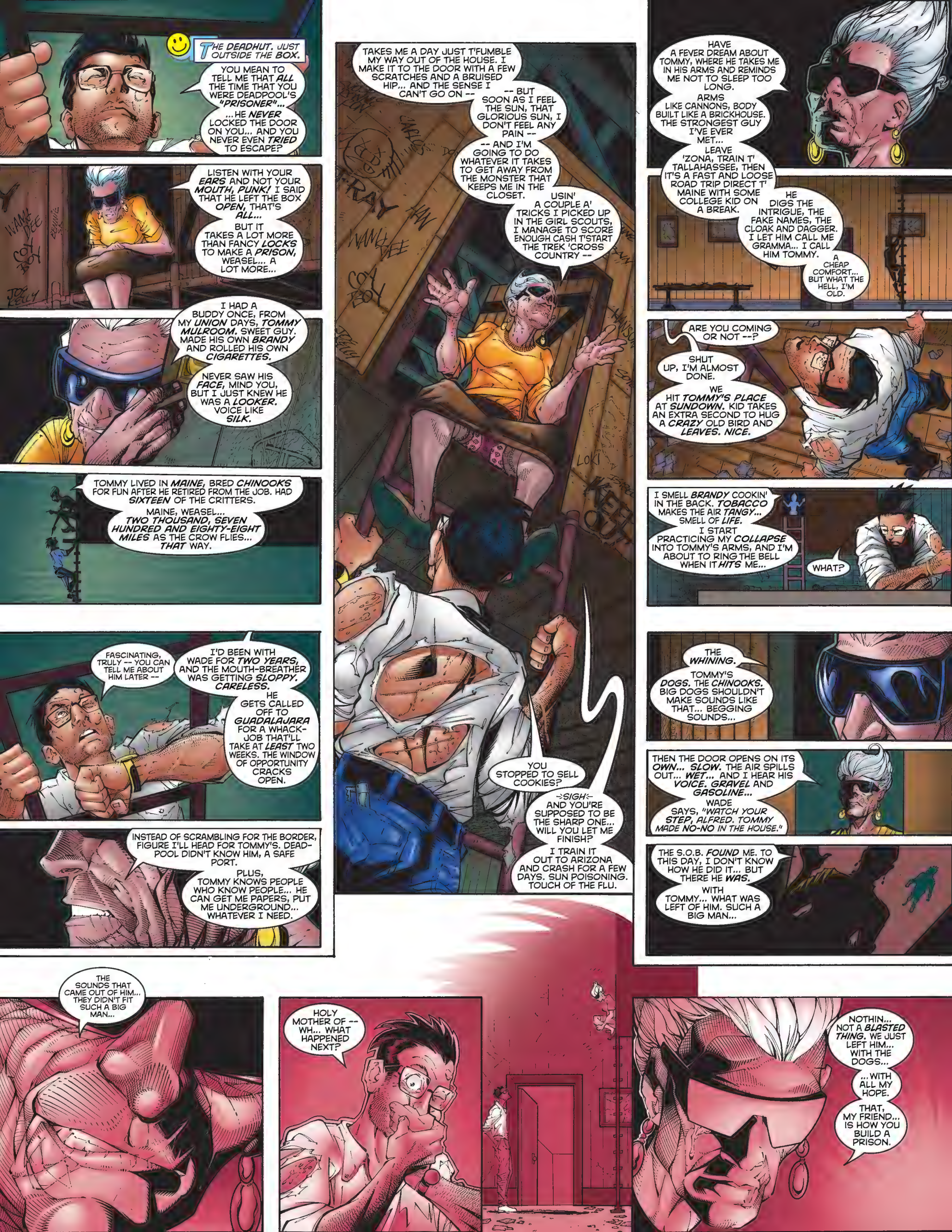

THE DEADHUT. MORE SPECIFICALLY, THE BOX.
THIS IS LIKE CHARLES MANSON'S RUMPUS ROOM! WHAT KIND OF PSYCHOPATH WOULD --
AL, WHAT HAPPENS IN HERE?
BE QUIET, WEASEL! JUST GRAB SOME FLOOR, SHUT UP AND WAIT.
EVENTUALLY DEADPOOL WILL REMEMBER THAT HE LEFT US HERE AND... WELL, I KNOW THERE'S SOME BREAD IN THE FREEZER... IT'S THE WATER, THOUGH, THAT'S IMPORTANT...
AL, YOU'RE TALKING LIKE WE'RE PRISONERS --
WEASEL, STOP! DON'T MOVE!
KLIK
SCHLIKT
SWIFF
WHAT THE --
ARRRGH!
I TOLD YOU, STAY STILL. VERY STILL.
A BOOBY TRAP? THIS IS INSANE! THIS --
WAIT. YOU'RE BLIND... HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS --?
THE EYES DON'T WORK, BUT THE EARS ARE ALWAYS ON TARGET. I FOLLOWED YOUR VOICE... AND THE BOX ISN'T THAT BIG...
...TWELVE FEET THREE INCHES ON ANY GIVEN SIDE. EIGHT FEET UP TO THE LATTICE...
...THE SIXTH FLOORBOARD FROM THE EAST WALL HAS A CREAK IN IT. THERE ARE EIGHTY-THREE KNOTHOLES. OVER THREE HUNDRED FEET OF CHAIN...
...SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO NAILS...
...YOU PICK UP THESE THINGS... ONCE YOU'VE BEEN IN HERE A WHILE.
OH MY GOD...

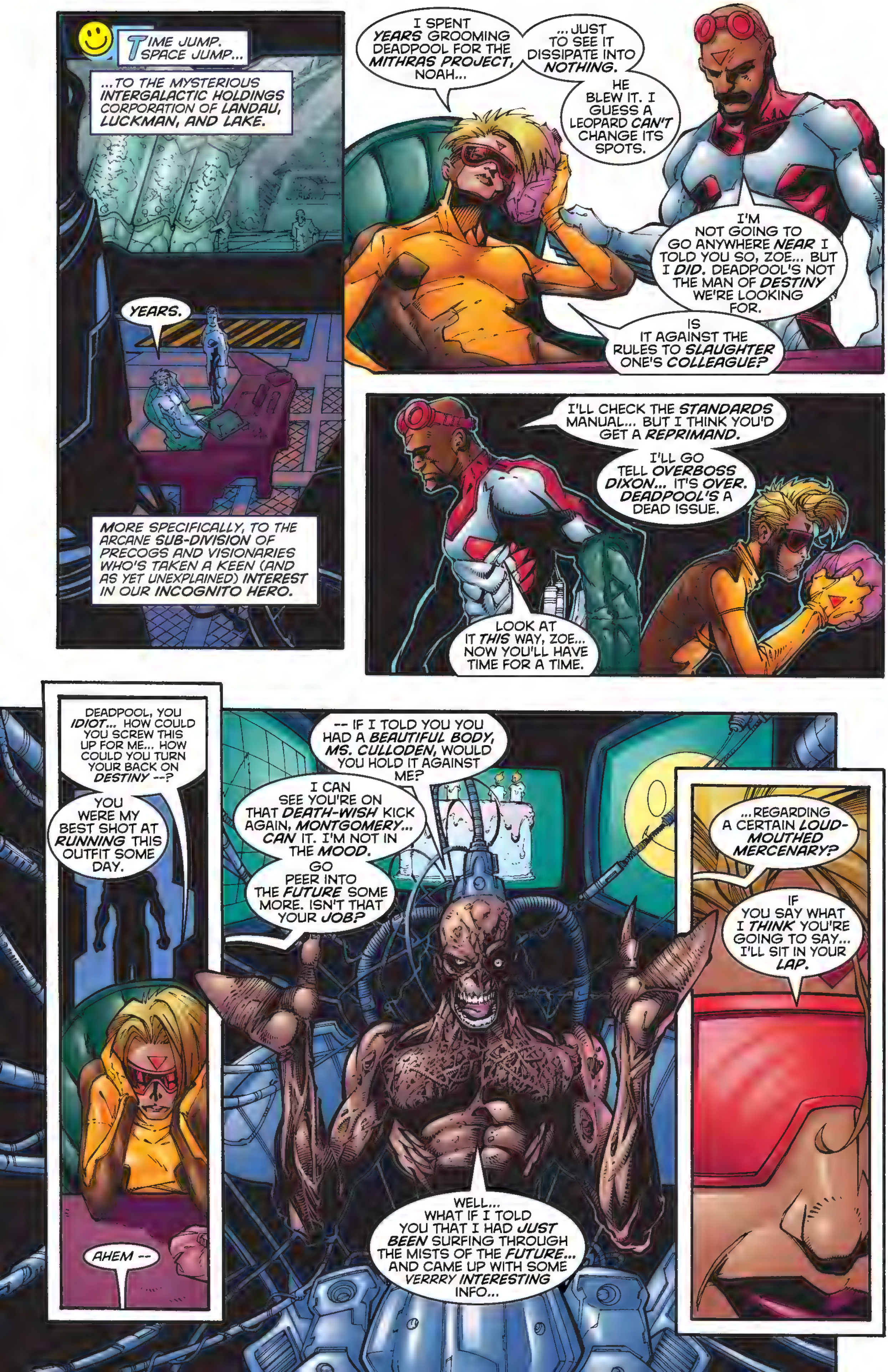

AL... I HAD NO IDEA...
IT'S ALL RIGHT... I'LL GET US OUT...
DON'T TOUCH ME!
DON'T YOU *DARE* LAY A FINGER ON ME WHILE WE'RE IN HERE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!
WHOA! AL --
AARGH!
THERE ARE *RULES* WHEN YOU'RE IN THE BOX! RULES YOU HAVE TO *OBEY* IF YOU EVER WANT TO GET OUT!
DO YOU *UNDERSTAND* ME?
RULES... OKAY... MAN, YOU PACK A *WALLOP* FOR A BLUE-HAIRED LADY...
I THINK I *PULLED* SOMETHING BACK HERE...
GOOD. *PAIN* IS *GOOD.*
REMINDS YOU THAT YOU STILL HAVE SOME *FEELING.* SOME *FLESH.*
SOMETIMES... WEEKS... MINUTES... I DON'T KNOW... TIME WOULD GO BY, AND I WOULDN'T MOVE A SINGLE *MUSCLE.*
I'D *FORGET* I STILL HAD A BODY...
...EVEN BLOCK OUT THE *SMELL.*
WHEN *THAT* WOULD HAPPEN... WHEN I'D FORGET I WASN'T JUST A *MIND*...

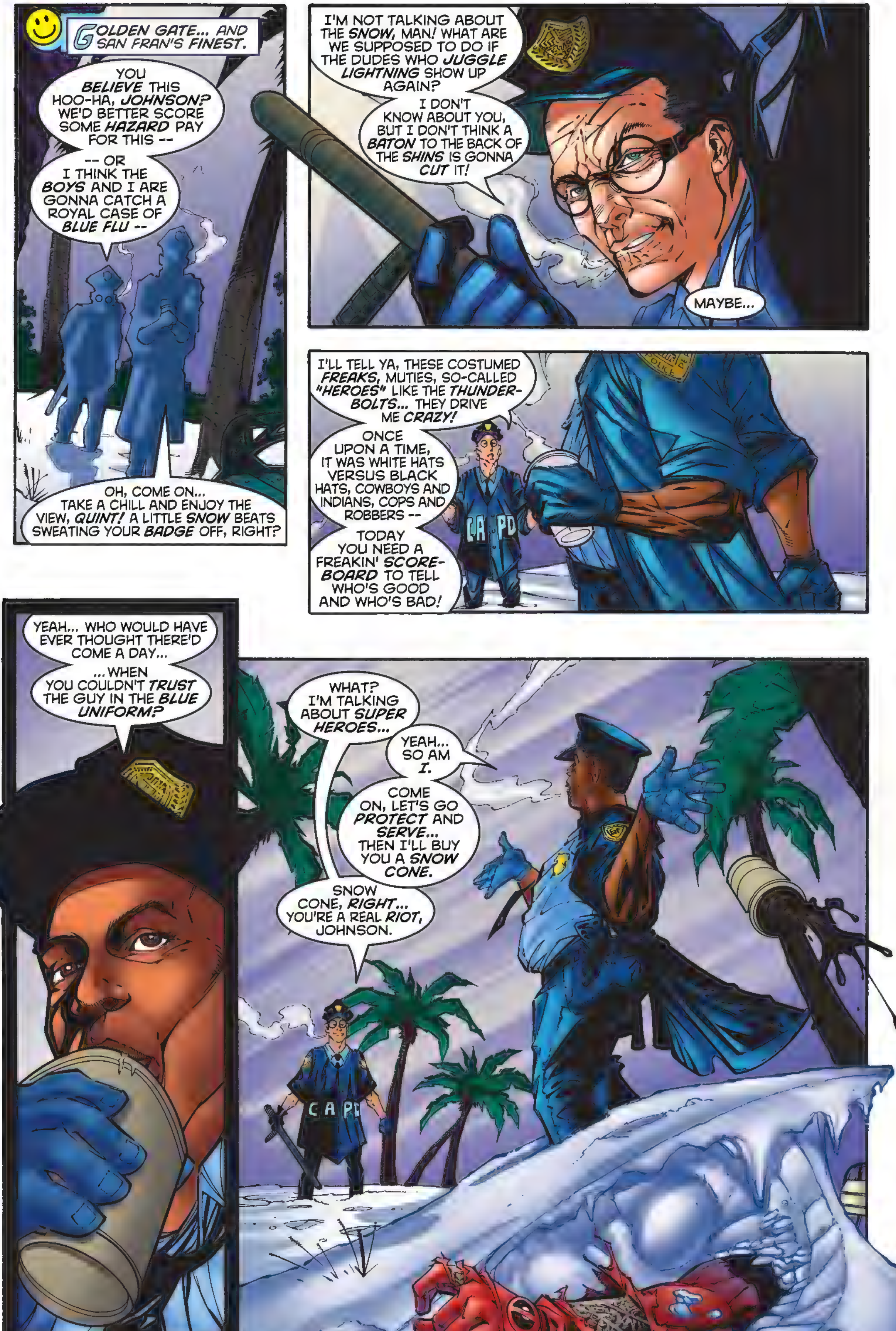

...I'D MAKE MYSELF *REMEMBER*. MUCH BETTER.
FLITT
HE USED TO REARRANGE THE *BLADES*... BUT IT GOT TO BE TOO MUCH WORK. I COULD LEARN *TOO* FAST.
HE -- YOU -- I *KNEW* WADE WAS AS TWISTED AS A CORKSCREW... BUT I *NEVER* THOUGHT... I'M *TRIPPING* OUT HERE... I --
NO! I'M NOT A *BLIND OLD LADY*. I'VE GOT A *LIGHT*, A FEW *TOOLS*, AND *I* TAUGHT DEADPOOL EVERYTHING HE KNOWS ABOUT *LOCKS* AND *SECURITY*...
YOU CAN SIT HERE AND *RHAPSODIZE* ABOUT THE GOOD OLD DAYS, BUT *I'M* FINDING A WAY OUT OF THIS THING.
FIRST WE'LL START MAPPING OUT THE *AIR CURRENTS*. FOLLOW A SMOKE TRAIL UNTIL I GET A *VENT* --
YO, *GENIUS*... YOU WANT OUT SO BAD...
...TRY THE *DOOR*.
HE LEFT THE *DOOR* OPEN?
CREEAK
OF COURSE...
...DEADPOOL *ALWAYS* LEAVES IT OPEN. HE DID FOR *YEARS*.
?

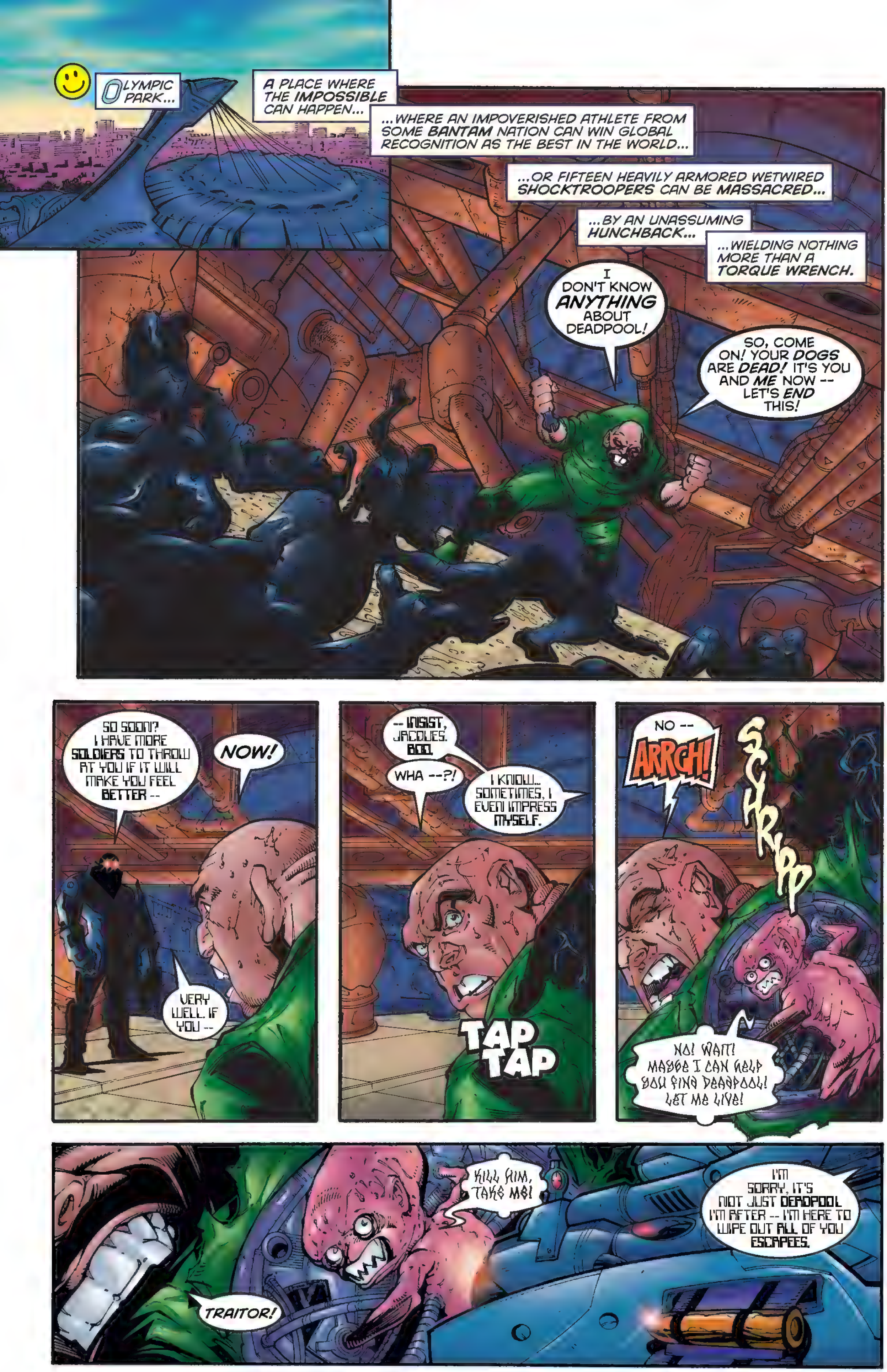

OLYMPIC PARK. MONTREAL, CANADA.
WITH ITS SIXTY-FIVE-TON RETRACTABLE ROOF AND FIFTY-FIVE-STORY INCLINED TOWER...
...THIS ARCHITECTURAL TREASURE IS A FITTING TESTAMENT TO THE OLYMPIC SPIRIT DISPLAYED HERE IN 1976.
IT REPRESENTS THE HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENTS OF HUMANITY, IN BOTH PHYSICAL EXCELLENCE...
SO THEN ZE NEXT MAN SITS NEXT TO ZE DUCK, AND OFFERS TO BUY HIM A DRINK...
...AND INTELLECTUAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.
RIGHT...
SO ZE DUCK TURNS AROUND, AND WITH HIZ FEATHERZ IN AN UPROAR --
YEAH, I THINK YOU TOLD ME THIS ONE, FREDDY... THE PUNCHLINE IS "ROSEANNE BARR," RIGHT?
OUI, BUT WAIT, JACQUES, ZIS IS COMEDY --
→SIGH← TELL THE DUCK TO TAKE A BREATH AND HAND ME THAT OILCAN. DON'T WANT THE ROOF TO STICK --
SKWATCH
HEY! I DON'T WANT TO WEAR THE OIL! I JUST→GASP←
NOW THAT IS COMEDY.
FREDDY?
HELLO, JACQUES. TIME FOR YOUR BATH.
UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU'RE WILLING TO HELP ME FIND DEADPOOL!

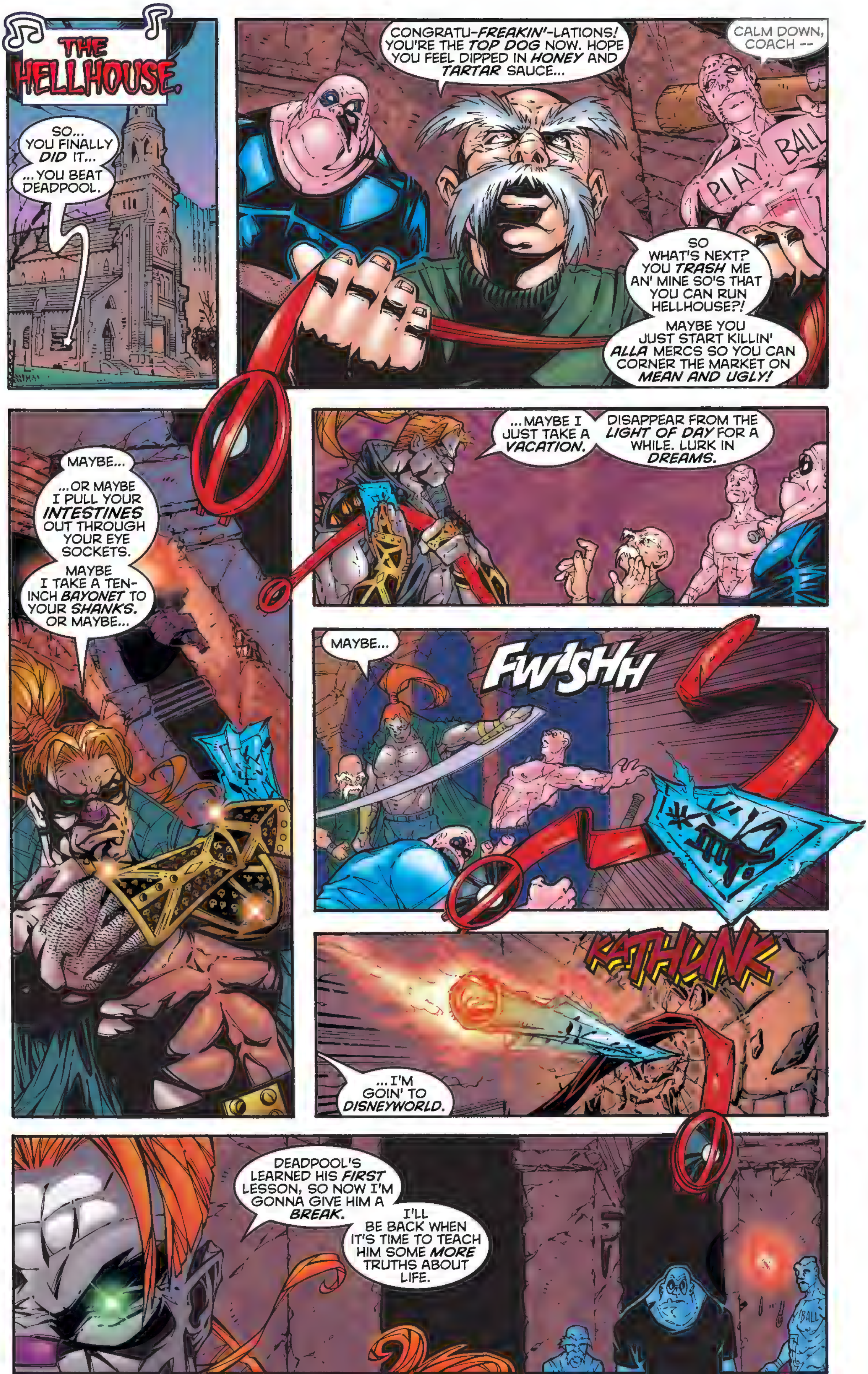

GOLDEN GATE PARK...
GRRRR
ARF
ARF
GROWR?
SNFFF
SNFFF
?
TINKLE
TINKLE

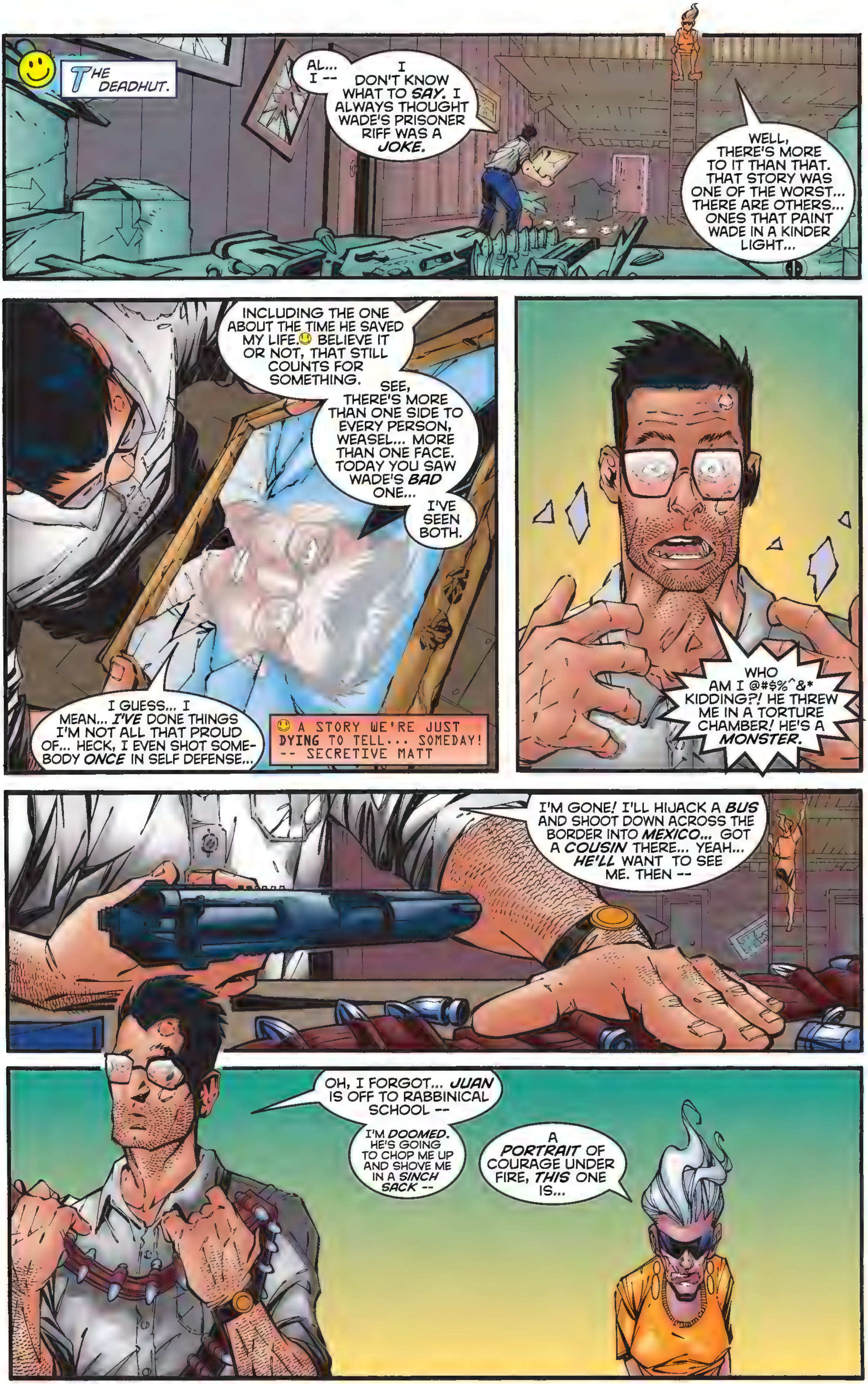

THE DEADHUT. JUST OUTSIDE THE BOX.
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT ALL THE TIME THAT YOU WERE DEADPOOL'S "PRISONER"... ...HE NEVER LOCKED THE DOOR ON YOU... AND YOU NEVER EVEN TRIED TO ESCAPE?
LISTEN WITH YOUR EARS AND NOT YOUR MOUTH, PUNK! I SAID THAT HE LEFT THE BOX OPEN, THAT'S ALL...
BUT IT TAKES A LOT MORE THAN FANCY LOCKS TO MAKE A PRISON, WEASEL... A LOT MORE...
I HAD A BUDDY ONCE, FROM MY UNION DAYS, TOMMY MULROOM. SWEET GUY. MADE HIS OWN BRANDY AND ROLLED HIS OWN CIGARETTES.
NEVER SAW HIS FACE, MIND YOU, BUT I JUST KNEW HE WAS A LOOKER. VOICE LIKE SILK.
TOMMY LIVED IN MAINE, BRED CHINOOKS FOR FUN AFTER HE RETIRED FROM THE JOB. HAD SIXTEEN OF THE CRITTERS.
MAINE, WEASEL... TWO THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHT MILES AS THE CROW FLIES... THAT WAY.
FASCINATING, TRULY -- YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT HIM LATER --
I'D BEEN WITH WADE FOR TWO YEARS, AND THE MOUTH-BREATHER WAS GETTING SLOPPY. CARELESS.
HE GETS CALLED OFF TO GUADALAJARA FOR A WHACK-JOB THAT'LL TAKE AT LEAST TWO WEEKS. THE WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY CRACKS OPEN.
INSTEAD OF SCRAMBLING FOR THE BORDER, FIGURE I'LL HEAD FOR TOMMY'S. DEADPOOL DIDN'T KNOW HIM, A SAFE PORT.
PLUS, TOMMY KNOWS PEOPLE WHO KNOW PEOPLE... HE CAN GET ME PAPERS, PUT ME UNDERGROUND... WHATEVER I NEED.
TAKES ME A DAY JUST T'FUMBLE MY WAY OUT OF THE HOUSE. I MAKE IT TO THE DOOR WITH A FEW SCRATCHES AND A BRUISED HIP... AND THE SENSE I CAN'T GO ON --
-- BUT SOON AS I FEEL THE SUN, THAT GLORIOUS SUN, I DON'T FEEL ANY PAIN --
-- AND I'M GOING TO DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET AWAY FROM THE MONSTER THAT KEEPS ME IN THE CLOSET.
USIN' A COUPLE A' TRICKS I PICKED UP IN THE GIRL SCOUTS, I MANAGE TO SCORE ENOUGH CASH T'START THE TREK 'CROSS COUNTRY --
YOU STOPPED TO SELL COOKIES?
SIGH
AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE SHARP ONE... WILL YOU LET ME FINISH?
I TRAIN IT OUT TO ARIZONA AND CRASH FOR A FEW DAYS. SUN POISONING. TOUCH OF THE FLU.
HAVE A FEVER DREAM ABOUT TOMMY, WHERE HE TAKES ME IN HIS ARMS AND REMINDS ME NOT TO SLEEP TOO LONG.
ARMS LIKE CANNONS, BODY BUILT LIKE A BRICKHOUSE. THE STRONGEST GUY I'VE EVER MET...
LEAVE 'ZONA, TRAIN T' TALLAHASSEE, THEN IT'S A FAST AND LOOSE ROAD TRIP DIRECT T' MAINE WITH SOME COLLEGE KID ON A BREAK.
HE DIGS THE INTRIGUE, THE FAKE NAMES, THE CLOAK AND DAGGER. I LET HIM CALL ME GRAMMA... I CALL HIM TOMMY.
A CHEAP COMFORT... BUT WHAT THE HELL, I'M OLD.
ARE YOU COMING OR NOT --?
SHUT UP, I'M ALMOST DONE.
WE HIT TOMMY'S PLACE AT SUNDOWN. KID TAKES AN EXTRA SECOND TO HUG A CRAZY OLD BIRD AND LEAVES. NICE.
I SMELL BRANDY COOKIN' IN THE BACK. TOBACCO MAKES THE AIR TANGY... SMELL OF LIFE.
I START PRACTICING MY COLLAPSE INTO TOMMY'S ARMS, AND I'M ABOUT TO RING THE BELL WHEN IT HITS ME...
WHAT?
THE WHINING.
TOMMY'S DOGS. THE CHINOOKS. BIG DOGS SHOULDN'T MAKE SOUNDS LIKE THAT... BEGGING SOUNDS...
THEN THE DOOR OPENS ON ITS OWN... SLOW. THE AIR SPILLS OUT... WET... AND I HEAR HIS VOICE. GRAVEL AND GASOLINE...
WADE SAYS, "WATCH YOUR STEP, ALFRED. TOMMY MADE NO-NO IN THE HOUSE."
THE S.O.B. FOUND ME. TO THIS DAY, I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT... BUT THERE HE WAS.
WITH TOMMY... WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM. SUCH A BIG MAN...
THE SOUNDS THAT CAME OUT OF HIM... THEY DIDN'T FIT SUCH A BIG MAN...
HOLY MOTHER OF -- WH... WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?
NOTHIN'... NOT A BLASTED THING. WE JUST LEFT HIM... WITH THE DOGS...
...WITH ALL MY HOPE.
THAT, MY FRIEND... IS HOW YOU BUILD A PRISON.

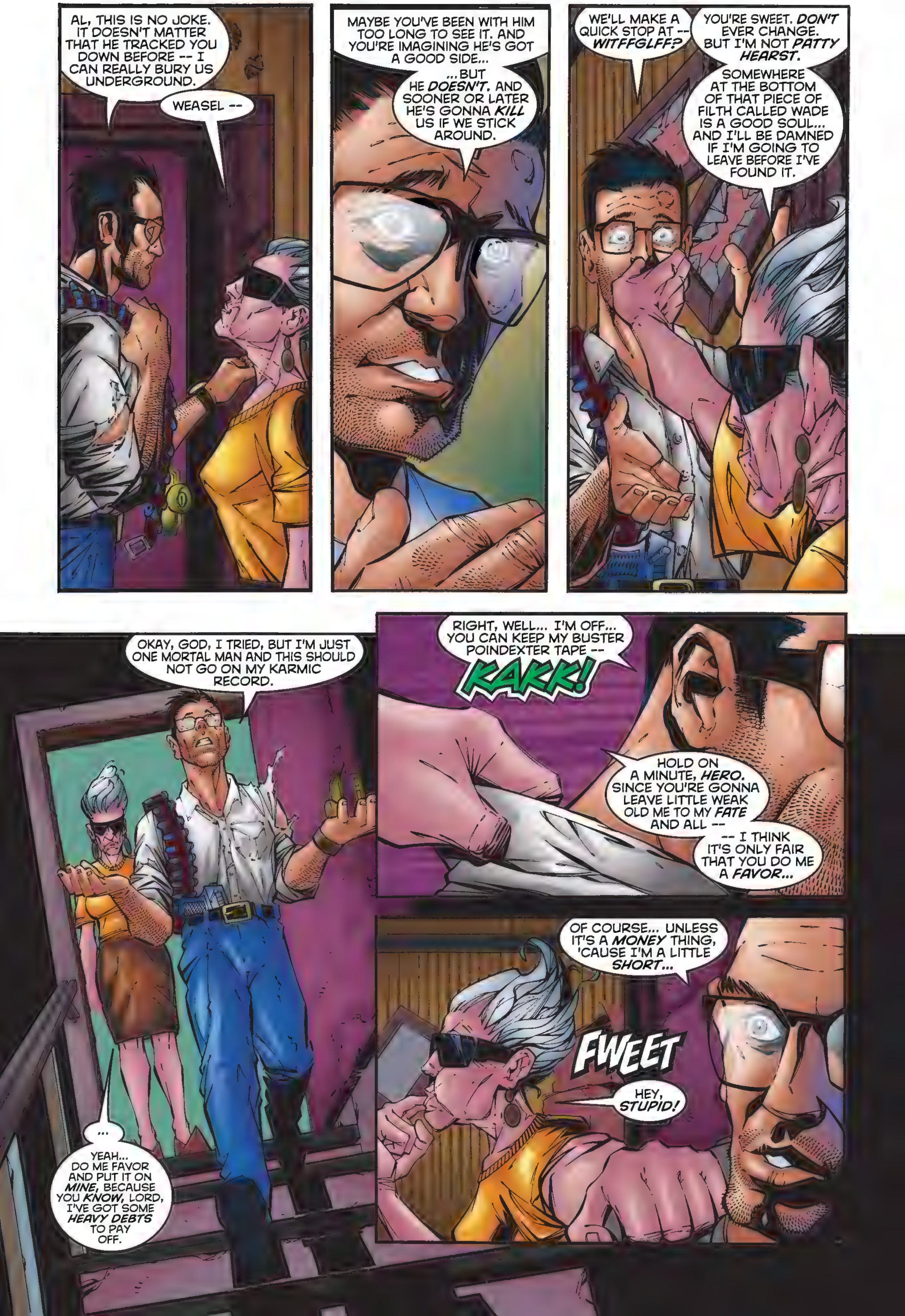

TIME JUMP. SPACE JUMP...
...TO THE MYSTERIOUS INTERGALACTIC HOLDINGS CORPORATION OF LANDAU, LUCKMAN, AND LAKE.
YEARS.
MORE SPECIFICALLY, TO THE ARCANE SUB-DIVISION OF PRECOGS AND VISIONARIES WHO'S TAKEN A KEEN (AND AS YET UNEXPLAINED) INTEREST IN OUR INCOGNITO HERO.
I SPENT YEARS GROOMING DEADPOOL FOR THE MITHRAS PROJECT, NOAH...
...JUST TO SEE IT DISSIPATE INTO NOTHING.
HE BLEW IT. I GUESS A LEOPARD CAN'T CHANGE ITS SPOTS.
I'M NOT GOING TO GO ANYWHERE NEAR I TOLD YOU SO, ZOE... BUT I DID. DEADPOOL'S NOT THE MAN OF DESTINY WE'RE LOOKING FOR.
IS IT AGAINST THE RULES TO SLAUGHTER ONE'S COLLEAGUE?
I'LL CHECK THE STANDARDS MANUAL... BUT I THINK YOU'D GET A REPRIMAND.
I'LL GO TELL OVERBOSS DIXON... IT'S OVER. DEADPOOL'S A DEAD ISSUE.
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, ZOE... NOW YOU'LL HAVE TIME FOR A TIME.
DEADPOOL, YOU IDIOT... HOW COULD YOU SCREW THIS UP FOR ME... HOW COULD YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON DESTINY --?
YOU WERE MY BEST SHOT AT RUNNING THIS OUTFIT SOME DAY.
AHEM --
-- IF I TOLD YOU YOU HAD A BEAUTIFUL BODY, MS. CULLODEN, WOULD YOU HOLD IT AGAINST ME?
I CAN SEE YOU'RE ON THAT DEATH-WISH KICK AGAIN, MONTGOMERY... CAN IT. I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.
GO PEER INTO THE FUTURE SOME MORE. ISN'T THAT YOUR JOB?
WELL... WHAT IF I TOLD YOU THAT I HAD JUST BEEN SURFING THROUGH THE MISTS OF THE FUTURE... AND CAME UP WITH SOME VERRRY INTERESTING INFO...
...REGARDING A CERTAIN LOUD-MOUTHED MERCENARY?
IF YOU SAY WHAT I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO SAY... I'LL SIT IN YOUR LAP.

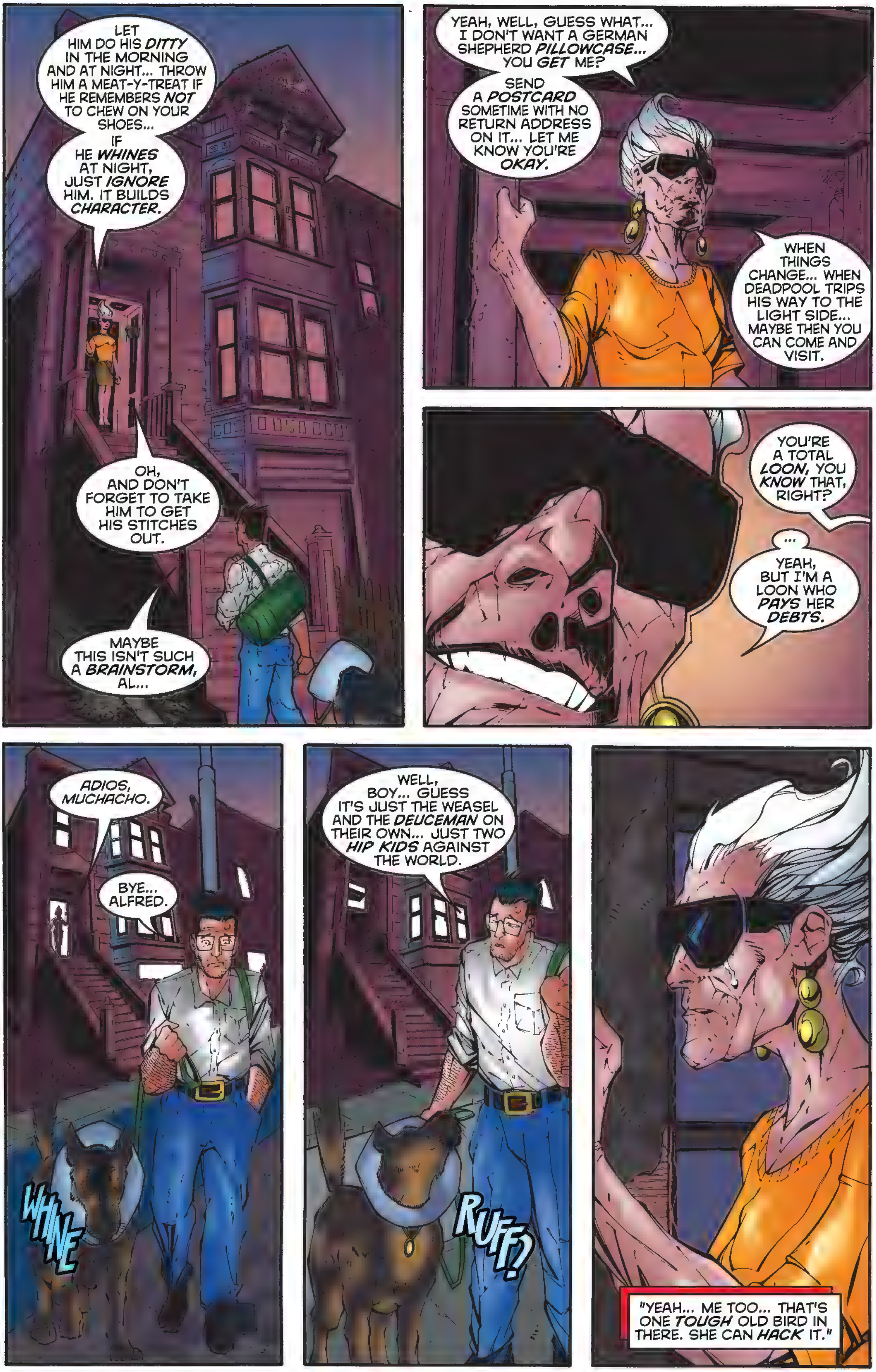

GOLDEN GATE... AND SAN FRAN'S FINEST.
YOU BELIEVE THIS HOO-HA, JOHNSON? WE'D BETTER SCORE SOME HAZARD PAY FOR THIS --
-- OR I THINK THE BOYS AND I ARE GONNA CATCH A ROYAL CASE OF BLUE FLU --
OH, COME ON... TAKE A CHILL AND ENJOY THE VIEW, QUINT! A LITTLE SNOW BEATS SWEATING YOUR BADGE OFF, RIGHT?
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE SNOW, MAN! WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO IF THE DUDES WHO JUGGLE LIGHTNING SHOW UP AGAIN?
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I DON'T THINK A BATON TO THE BACK OF THE SHINS IS GONNA CUT IT!
MAYBE...
I'LL TELL YA, THESE COSTUMED FREAKS, MUTIES, SO-CALLED "HEROES" LIKE THE THUNDERBOLTS... THEY DRIVE ME CRAZY!
ONCE UPON A TIME, IT WAS WHITE HATS VERSUS BLACK HATS, COWBOYS AND INDIANS, COPS AND ROBBERS --
TODAY YOU NEED A FREAKIN' SCOREBOARD TO TELL WHO'S GOOD AND WHO'S BAD!
CA PD
YEAH... WHO WOULD HAVE EVER THOUGHT THERE'D COME A DAY...
...WHEN YOU COULDN'T TRUST THE GUY IN THE BLUE UNIFORM?
WHAT? I'M TALKING ABOUT SUPER HEROES...
YEAH... SO AM I.
COME ON, LET'S GO PROTECT AND SERVE... THEN I'LL BUY YOU A SNOW CONE.
SNOW CONE, RIGHT... YOU'RE A REAL RIOT, JOHNSON.
CA PD

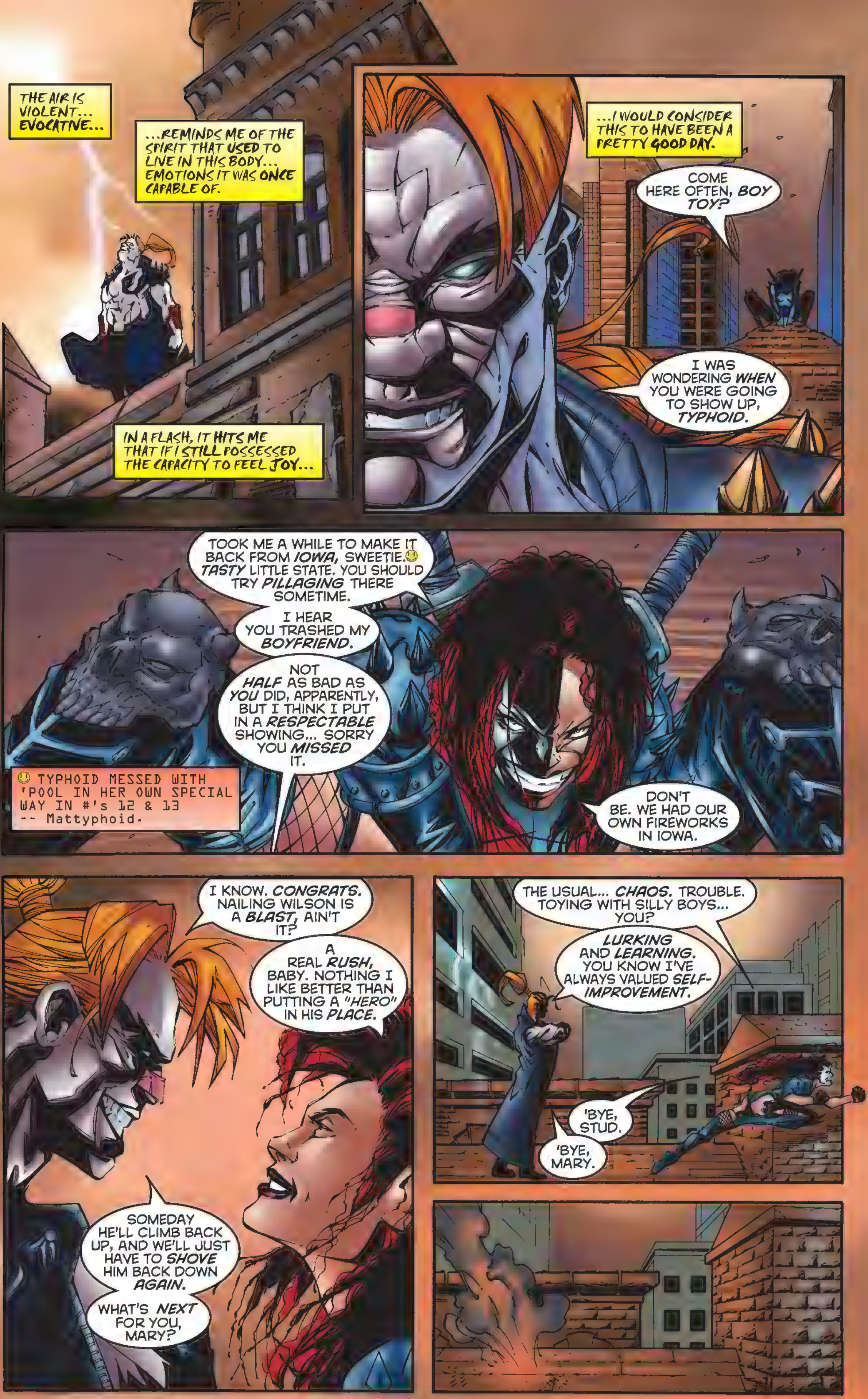

OLYMPIC PARK...
A PLACE WHERE THE IMPOSSIBLE CAN HAPPEN...
...WHERE AN IMPOVERISHED ATHLETE FROM SOME BANTAM NATION CAN WIN GLOBAL RECOGNITION AS THE BEST IN THE WORLD...
...OR FIFTEEN HEAVILY ARMORED WETWIRED SHOCKTROOPERS CAN BE MASSACRED...
...BY AN UNASSUMING HUNCHBACK...
...WIELDING NOTHING MORE THAN A TORQUE WRENCH.
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DEADPOOL!
SO, COME ON! YOUR DOGS ARE DEAD! IT'S YOU AND ME NOW -- LET'S END THIS!
SO SOON? I HAVE MORE SOLDIERS TO THROW AT YOU IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER --
NOW!
VERY WELL. IF YOU --
-- INSIST, JACQUES. BOO.
WHA --?!
I KNOW... SOMETIMES, I EVEN IMPRESS MYSELF.
TAP TAP
NO --
ARRGH!
SCHRIPP
NO! WAIT! MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU FIND DEADPOOL! LET ME LIVE!
KILL HIM, TAKE ME!
I'M SORRY, IT'S NOT JUST DEADPOOL I'M AFTER -- I'M HERE TO WIPE OUT ALL OF YOU ESCAPEES.
TRAITOR!

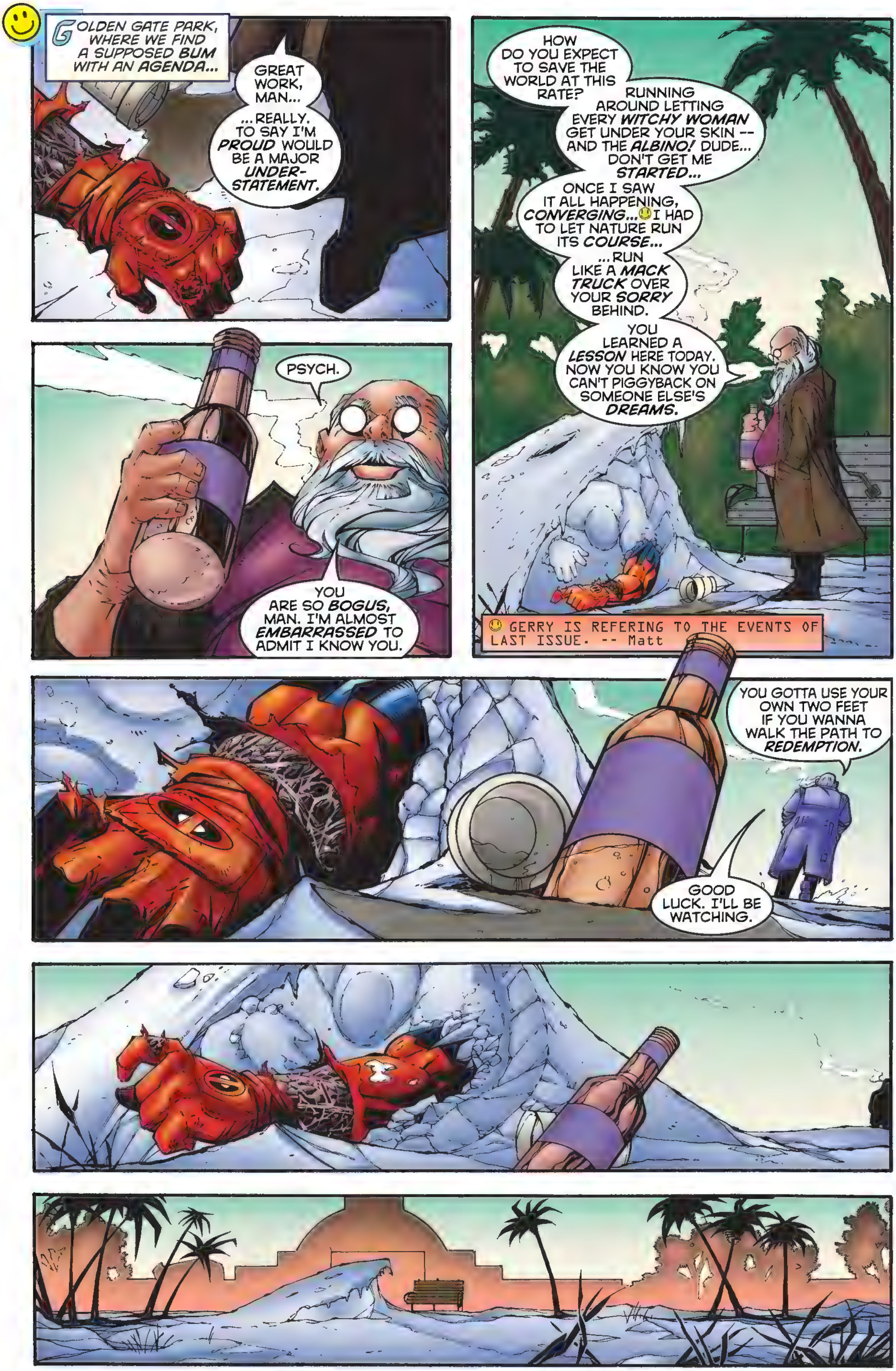

THE HELLHOUSE.
SO... YOU FINALLY *DID* IT...
...YOU BEAT DEADPOOL.
CONGRATU-*FREAKIN'*-LATIONS! YOU'RE THE *TOP DOG* NOW. HOPE YOU FEEL DIPPED IN *HONEY* AND *TARTAR* SAUCE...
CALM DOWN, COACH --
PLAY BALL
SO WHAT'S NEXT? YOU *TRASH* ME AN' MINE SO'S THAT YOU CAN RUN HELLHOUSE?!
MAYBE YOU JUST START KILLIN' *ALLA* MERCS SO YOU CAN CORNER THE MARKET ON *MEAN AND UGLY!*
MAYBE...
...OR MAYBE I PULL YOUR *INTESTINES* OUT THROUGH YOUR EYE SOCKETS.
MAYBE I TAKE A TEN-INCH *BAYONET* TO YOUR *SHANKS*. OR MAYBE...
...MAYBE I JUST TAKE A *VACATION*.
DISAPPEAR FROM THE *LIGHT OF DAY* FOR A WHILE. LURK IN *DREAMS*.
MAYBE...
FWISHH
KATHUNK
...I'M GOIN' TO *DISNEYWORLD*.
DEADPOOL'S LEARNED HIS *FIRST* LESSON, SO NOW I'M GONNA GIVE HIM A *BREAK*.
I'LL BE BACK WHEN IT'S TIME TO TEACH HIM SOME *MORE* TRUTHS ABOUT LIFE.
BALL

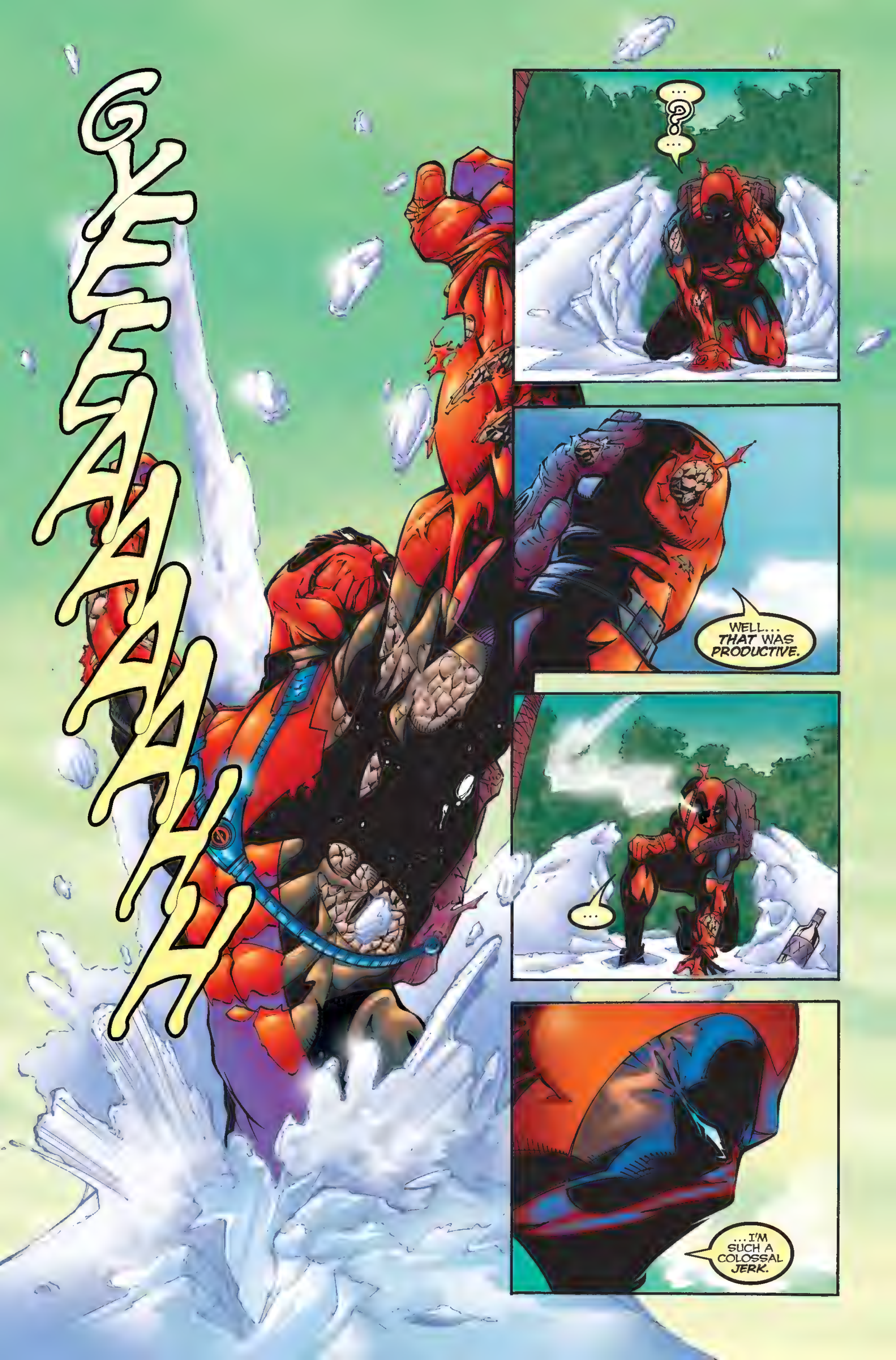

☺ THE DEADHUT.
AL... I --
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO *SAY.* I ALWAYS THOUGHT WADE'S PRISONER RIFF WAS A *JOKE.*
WELL, THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT. THAT STORY WAS ONE OF THE WORST... THERE ARE OTHERS... ONES THAT PAINT WADE IN A KINDER LIGHT...
INCLUDING THE ONE ABOUT THE TIME HE SAVED MY LIFE.☺ BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THAT STILL COUNTS FOR SOMETHING.
SEE, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE SIDE TO EVERY PERSON, WEASEL... MORE THAN ONE FACE. TODAY YOU SAW WADE'S *BAD* ONE...
I'VE SEEN BOTH.
I GUESS... I MEAN... *I'VE* DONE THINGS I'M NOT ALL THAT PROUD OF... HECK, I EVEN SHOT SOMEBODY *ONCE* IN SELF DEFENSE...
☺ A STORY WE'RE JUST DYING TO TELL... SOMEDAY! -- SECRETIVE MATT
WHO AM I @#$%^&* KIDDING?! HE THREW ME IN A TORTURE CHAMBER! HE'S A *MONSTER.*
I'M GONE! I'LL HIJACK A *BUS* AND SHOOT DOWN ACROSS THE BORDER INTO *MEXICO...* GOT A *COUSIN* THERE... YEAH... *HE'LL* WANT TO SEE ME. THEN --
OH, I FORGOT... *JUAN* IS OFF TO RABBINICAL SCHOOL --
I'M *DOOMED.* HE'S GOING TO CHOP ME UP AND SHOVE ME IN A *SINCH SACK* --
A *PORTRAIT* OF COURAGE UNDER FIRE, *THIS* ONE IS...

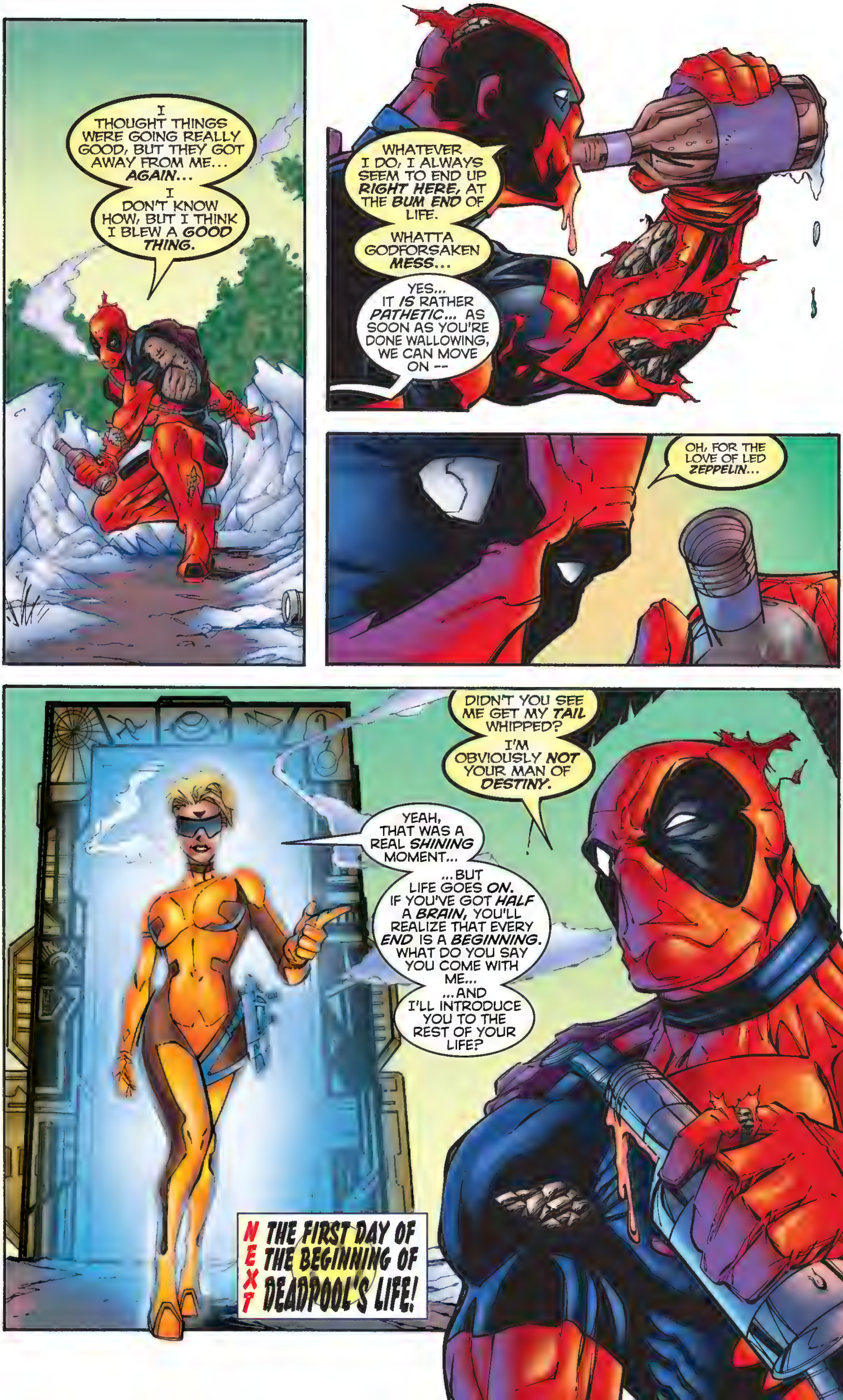

AL, THIS IS NO JOKE. IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT HE TRACKED YOU DOWN BEFORE -- I CAN REALLY BURY US UNDERGROUND.
WEASEL --
MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN WITH HIM TOO LONG TO SEE IT. AND YOU'RE IMAGINING HE'S GOT A GOOD SIDE...
...BUT HE *DOESN'T*. AND SOONER OR LATER HE'S GONNA *KILL* US IF WE STICK AROUND.
WE'LL MAKE A QUICK STOP AT -- *WITFFGLFF?*
YOU'RE SWEET. *DON'T* EVER CHANGE. BUT I'M NOT *PATTY HEARST*.
SOMEWHERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT PIECE OF FILTH CALLED WADE IS A GOOD SOUL... AND I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'M GOING TO LEAVE BEFORE I'VE FOUND IT.
OKAY, GOD, I TRIED, BUT I'M JUST ONE MORTAL MAN AND THIS SHOULD NOT GO ON MY KARMIC RECORD.
...
YEAH... DO ME FAVOR AND PUT IT ON *MINE*, BECAUSE YOU *KNOW*, LORD, I'VE GOT SOME *HEAVY DEBTS* TO PAY OFF.
RIGHT, WELL... I'M OFF... YOU CAN KEEP MY BUSTER POINDEXTER TAPE --
KAKK!
HOLD ON A MINUTE, *HERO*. SINCE YOU'RE GONNA LEAVE LITTLE WEAK OLD ME TO MY *FATE* AND ALL --
-- I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT YOU DO ME A *FAVOR*...
OF COURSE... UNLESS IT'S A *MONEY* THING, 'CAUSE I'M A LITTLE *SHORT*...
FWEET
HEY, *STUPID!*

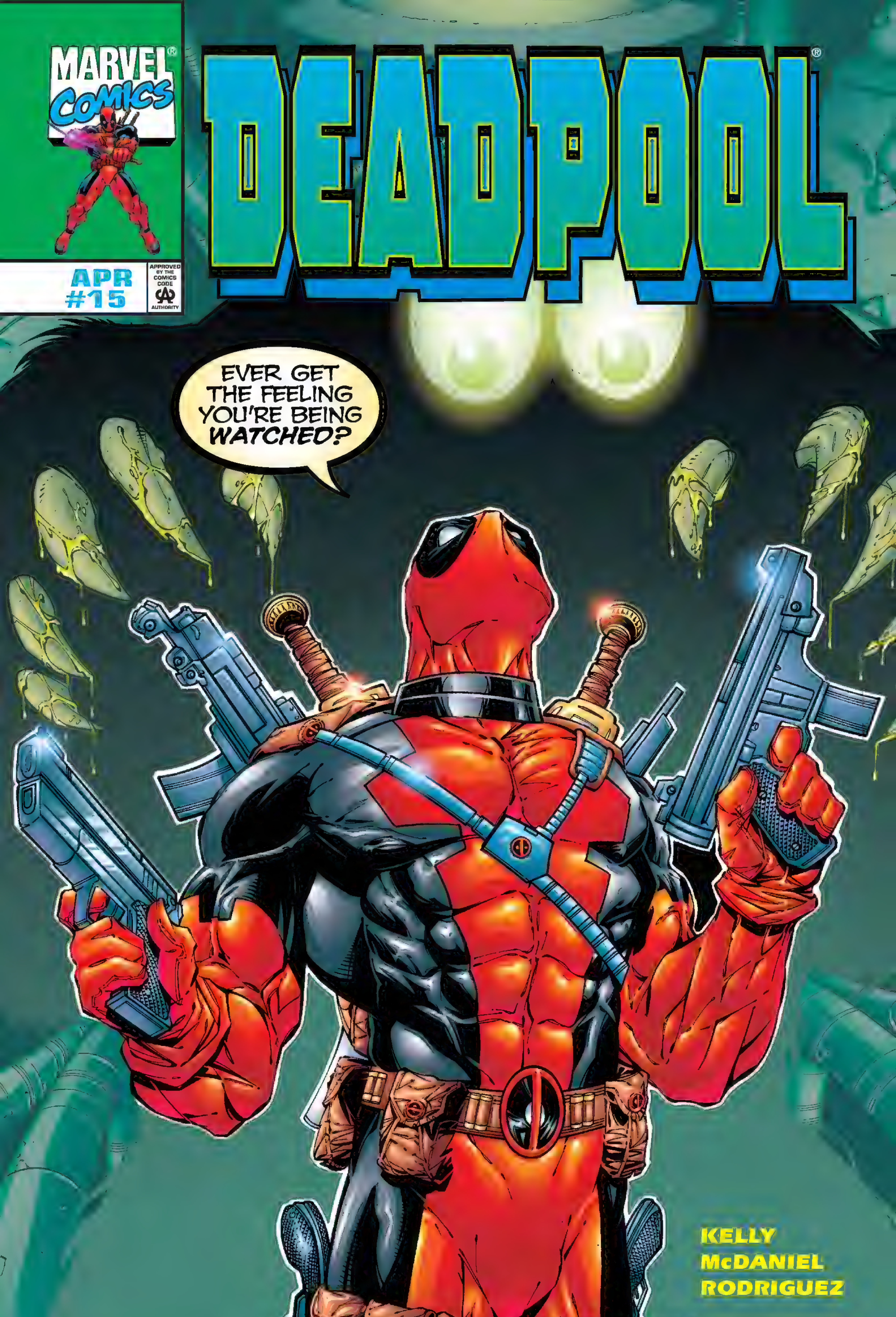

LET HIM DO HIS *DITTY* IN THE MORNING AND AT NIGHT... THROW HIM A MEAT-Y-TREAT IF HE REMEMBERS *NOT* TO CHEW ON YOUR SHOES...
IF HE *WHINES* AT NIGHT, JUST *IGNORE* HIM. IT BUILDS *CHARACTER.*
OH, AND DON'T FORGET TO TAKE HIM TO GET HIS STITCHES OUT.
MAYBE THIS ISN'T SUCH A *BRAINSTORM,* AL...
YEAH, WELL, GUESS WHAT... I DON'T WANT A GERMAN SHEPHERD *PILLOWCASE...* YOU *GET* ME?
SEND A *POSTCARD* SOMETIME WITH NO RETURN ADDRESS ON IT... LET ME KNOW YOU'RE *OKAY.*
WHEN THINGS CHANGE... WHEN DEADPOOL TRIPS HIS WAY TO THE LIGHT SIDE... MAYBE THEN YOU CAN COME AND VISIT.
YOU'RE A TOTAL *LOON,* YOU *KNOW* THAT, RIGHT?
...
YEAH, BUT I'M A LOON WHO *PAYS* HER *DEBTS.*
ADIOS, MUCHACHO.
BYE... ALFRED.
WHINE
WELL, BOY... GUESS IT'S JUST THE WEASEL AND THE *DEUCEMAN* ON THEIR OWN... JUST TWO *HIP KIDS* AGAINST THE WORLD.
RUFF?
"YEAH... ME TOO... THAT'S ONE *TOUGH* OLD BIRD IN THERE. SHE CAN *HACK* IT."


THE AIR IS VIOLENT... EVOCATIVE...
...REMINDS ME OF THE SPIRIT THAT USED TO LIVE IN THIS BODY... EMOTIONS IT WAS ONCE CAPABLE OF.
IN A FLASH, IT HITS ME THAT IF I STILL POSSESSED THE CAPACITY TO FEEL JOY...
...I WOULD CONSIDER THIS TO HAVE BEEN A PRETTY GOOD DAY.
COME HERE OFTEN, BOY TOY?
I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU WERE GOING TO SHOW UP, TYPHOID.
TOOK ME A WHILE TO MAKE IT BACK FROM IOWA, SWEETIE.☺ TASTY LITTLE STATE. YOU SHOULD TRY PILLAGING THERE SOMETIME.
I HEAR YOU TRASHED MY BOYFRIEND.
NOT HALF AS BAD AS YOU DID, APPARENTLY, BUT I THINK I PUT IN A RESPECTABLE SHOWING... SORRY YOU MISSED IT.
DON'T BE. WE HAD OUR OWN FIREWORKS IN IOWA.
☺ TYPHOID MESSED WITH 'POOL IN HER OWN SPECIAL WAY IN #'s 12 & 13 -- Mattyphoid.
I KNOW. CONGRATS. NAILING WILSON IS A BLAST, AIN'T IT?
A REAL RUSH, BABY. NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN PUTTING A "HERO" IN HIS PLACE.
SOMEDAY HE'LL CLIMB BACK UP, AND WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SHOVE HIM BACK DOWN AGAIN.
WHAT'S NEXT FOR YOU, MARY?
THE USUAL... CHAOS. TROUBLE. TOYING WITH SILLY BOYS... YOU?
LURKING AND LEARNING. YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS VALUED SELF-IMPROVEMENT.
'BYE, STUD.
'BYE, MARY.


GOLDEN GATE PARK, WHERE WE FIND A SUPPOSED BUM WITH AN AGENDA...
GREAT WORK, MAN...
...REALLY. TO SAY I'M PROUD WOULD BE A MAJOR UNDER-STATEMENT.
PSYCH.
YOU ARE SO BOGUS, MAN. I'M ALMOST EMBARRASSED TO ADMIT I KNOW YOU.
HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO SAVE THE WORLD AT THIS RATE?
RUNNING AROUND LETTING EVERY WITCHY WOMAN GET UNDER YOUR SKIN -- AND THE ALBINO! DUDE... DON'T GET ME STARTED...
ONCE I SAW IT ALL HAPPENING, CONVERGING... I HAD TO LET NATURE RUN ITS COURSE...
...RUN LIKE A MACK TRUCK OVER YOUR SORRY BEHIND.
YOU LEARNED A LESSON HERE TODAY. NOW YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T PIGGYBACK ON SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAMS.
GERRY IS REFERING TO THE EVENTS OF LAST ISSUE. -- Matt
YOU GOTTA USE YOUR OWN TWO FEET IF YOU WANNA WALK THE PATH TO REDEMPTION.
GOOD LUCK. I'LL BE WATCHING.


GKEEAAAAHH
...
?
...
WELL... *THAT* WAS *PRODUCTIVE.*
...
...I'M SUCH A COLOSSAL *JERK.*


I THOUGHT THINGS WERE GOING REALLY GOOD, BUT THEY GOT AWAY FROM ME... AGAIN...
I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT I THINK I BLEW A GOOD THING.
WHATEVER I DO, I ALWAYS SEEM TO END UP RIGHT HERE, AT THE BUM END OF LIFE.
WHATTA GODFORSAKEN MESS...
YES... IT IS RATHER PATHETIC... AS SOON AS YOU'RE DONE WALLOWING, WE CAN MOVE ON --
OH, FOR THE LOVE OF LED ZEPPELIN...
DIDN'T YOU SEE ME GET MY TAIL WHIPPED?
I'M OBVIOUSLY NOT YOUR MAN OF DESTINY.
YEAH, THAT WAS A REAL SHINING MOMENT...
...BUT LIFE GOES ON. IF YOU'VE GOT HALF A BRAIN, YOU'LL REALIZE THAT EVERY END IS A BEGINNING. WHAT DO YOU SAY YOU COME WITH ME...
...AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE REST OF YOUR LIFE?
NEXT THE FIRST DAY OF THE BEGINNING OF DEADPOOL'S LIFE!


MARVEL COMICS
DEADPOOL
APR
#15
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
EVER GET THE FEELING YOU'RE BEING *WATCHED?*
KELLY
McDANIEL
RODRIGUEZ

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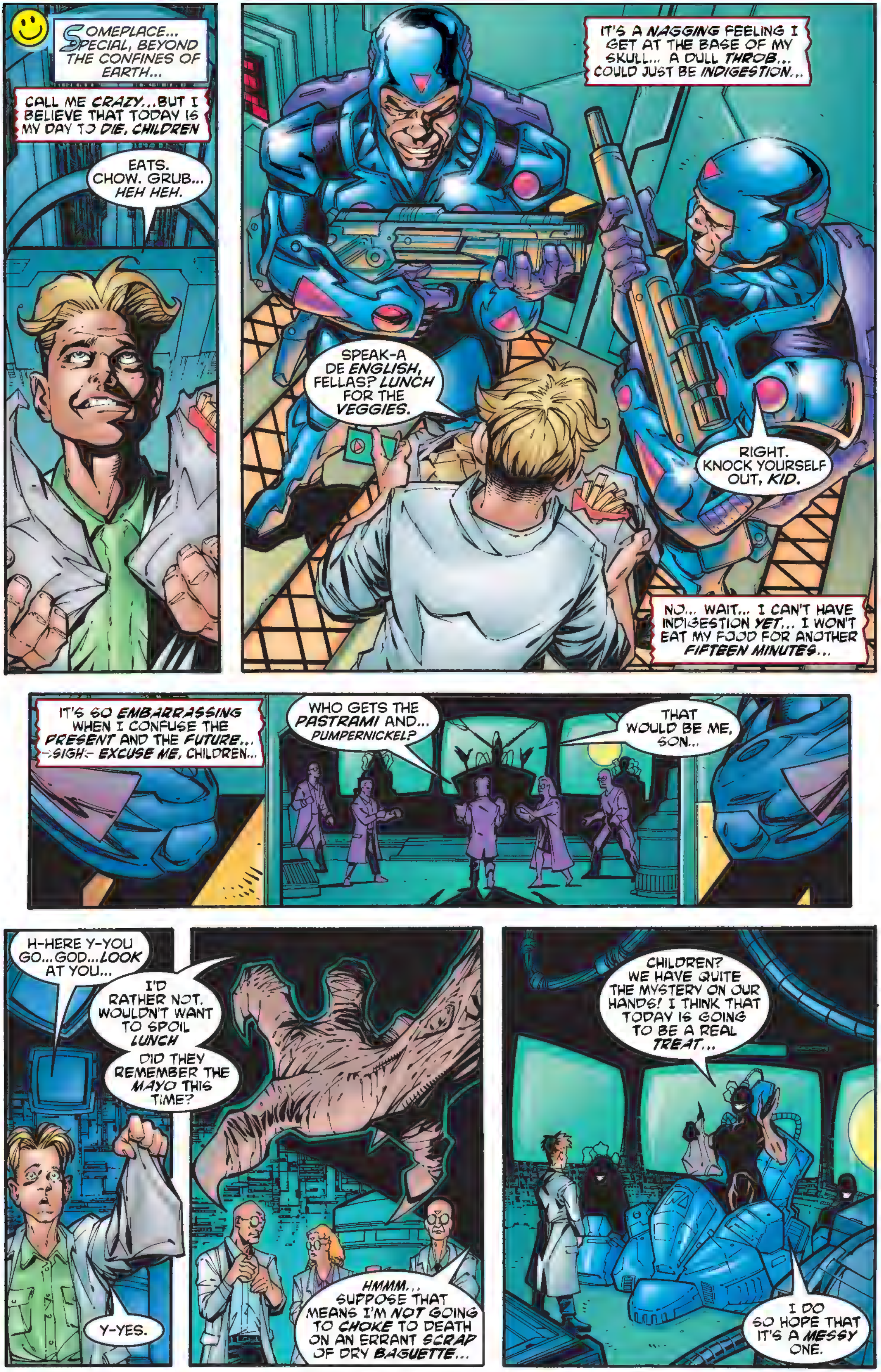
SOMEPLACE... SPECIAL, BEYOND THE CONFINES OF EARTH...
CALL ME *CRAZY*...BUT I BELIEVE THAT TODAY IS MY DAY TO *DIE, CHILDREN*
EATS. CHOW. GRUB... *HEH HEH.*
IT'S A *NAGGING* FEELING I GET AT THE BASE OF MY SKULL... A DULL *THROB*... COULD JUST BE *INDIGESTION*...
SPEAK-A DE *ENGLISH,* FELLAS? *LUNCH* FOR THE *VEGGIES.*
RIGHT. KNOCK YOURSELF OUT, *KID.*
NO... WAIT... I CAN'T HAVE INDIGESTION *YET*... I WON'T EAT MY FOOD FOR ANOTHER *FIFTEEN MINUTES*...
IT'S SO *EMBARRASSING* WHEN I CONFUSE THE *PRESENT* AND THE *FUTURE*... -SIGH- *EXCUSE ME,* CHILDREN...
WHO GETS THE *PASTRAMI* AND... *PUMPERNICKEL?*
THAT WOULD BE ME, SON...
H-HERE Y-YOU GO...GOD...*LOOK* AT YOU...
I'D RATHER NOT. WOULDN'T WANT TO SPOIL *LUNCH*
DID THEY REMEMBER THE *MAYO* THIS TIME?
Y-YES.
HMMM... SUPPOSE THAT MEANS I'M *NOT* GOING TO *CHOKE* TO DEATH ON AN ERRANT *SCRAP* OF DRY *BAGUETTE*...
CHILDREN? WE HAVE QUITE THE MYSTERY ON OUR HANDS! I THINK THAT TODAY IS GOING TO BE A REAL *TREAT*...
I DO SO HOPE THAT IT'S A *MESSY* ONE.

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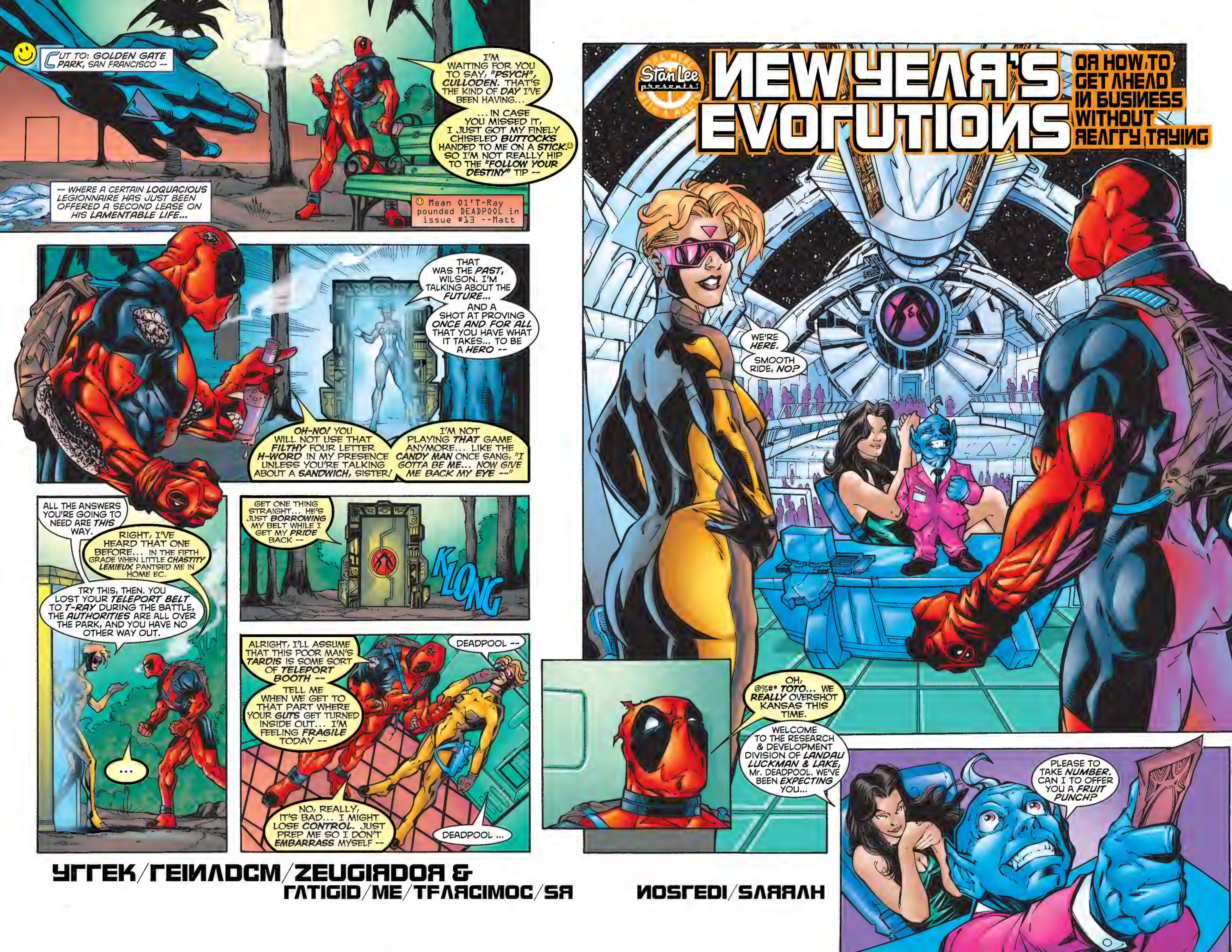
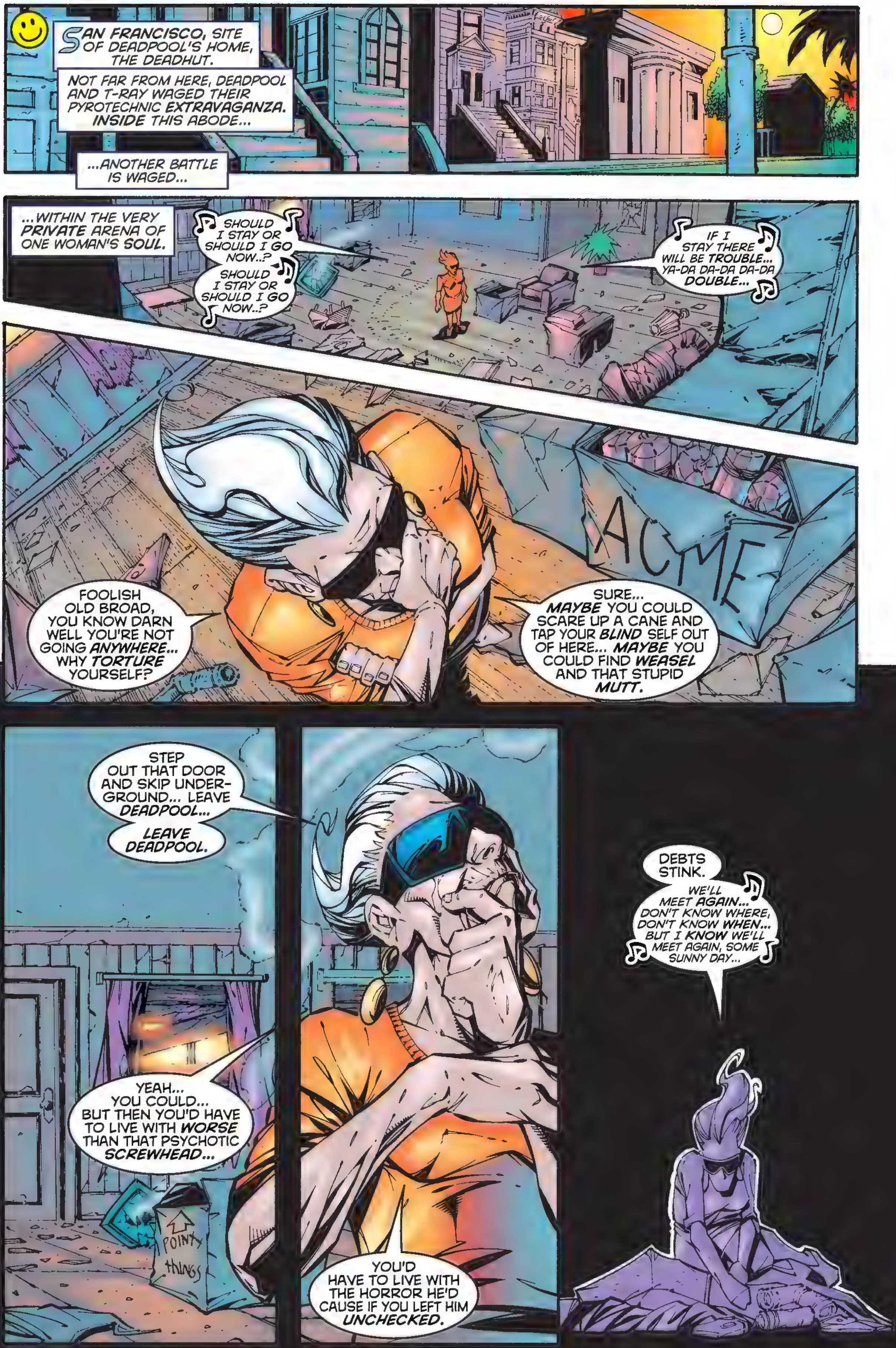
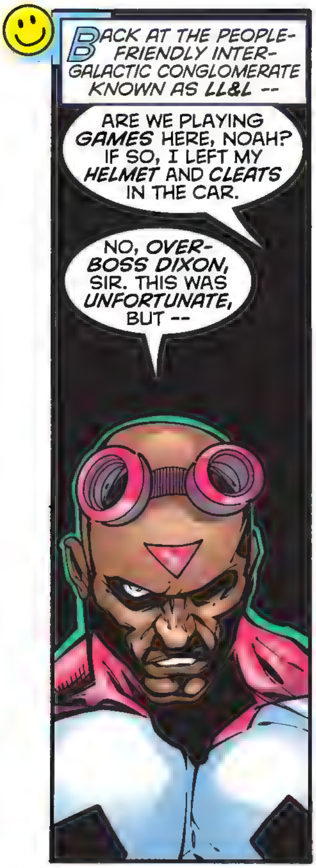
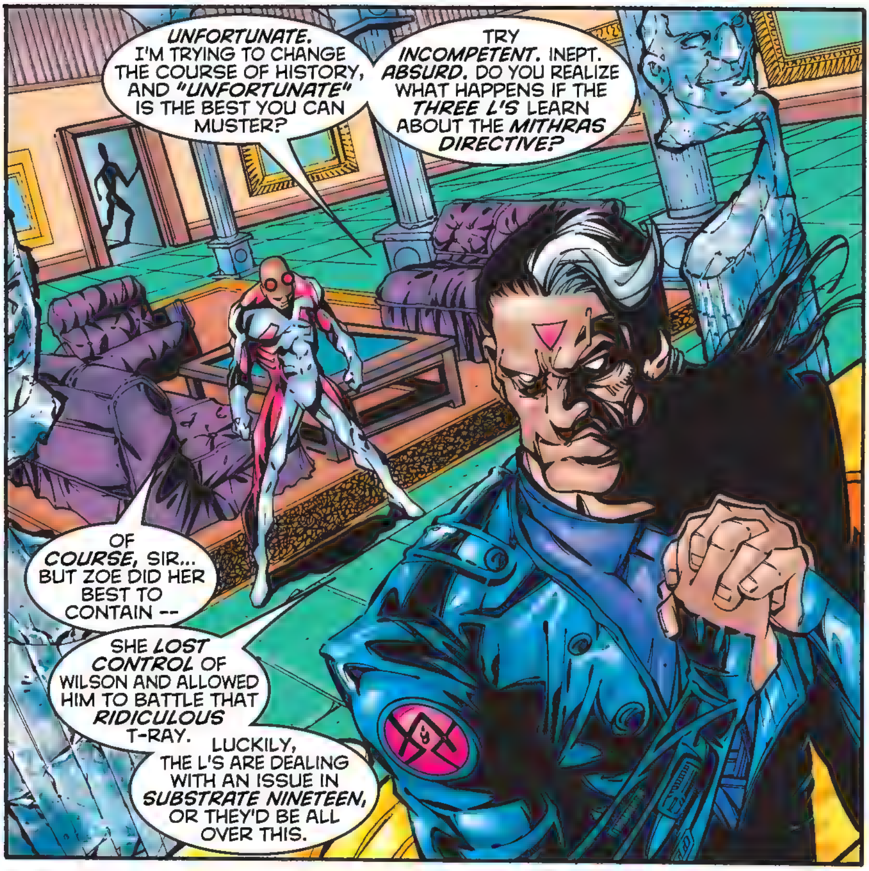
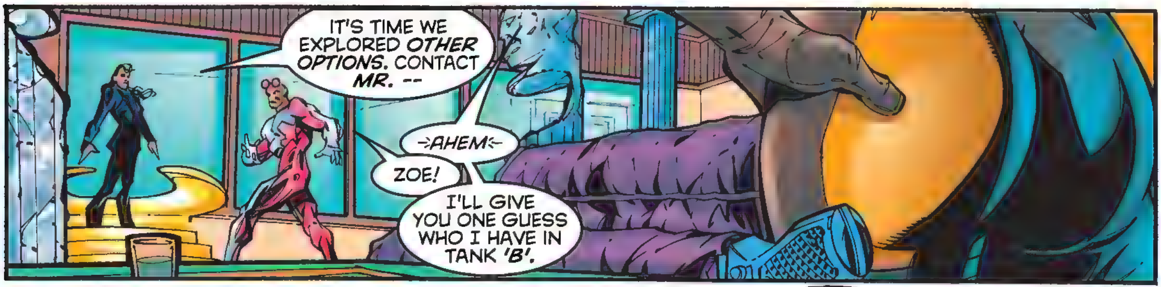


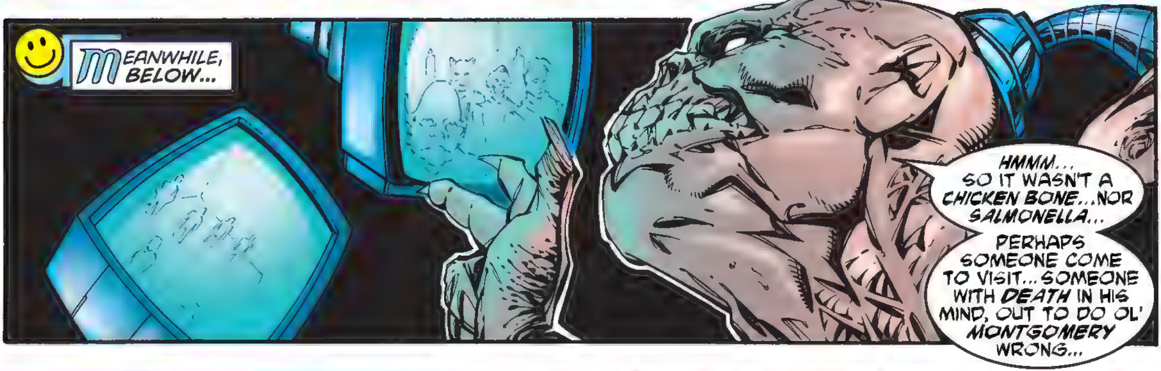
CUT TO: GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO --
I'M WAITING FOR YOU TO SAY, "PSYCH", CULLODEN. THAT'S THE KIND OF DAY I'VE BEEN HAVING...
... IN CASE YOU MISSED IT, I JUST GOT MY FINELY CHISELED BUTTOCKS HANDED TO ME ON A STICK. SO I'M NOT REALLY HIP TO THE "FOLLOW YOUR DESTINY" TIP --
-- WHERE A CERTAIN LOQUACIOUS LEGIONNAIRE HAS JUST BEEN OFFERED A SECOND LEASE ON HIS LAMENTABLE LIFE...
Mean Ol'T-Ray pounded DEADPOOL in issue #13 --Matt
THAT WAS THE PAST, WILSON. I'M TALKING ABOUT THE FUTURE...
AND A SHOT AT PROVING ONCE AND FOR ALL THAT YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES... TO BE A HERO --
OH-NO! YOU WILL NOT USE THAT FILTHY FOUR LETTER H-WORD IN MY PRESENCE UNLESS YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT A SANDWICH, SISTER!
I'M NOT PLAYING THAT GAME ANYMORE... LIKE THE CANDY MAN ONCE SANG, "I GOTTA BE ME... NOW GIVE ME BACK MY EYE --"
ALL THE ANSWERS YOU'RE GOING TO NEED ARE THIS WAY.
RIGHT, I'VE HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE... IN THE FIFTH GRADE WHEN LITTLE CHASTITY LEMIEUX PANTSED ME IN HOME EC.
TRY THIS, THEN. YOU LOST YOUR TELEPORT BELT TO T-RAY DURING THE BATTLE, THE AUTHORITIES ARE ALL OVER THE PARK, AND YOU HAVE NO OTHER WAY OUT.
...
GET ONE THING STRAIGHT... HE'S JUST BORROWING MY BELT WHILE I GET MY PRIDE BACK --
KLONG
ALRIGHT, I'LL ASSUME THAT THIS POOR MAN'S TARDIS IS SOME SORT OF TELEPORT BOOTH --
TELL ME WHEN WE GET TO THAT PART WHERE YOUR GUTS GET TURNED INSIDE OUT... I'M FEELING FRAGILE TODAY --
DEADPOOL --
NO, REALLY, IT'S BAD... I MIGHT LOSE CONTROL. JUST PREP ME SO I DON'T EMBARRASS MYSELF --
DEADPOOL ...
Stan Lee presents:
NEW YEAR'S EVOLUTIONS
OR HOW TO GET AHEAD IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING
WE'RE HERE.
SMOOTH RIDE, NO?
OH, @%#* TOTO... WE REALLY OVERSHOT KANSAS THIS TIME.
WELCOME TO THE RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT DIVISION OF LANDAU LUCKMAN & LAKE, Mr. DEADPOOL. WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU...
PLEASE TO TAKE NUMBER. CAN I TO OFFER YOU A FRUIT PUNCH?
YLLEK/LEINADCM/ZEUGIRDOR &
LATIGID/ME/TFARCIMOC/SR
NOSLEDI/SARRAH

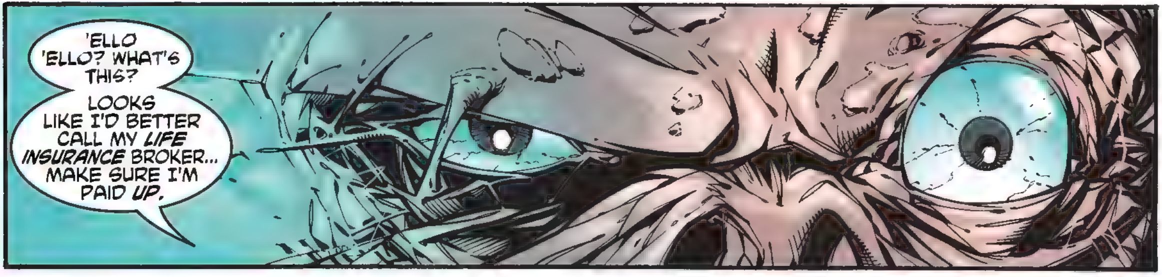

SAN FRANCISCO, SITE OF DEADPOOL'S HOME, THE DEADHUT.
NOT FAR FROM HERE, DEADPOOL AND T-RAY WAGED THEIR PYROTECHNIC EXTRAVAGANZA. INSIDE THIS ABODE...
...ANOTHER BATTLE IS WAGED...
...WITHIN THE VERY PRIVATE ARENA OF ONE WOMAN'S SOUL.
♪ SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO NOW..? ♪
♪ SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO NOW..? ♪
♪ IF I STAY THERE WILL BE TROUBLE... YA-DA DA-DA DA-DA DOUBLE... ♪
FOOLISH OLD BROAD, YOU KNOW DARN WELL YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE... WHY TORTURE YOURSELF?
SURE... MAYBE YOU COULD SCARE UP A CANE AND TAP YOUR BLIND SELF OUT OF HERE... MAYBE YOU COULD FIND WEASEL AND THAT STUPID MUTT.
ACME
STEP OUT THAT DOOR AND SKIP UNDERGROUND... LEAVE DEADPOOL...
LEAVE DEADPOOL.
YEAH... YOU COULD... BUT THEN YOU'D HAVE TO LIVE WITH WORSE THAN THAT PSYCHOTIC SCREWHEAD...
POINTY THINGS
YOU'D HAVE TO LIVE WITH THE HORROR HE'D CAUSE IF YOU LEFT HIM UNCHECKED.
DEBTS STINK.
♪ WE'LL MEET AGAIN... DON'T KNOW WHERE, DON'T KNOW WHEN... BUT I KNOW WE'LL MEET AGAIN, SOME SUNNY DAY... ♪

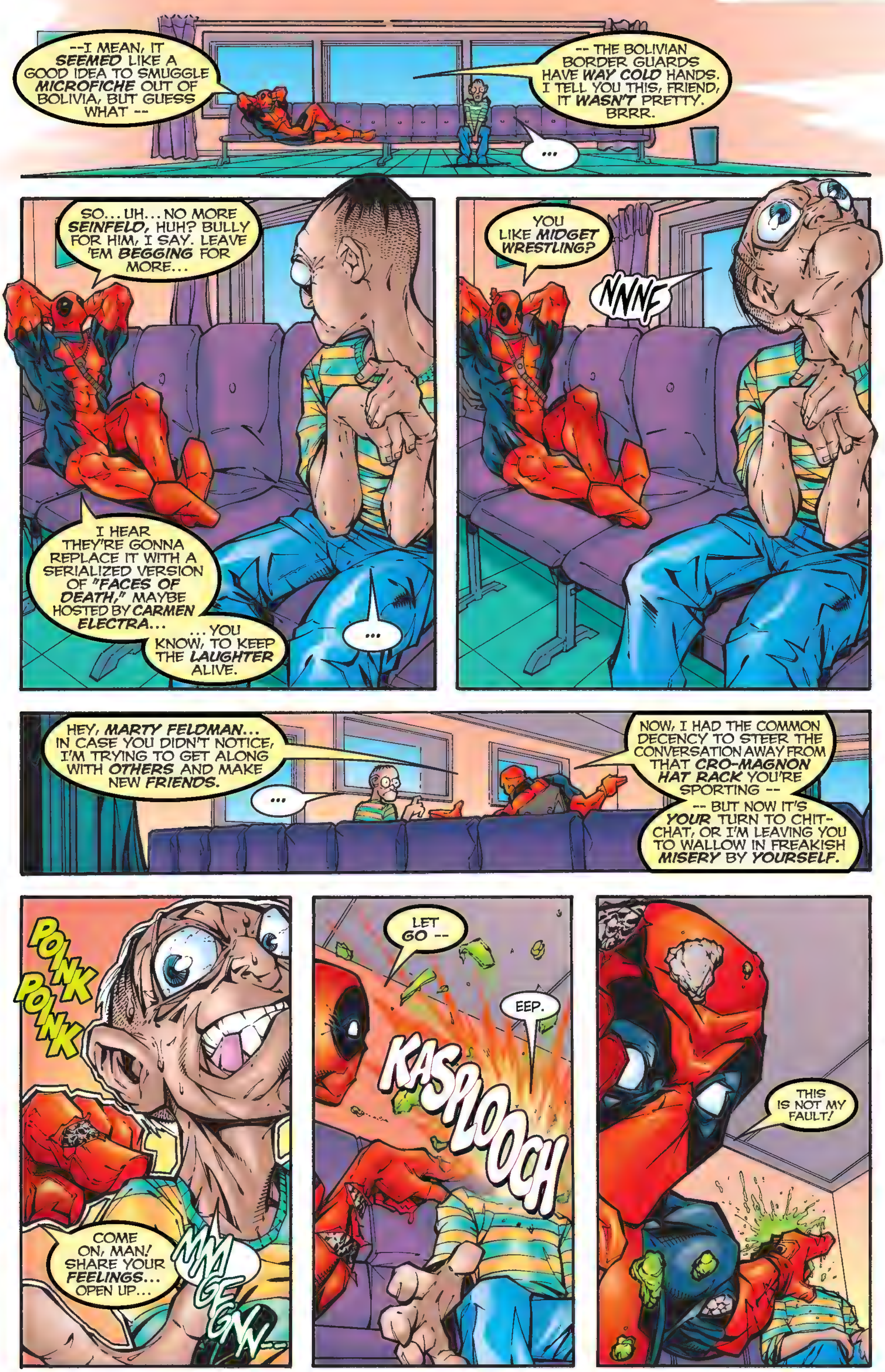

BACK AT THE PEOPLE-FRIENDLY INTER-GALACTIC CONGLOMERATE KNOWN AS LL&L --
ARE WE PLAYING GAMES HERE, NOAH? IF SO, I LEFT MY HELMET AND CLEATS IN THE CAR.
NO, OVER-BOSS DIXON, SIR. THIS WAS UNFORTUNATE, BUT --

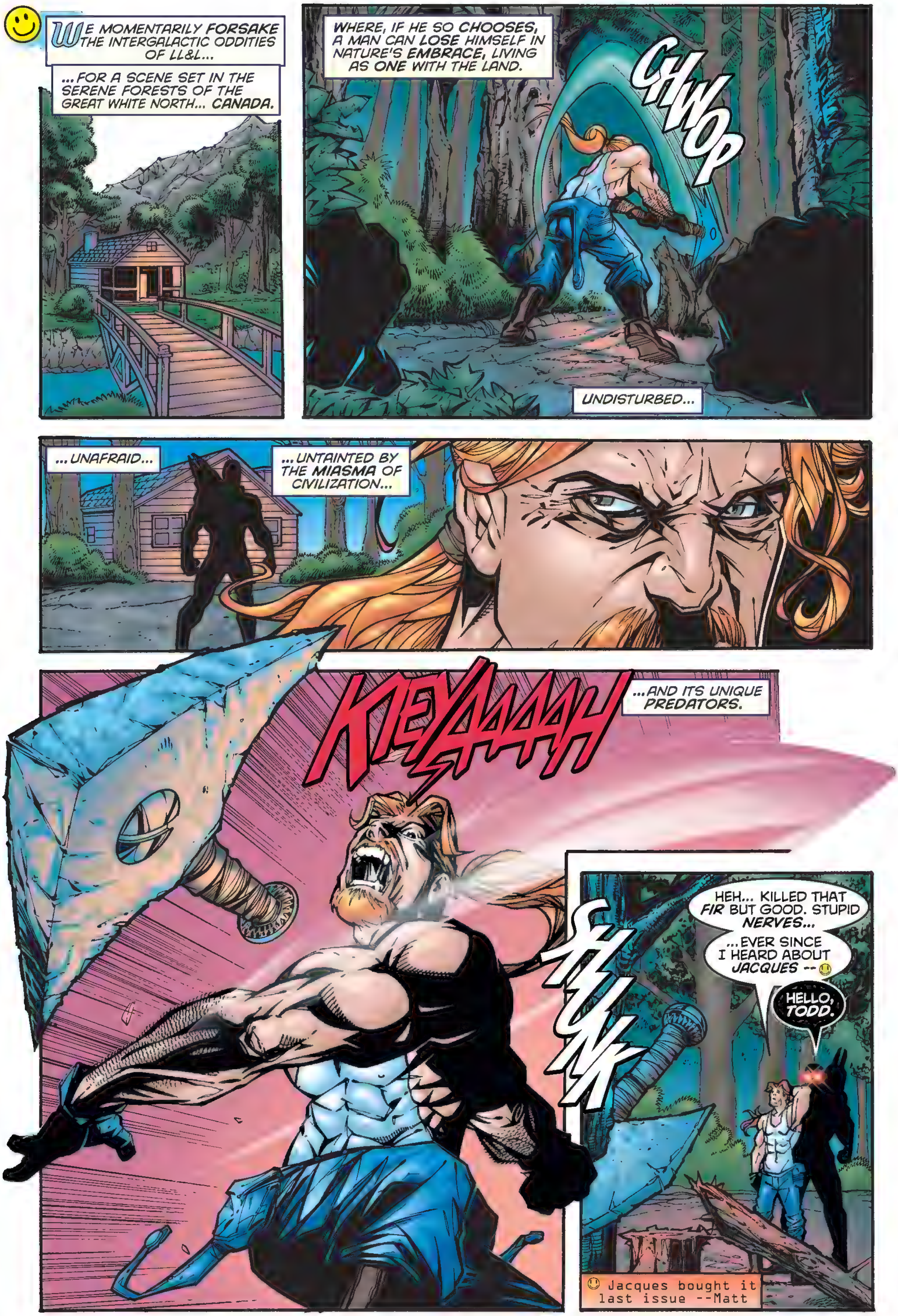

UNFORTUNATE. I'M TRYING TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY, AND "UNFORTUNATE" IS THE BEST YOU CAN MUSTER?
TRY INCOMPETENT. INEPT. ABSURD. DO YOU REALIZE WHAT HAPPENS IF THE THREE L'S LEARN ABOUT THE MITHRAS DIRECTIVE?
OF COURSE, SIR... BUT ZOE DID HER BEST TO CONTAIN --
SHE LOST CONTROL OF WILSON AND ALLOWED HIM TO BATTLE THAT RIDICULOUS T-RAY.
LUCKILY, THE L'S ARE DEALING WITH AN ISSUE IN SUBSTRATE NINETEEN, OR THEY'D BE ALL OVER THIS.

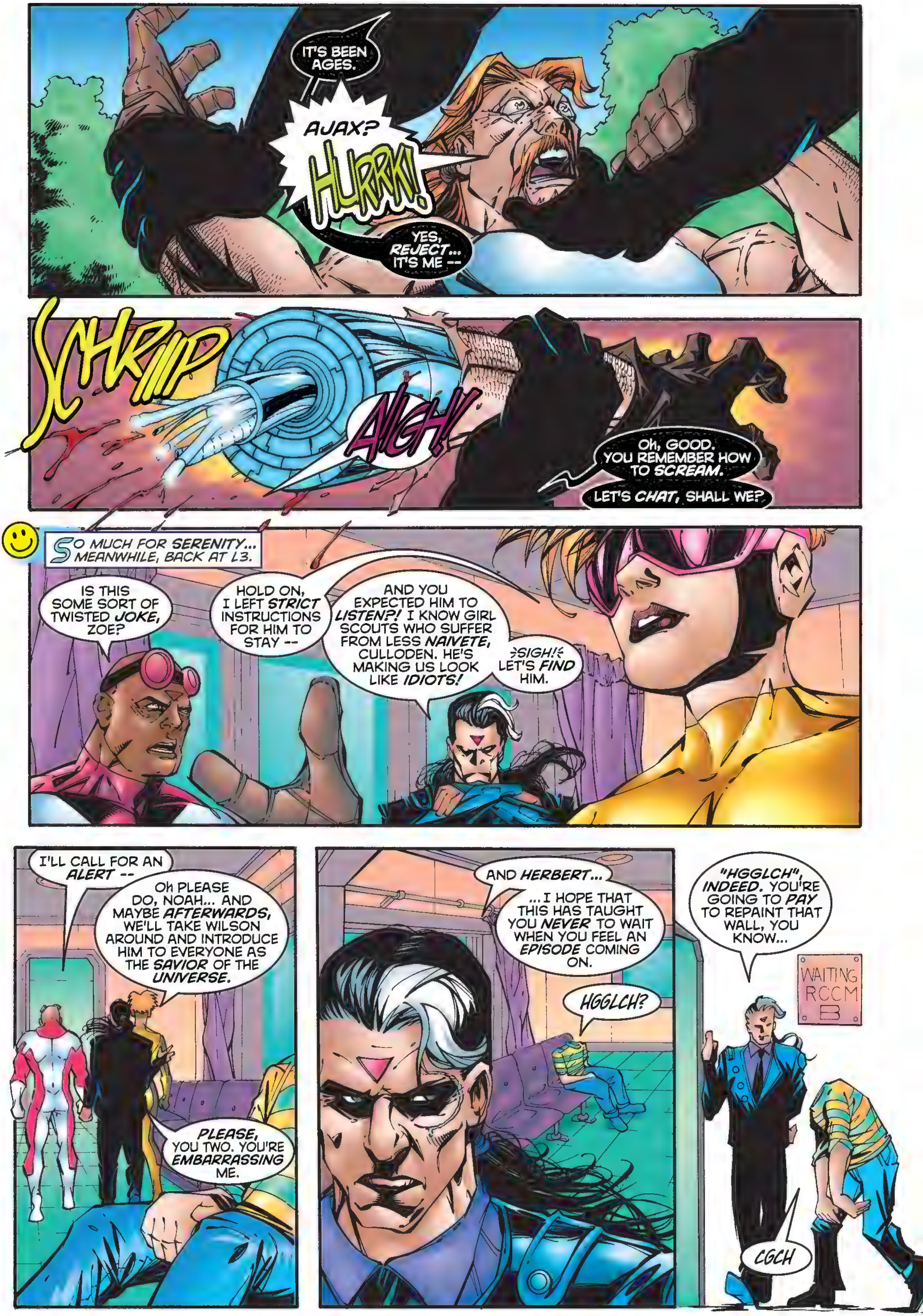

IT'S TIME WE EXPLORED OTHER OPTIONS. CONTACT MR. --
-AHEM-
ZOE!
I'LL GIVE YOU ONE GUESS WHO I HAVE IN TANK 'B'.

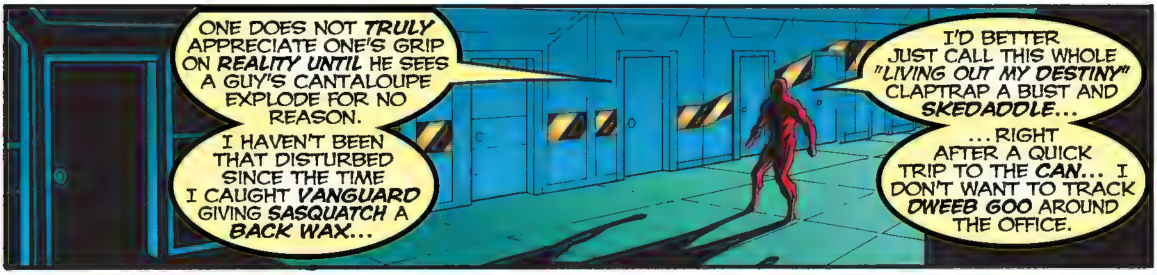

MEANWHILE, BELOW...
HMMM... SO IT WASN'T A CHICKEN BONE...NOR SALMONELLA...
PERHAPS SOMEONE COME TO VISIT...SOMEONE WITH DEATH IN HIS MIND, OUT TO DO OL' MONTGOMERY WRONG...

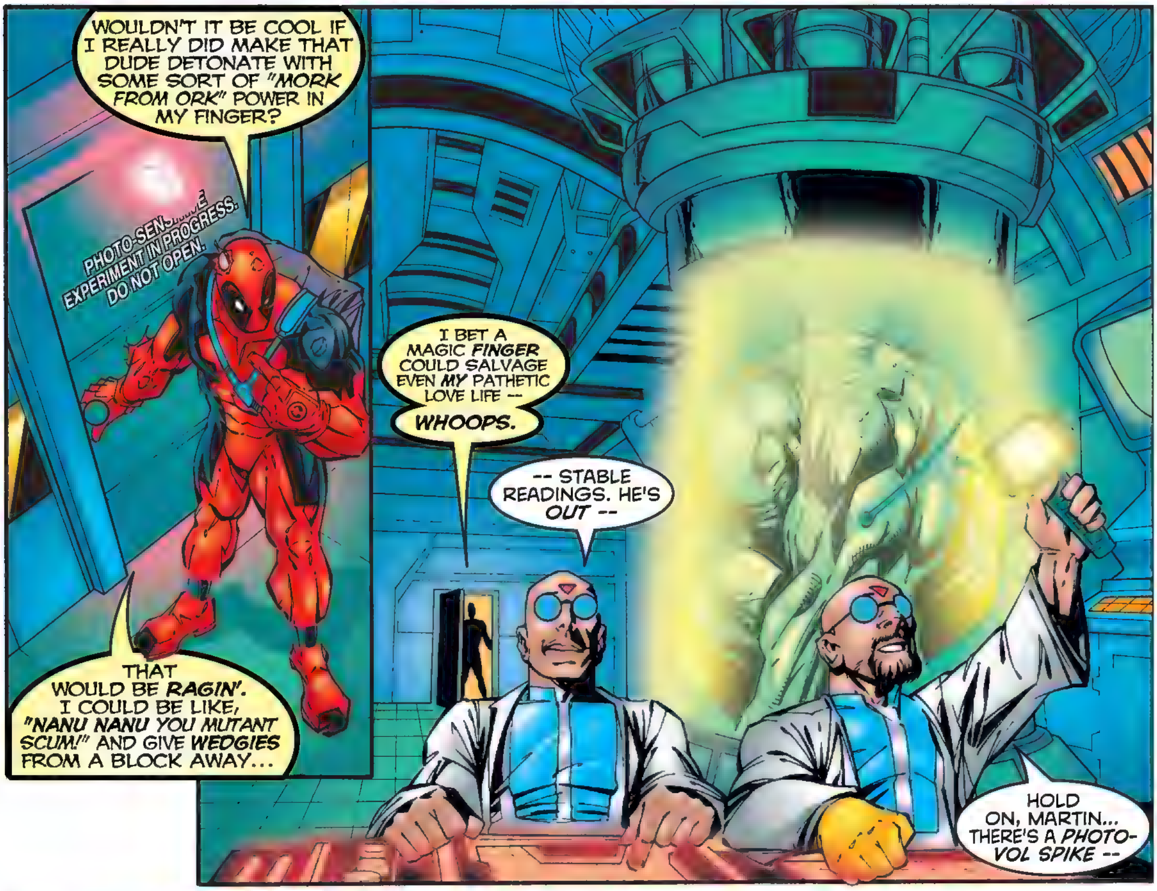

'ELLO 'ELLO? WHAT'S THIS?
LOOKS LIKE I'D BETTER CALL MY LIFE INSURANCE BROKER... MAKE SURE I'M PAID UP.

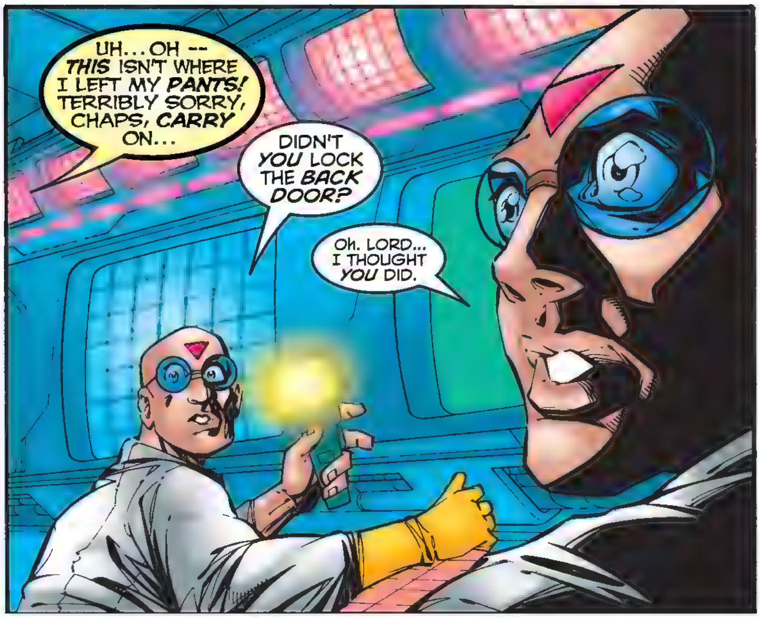

--I MEAN, IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA TO SMUGGLE MICROFICHE OUT OF BOLIVIA, BUT GUESS WHAT --
-- THE BOLIVIAN BORDER GUARDS HAVE WAY COLD HANDS. I TELL YOU THIS, FRIEND, IT WASN'T PRETTY. BRRR.
...
SO... UH... NO MORE SEINFELD, HUH? BULLY FOR HIM, I SAY. LEAVE 'EM BEGGING FOR MORE...
I HEAR THEY'RE GONNA REPLACE IT WITH A SERIALIZED VERSION OF "FACES OF DEATH," MAYBE HOSTED BY CARMEN ELECTRA...
... YOU KNOW, TO KEEP THE LAUGHTER ALIVE.
...
YOU LIKE MIDGET WRESTLING?
NNNF
HEY, MARTY FELDMAN... IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, I'M TRYING TO GET ALONG WITH OTHERS AND MAKE NEW FRIENDS.
...
NOW, I HAD THE COMMON DECENCY TO STEER THE CONVERSATION AWAY FROM THAT CRO-MAGNON HAT RACK YOU'RE SPORTING --
-- BUT NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO CHIT-CHAT, OR I'M LEAVING YOU TO WALLOW IN FREAKISH MISERY BY YOURSELF.
POINK POINK
COME ON, MAN! SHARE YOUR FEELINGS... OPEN UP...
MNAGEGNN--
LET GO --
EEP.
KASPLOOOCH
THIS IS NOT MY FAULT!

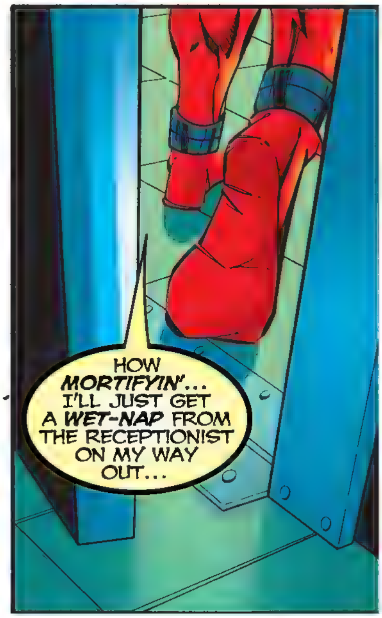

WE MOMENTARILY FORSAKE THE INTERGALACTIC ODDITIES OF LL&L...
...FOR A SCENE SET IN THE SERENE FORESTS OF THE GREAT WHITE NORTH... CANADA.
WHERE, IF HE SO CHOOSES, A MAN CAN LOSE HIMSELF IN NATURE'S EMBRACE, LIVING AS ONE WITH THE LAND.
CHWOP
UNDISTURBED...
...UNAFRAID...
...UNTAINTED BY THE MIASMA OF CIVILIZATION...
KIEYAAAAH
...AND ITS UNIQUE PREDATORS.
SHUNK
HEH... KILLED THAT FIR BUT GOOD. STUPID NERVES...
...EVER SINCE I HEARD ABOUT JACQUES --
HELLO, TODD.
Jacques bought it last issue --Matt

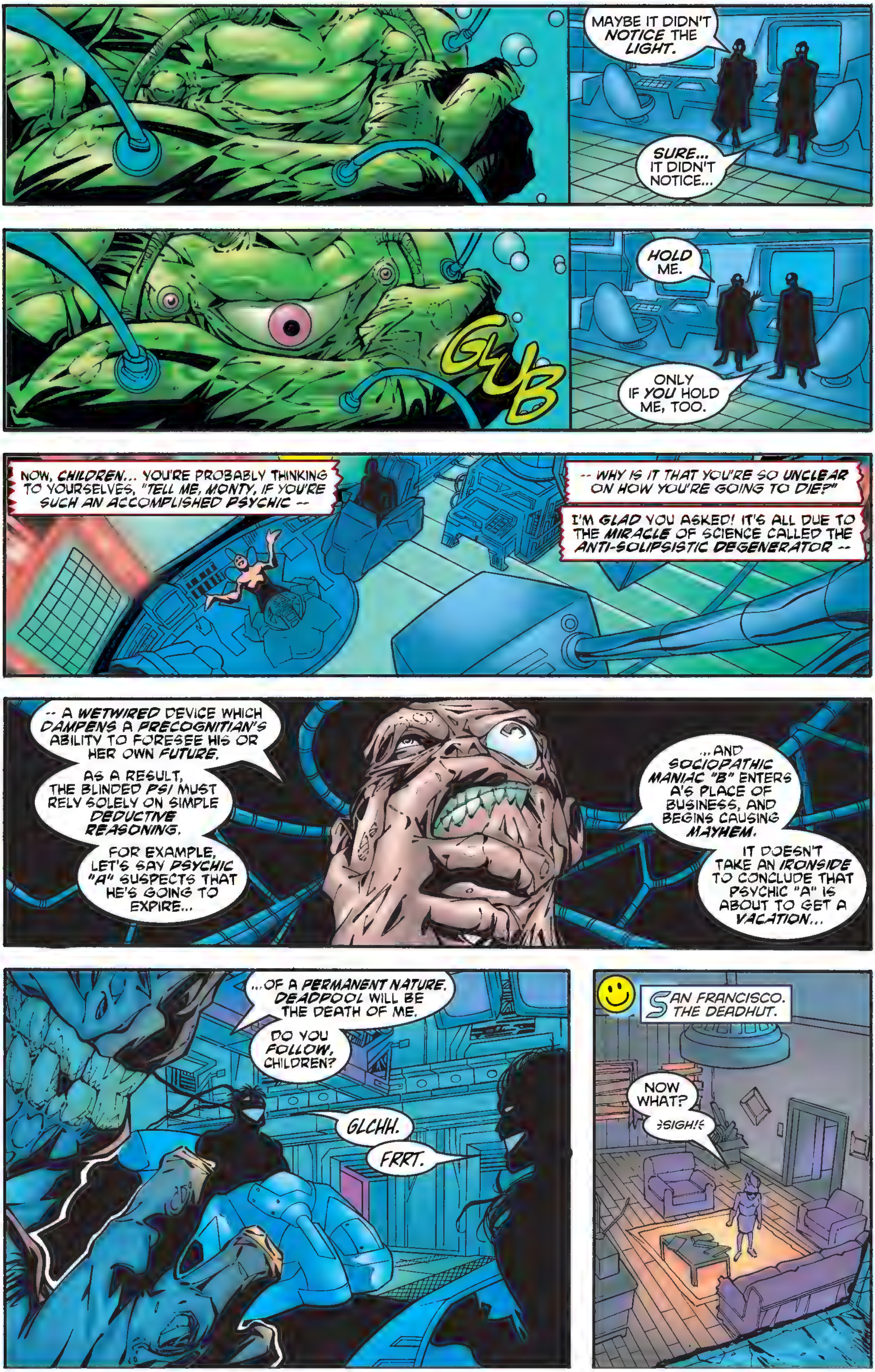

IT'S BEEN AGES.
AJAX?
HURRK!
YES, REJECT... IT'S ME --
SCHRIIIP
AIGH!
Oh, GOOD. YOU REMEMBER HOW TO SCREAM.
LET'S CHAT, SHALL WE?
SO MUCH FOR SERENITY... MEANWHILE, BACK AT L3.
IS THIS SOME SORT OF TWISTED JOKE, ZOE?
HOLD ON, I LEFT STRICT INSTRUCTIONS FOR HIM TO STAY --
AND YOU EXPECTED HIM TO LISTEN?! I KNOW GIRL SCOUTS WHO SUFFER FROM LESS NAIVETE, CULLODEN. HE'S MAKING US LOOK LIKE IDIOTS!
SIGH! LET'S FIND HIM.
I'LL CALL FOR AN ALERT --
Oh PLEASE DO, NOAH... AND MAYBE AFTERWARDS, WE'LL TAKE WILSON AROUND AND INTRODUCE HIM TO EVERYONE AS THE SAVIOR OF THE UNIVERSE.
PLEASE, YOU TWO. YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME.
AND HERBERT...
...I HOPE THAT THIS HAS TAUGHT YOU NEVER TO WAIT WHEN YOU FEEL AN EPISODE COMING ON.
HGGLCH?
"HGGLCH", INDEED. YOU'RE GOING TO PAY TO REPAINT THAT WALL, YOU KNOW...
WAITING ROOM B
CGCH

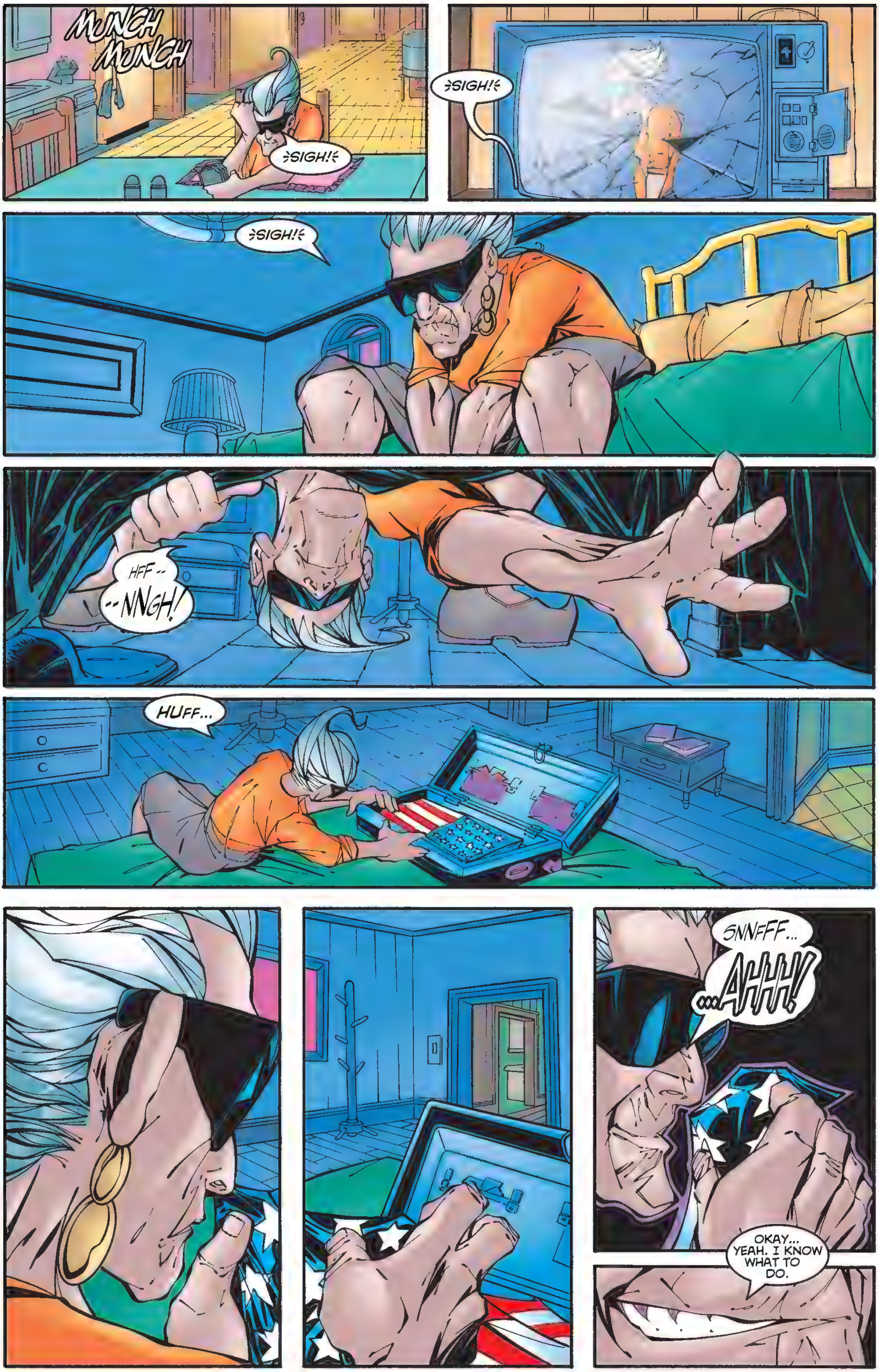

ONE DOES NOT *TRULY* APPRECIATE ONE'S GRIP ON *REALITY UNTIL* HE SEES A GUY'S CANTALOUPE EXPLODE FOR NO REASON.
I HAVEN'T BEEN THAT DISTURBED SINCE THE TIME I CAUGHT *VANGUARD* GIVING *SASQUATCH* A *BACK WAX*...
I'D BETTER JUST CALL THIS WHOLE *"LIVING OUT MY DESTINY"* CLAPTRAP A BUST AND *SKEDADDLE*...
...RIGHT AFTER A QUICK TRIP TO THE *CAN*... I DON'T WANT TO TRACK *DWEEB GOO* AROUND THE OFFICE.

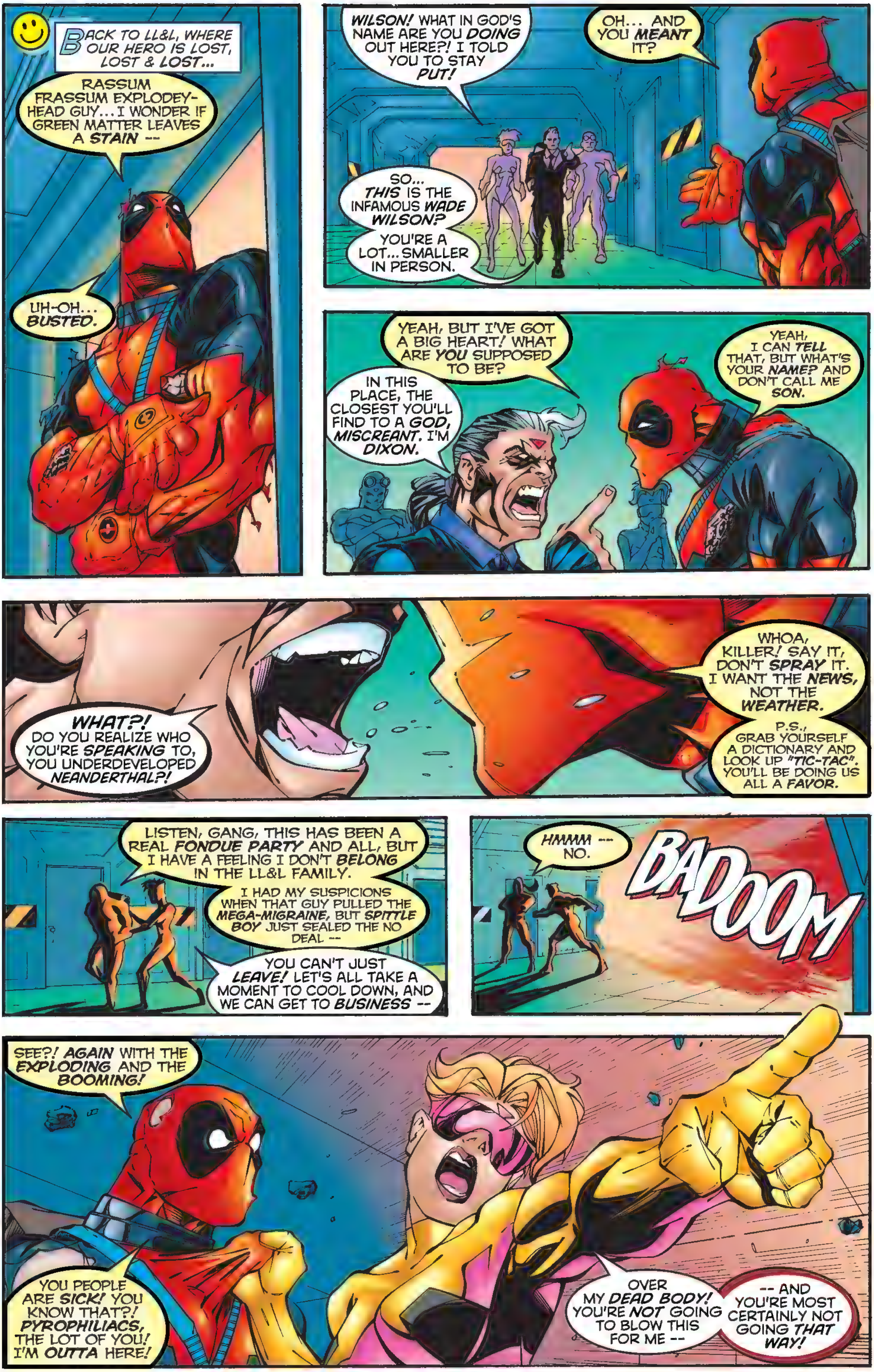

WOULDN'T IT BE COOL IF I REALLY DID MAKE THAT DUDE DETONATE WITH SOME SORT OF *"MORK FROM ORK"* POWER IN MY FINGER?
PHOTO-SENSITIVE EXPERIMENT IN PROGRESS. DO NOT OPEN.
THAT WOULD BE *RAGIN'*. I COULD BE LIKE, *"NANU NANU YOU MUTANT SCUM!"* AND GIVE *WEDGIES* FROM A BLOCK AWAY...
I BET A MAGIC *FINGER* COULD SALVAGE EVEN *MY* PATHETIC LOVE LIFE --
WHOOPS.
-- STABLE READINGS. HE'S *OUT* --
HOLD ON, MARTIN... THERE'S A *PHOTO-VOL SPIKE* --

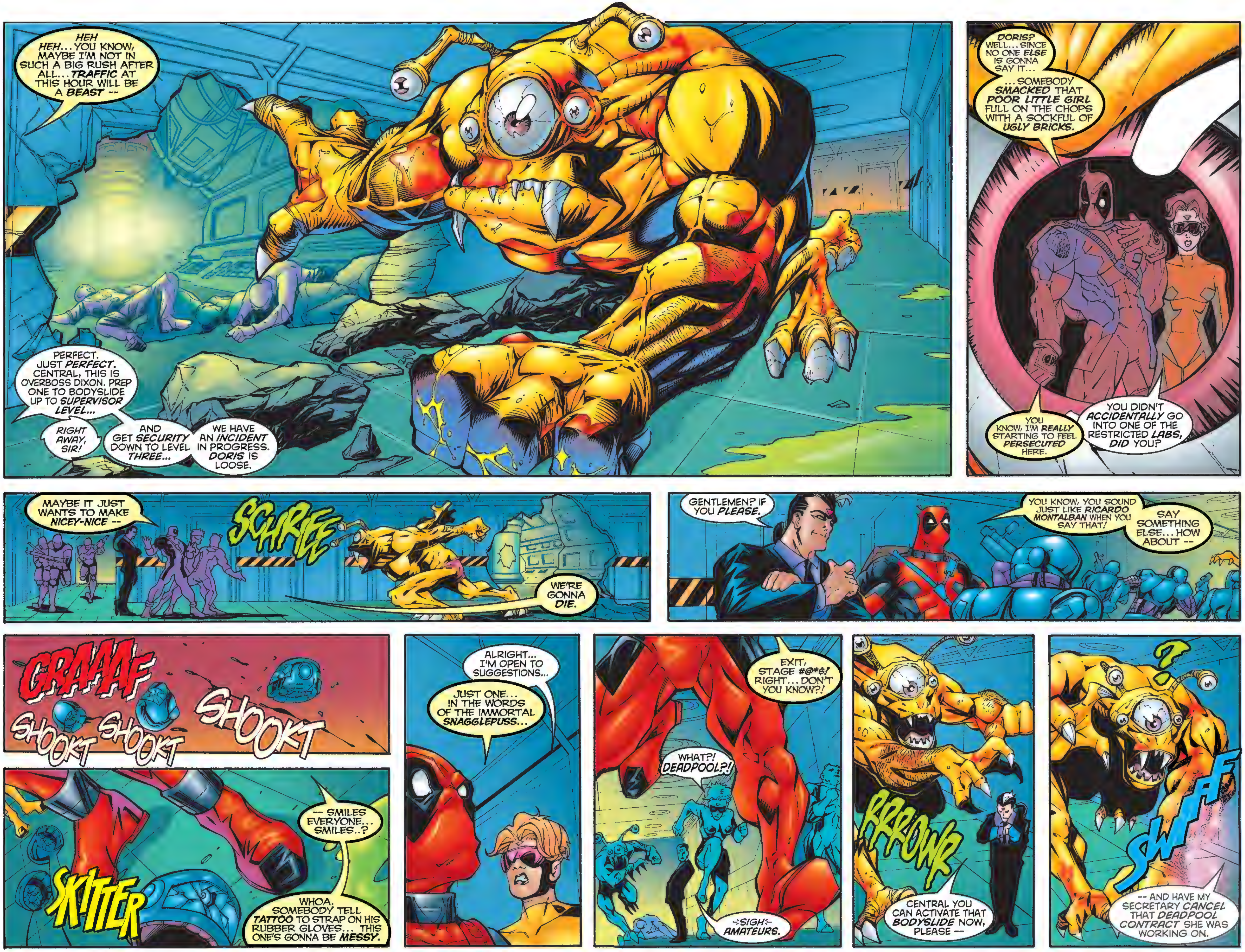

UH...OH -- *THIS* ISN'T WHERE I LEFT MY *PANTS!* TERRIBLY SORRY, CHAPS, *CARRY* ON...
DIDN'T *YOU* LOCK THE *BACK DOOR?*
Oh. LORD... I THOUGHT *YOU* DID.

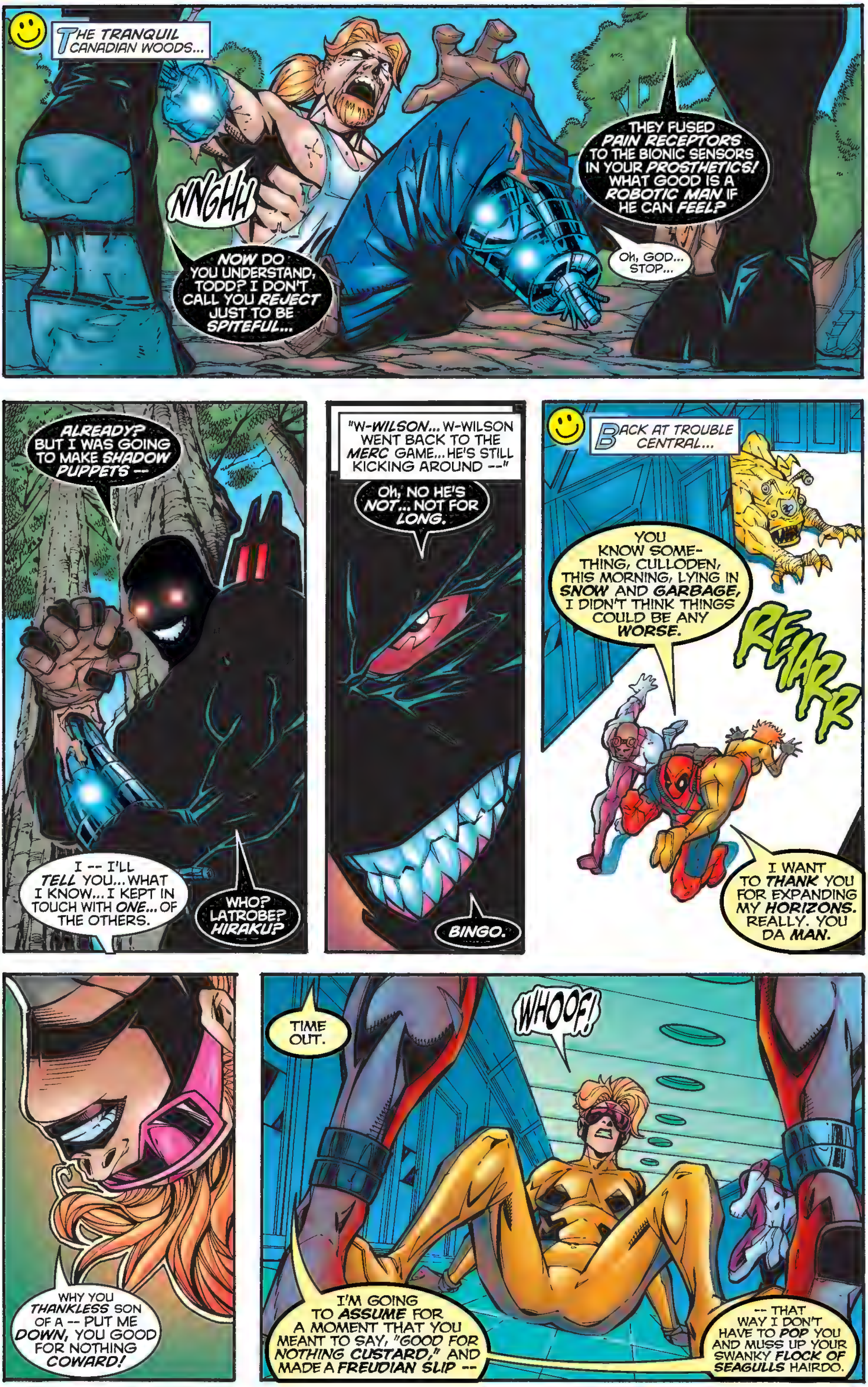

HOW *MORTIFYIN'*... I'LL JUST GET A *WET-NAP* FROM THE RECEPTIONIST ON MY WAY OUT...

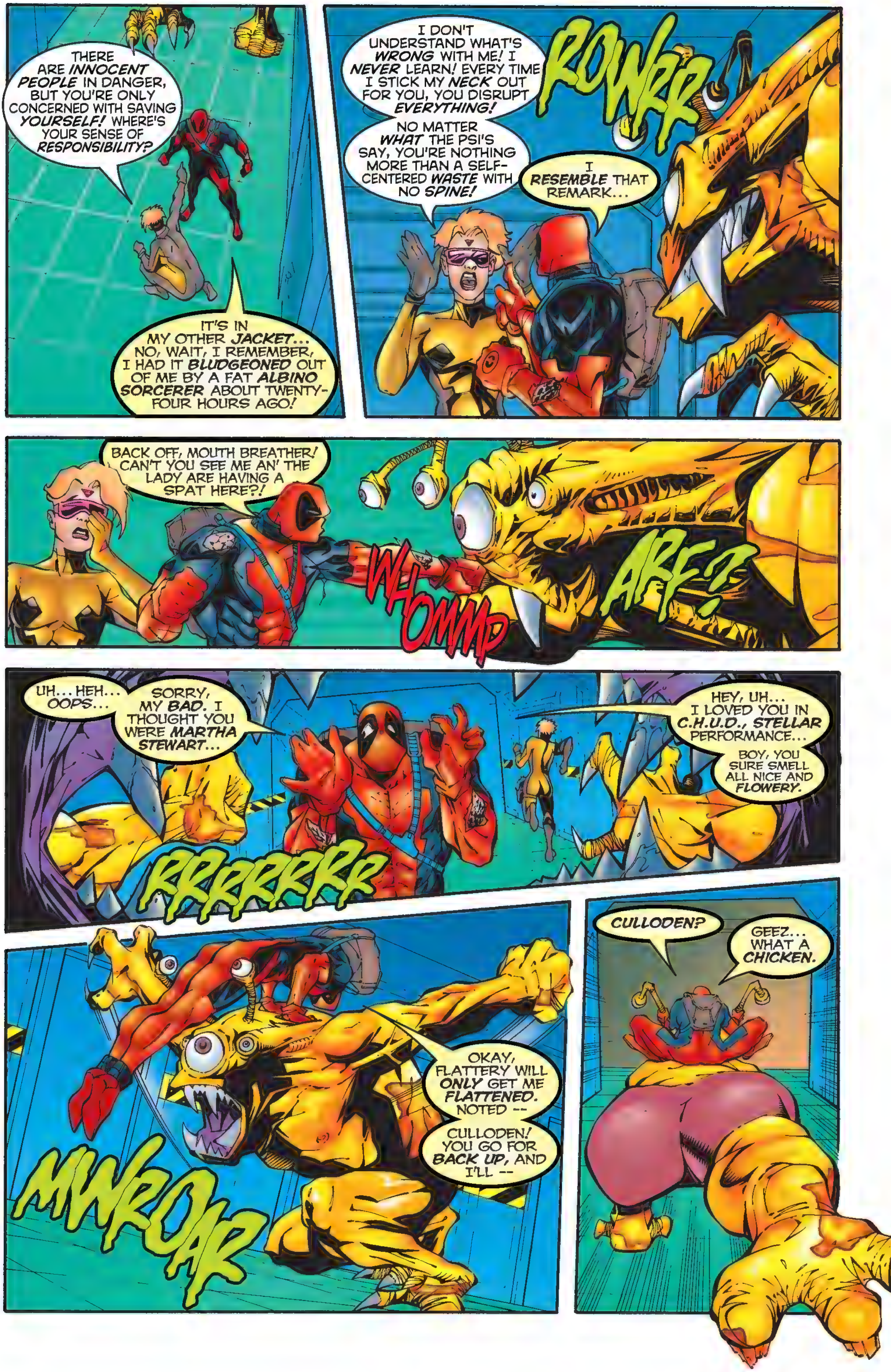

MAYBE IT DIDN'T *NOTICE* THE *LIGHT*.
SURE... IT DIDN'T NOTICE...
GLUB
HOLD ME.
ONLY IF *YOU* HOLD ME, TOO.
NOW, *CHILDREN*... YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING TO YOURSELVES, "*TELL ME, MONTY, IF YOU'RE SUCH AN ACCOMPLISHED PSYCHIC --*
-- WHY IS IT THAT YOU'RE SO UNCLEAR ON HOW YOU'RE GOING TO DIE?"
I'M *GLAD* YOU ASKED! IT'S ALL DUE TO THE *MIRACLE* OF SCIENCE CALLED THE *ANTI-SOLIPSISTIC DEGENERATOR --*
-- A *WETWIRED* DEVICE WHICH *DAMPENS* A *PRECOGNITIAN'S* ABILITY TO FORESEE HIS OR HER OWN *FUTURE*.
AS A RESULT, THE BLINDED *PSI* MUST RELY SOLELY ON SIMPLE *DEDUCTIVE REASONING*.
FOR EXAMPLE, LET'S SAY *PSYCHIC "A"* SUSPECTS THAT HE'S GOING TO EXPIRE...
...AND *SOCIOPATHIC MANIAC "B"* ENTERS A'S PLACE OF BUSINESS, AND BEGINS CAUSING *MAYHEM*.
IT DOESN'T TAKE AN *IRONSIDE* TO CONCLUDE THAT PSYCHIC "A" IS ABOUT TO GET A *VACATION*...
...OF A *PERMANENT NATURE*. *DEADPOOL* WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME.
DO YOU *FOLLOW*, CHILDREN?
GLCHH.
FRRT.
SAN FRANCISCO. THE DEADHUT.
NOW WHAT?
SIGH!

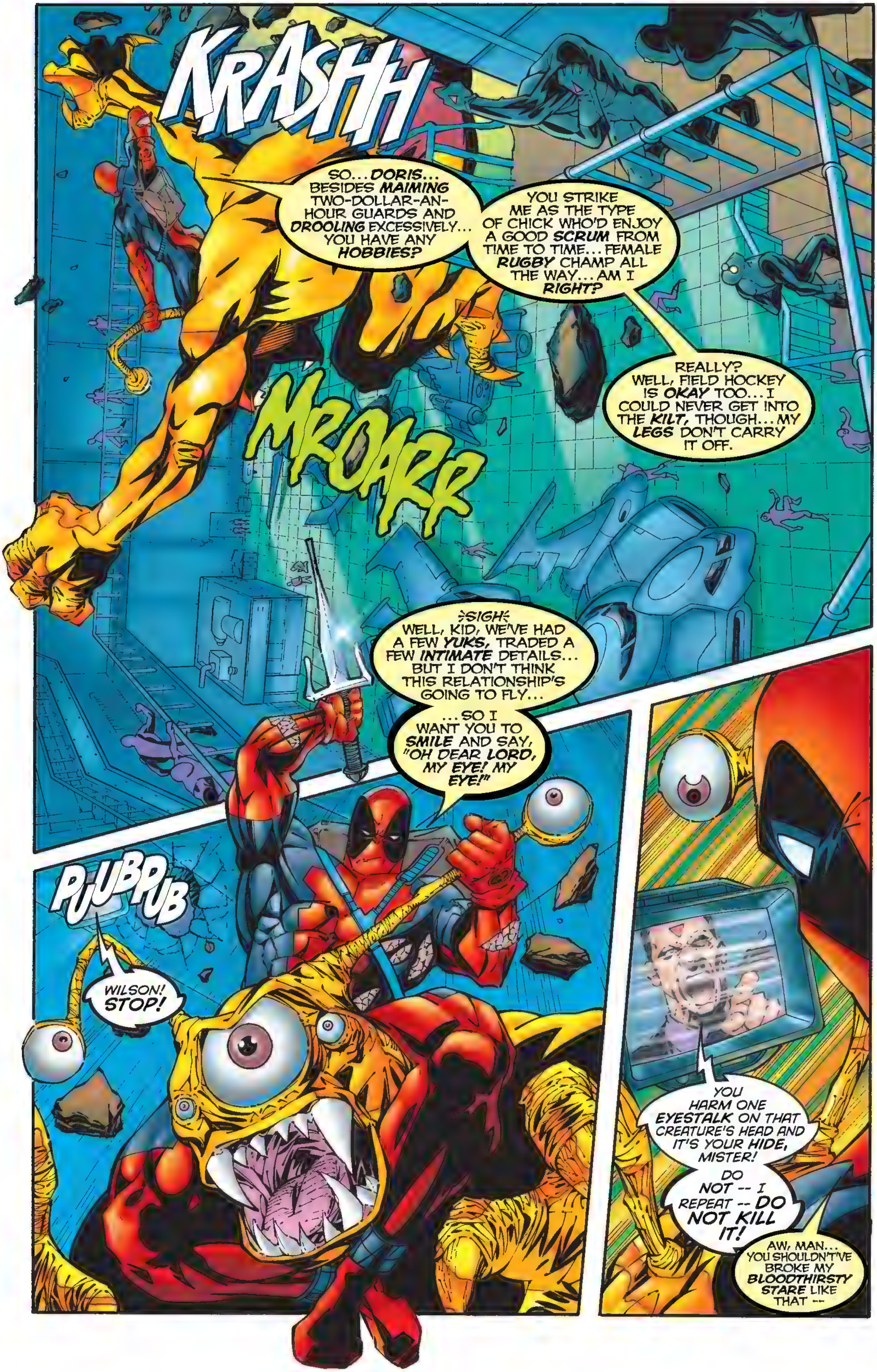

MUNCH
MUNCH
SIGH!
SIGH!
SIGH!
HFF--
--NNGH!
HUFF...
SNNFFF...
...AHHH!
OKAY... YEAH. I KNOW WHAT TO DO.

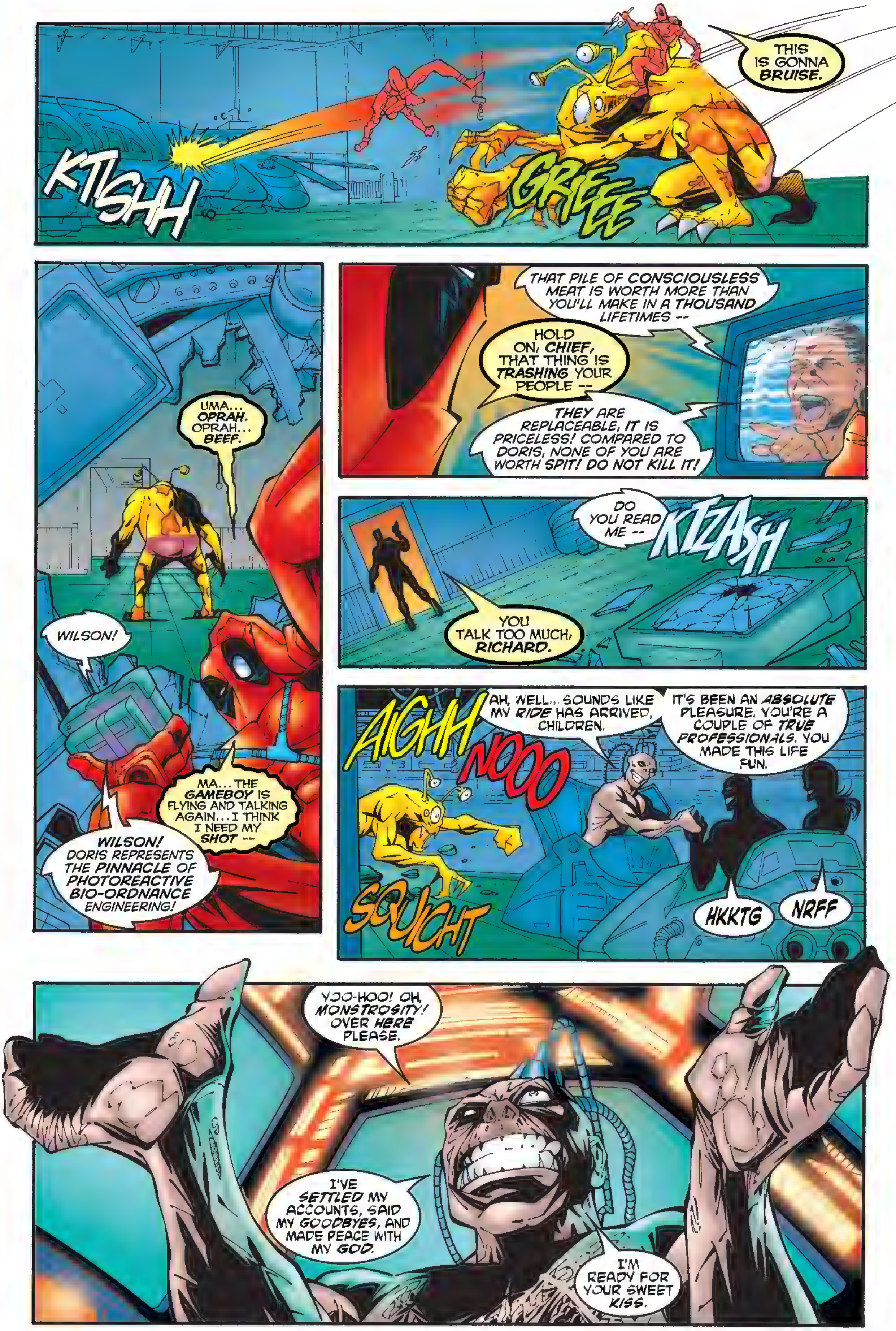

BACK TO LL&L, WHERE OUR HERO IS LOST, LOST & LOST...
RASSUM FRASSUM EXPLODEY-HEAD GUY... I WONDER IF GREEN MATTER LEAVES A **STAIN** --
UH-OH... **BUSTED.**
WILSON! WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU **DOING** OUT HERE?! I TOLD YOU TO STAY **PUT!**
OH... AND YOU **MEANT** IT?
SO... **THIS** IS THE INFAMOUS **WADE WILSON?**
YOU'RE A LOT... SMALLER IN PERSON.
YEAH, BUT I'VE GOT A BIG HEART! WHAT ARE **YOU** SUPPOSED TO BE?
IN THIS PLACE, THE CLOSEST YOU'LL FIND TO A **GOD, MISCREANT.** I'M **DIXON.**
YEAH, I CAN **TELL** THAT, BUT WHAT'S YOUR **NAME?** AND DON'T CALL ME **SON.**
WHAT?! DO YOU REALIZE WHO YOU'RE **SPEAKING** TO, YOU UNDERDEVELOPED **NEANDERTHAL?!**
WHOA, KILLER! SAY IT, DON'T **SPRAY** IT. I WANT THE **NEWS,** NOT THE **WEATHER.**
P.S., GRAB YOURSELF A DICTIONARY AND LOOK UP **"TIC-TAC".** YOU'LL BE DOING US ALL A **FAVOR.**
LISTEN, GANG, THIS HAS BEEN A REAL **FONDUE PARTY** AND ALL, BUT I HAVE A FEELING I DON'T **BELONG** IN THE LL&L FAMILY.
I HAD MY SUSPICIONS WHEN THAT GUY PULLED THE **MEGA-MIGRAINE,** BUT **SPITTLE BOY** JUST SEALED THE NO DEAL --
YOU CAN'T JUST **LEAVE!** LET'S ALL TAKE A MOMENT TO COOL DOWN, AND WE CAN GET TO **BUSINESS** --
HMMM -- NO.
BADOOOM
SEE?! **AGAIN** WITH THE **EXPLODING** AND THE **BOOMING!**
YOU PEOPLE ARE **SICK!** YOU KNOW THAT?! **PYROPHILIACS,** THE LOT OF YOU! I'M **OUTTA** HERE!
OVER MY **DEAD BODY!** YOU'RE **NOT** GOING TO BLOW THIS FOR ME --
-- AND YOU'RE MOST CERTAINLY NOT GOING **THAT WAY!**

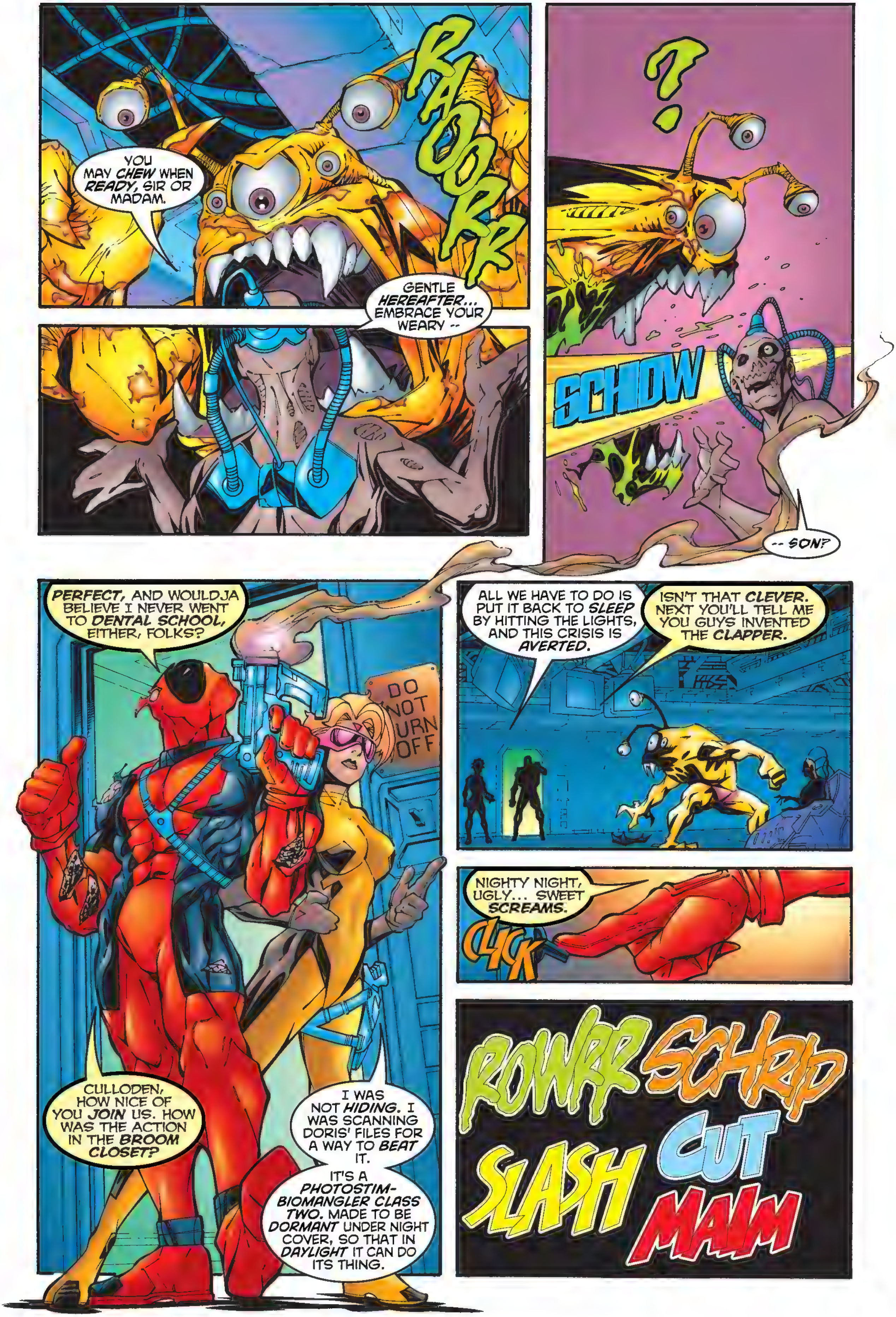

HEH HEH... YOU KNOW, MAYBE I'M NOT IN SUCH A BIG RUSH AFTER ALL... TRAFFIC AT THIS HOUR WILL BE A BEAST --
PERFECT. JUST PERFECT. CENTRAL, THIS IS OVERBOSS DIXON. PREP ONE TO BODYSLIDE UP TO SUPERVISOR LEVEL...
RIGHT AWAY, SIR!
AND GET SECURITY DOWN TO LEVEL THREE...
WE HAVE AN INCIDENT IN PROGRESS. DORIS IS LOOSE.
DORIS? WELL... SINCE NO ONE ELSE IS GONNA SAY IT...
...SOMEBODY SMACKED THAT POOR LITTLE GIRL FULL ON THE CHOPS WITH A SOCKFUL OF UGLY BRICKS.
YOU DIDN'T ACCIDENTALLY GO INTO ONE OF THE RESTRICTED LABS, DID YOU?
YOU KNOW, I'M REALLY STARTING TO FEEL PERSECUTED HERE.
MAYBE IT JUST WANTS TO MAKE NICEY-NICE --
SCHRIEE
WE'RE GONNA DIE.
GENTLEMEN? IF YOU PLEASE.
YOU KNOW, YOU SOUND JUST LIKE RICARDO MONTALBAN WHEN YOU SAY THAT!
SAY SOMETHING ELSE... HOW ABOUT --
GRAAAF
SHOOKT SHOOKT SHOOKT
-- SMILES EVERYONE... SMILES..?
SKITTER
WHOA. SOMEBODY TELL TATTOO TO STRAP ON HIS RUBBER GLOVES... THIS ONE'S GONNA BE MESSY.
ALRIGHT... I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS...
JUST ONE... IN THE WORDS OF THE IMMORTAL SNAGGLEPUSS...
EXIT, STAGE #@*$! RIGHT... DON'T YOU KNOW?!
WHAT?! DEADPOOL?!
-SIGH- AMATEURS.
BRROWR
CENTRAL YOU CAN ACTIVATE THAT BODYSLIDE NOW, PLEASE --
?
SWAFF
-- AND HAVE MY SECRETARY CANCEL THAT DEADPOOL CONTRACT SHE WAS WORKING ON.

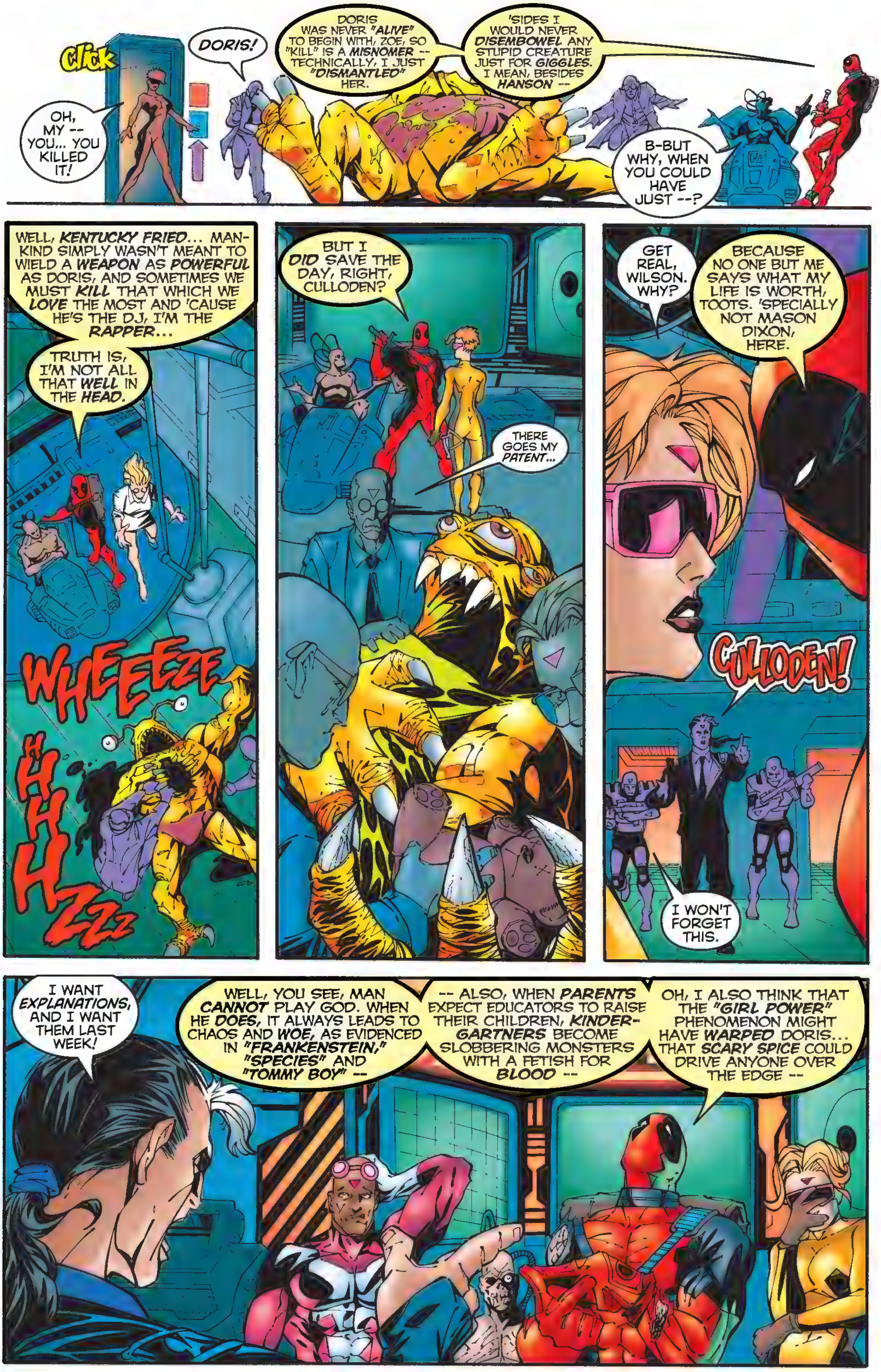

THE TRANQUIL CANADIAN WOODS...
NNGHH
NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND, TODD? I DON'T CALL YOU REJECT JUST TO BE SPITEFUL...
THEY FUSED PAIN RECEPTORS TO THE BIONIC SENSORS IN YOUR PROSTHETICS! WHAT GOOD IS A ROBOTIC MAN IF HE CAN FEEL?
Oh, GOD... STOP...
ALREADY? BUT I WAS GOING TO MAKE SHADOW PUPPETS --
I -- I'LL TELL YOU... WHAT I KNOW... I KEPT IN TOUCH WITH ONE... OF THE OTHERS.
WHO? LATROBE? HIRAKU?
"W-WILSON... W-WILSON WENT BACK TO THE MERC GAME... HE'S STILL KICKING AROUND --"
Oh, NO HE'S NOT... NOT FOR LONG.
BINGO.
BACK AT TROUBLE CENTRAL...
YOU KNOW SOMETHING, CULLODEN, THIS MORNING, LYING IN SNOW AND GARBAGE, I DIDN'T THINK THINGS COULD BE ANY WORSE.
REIARR
I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR EXPANDING MY HORIZONS. REALLY. YOU DA MAN.
WHY YOU THANKLESS SON OF A -- PUT ME DOWN, YOU GOOD FOR NOTHING COWARD!
TIME OUT.
WHOOF!
I'M GOING TO ASSUME FOR A MOMENT THAT YOU MEANT TO SAY, "GOOD FOR NOTHING CUSTARD," AND MADE A FREUDIAN SLIP --
-- THAT WAY I DON'T HAVE TO POP YOU AND MUSS UP YOUR SWANKY FLOCK OF SEAGULLS HAIRDO.

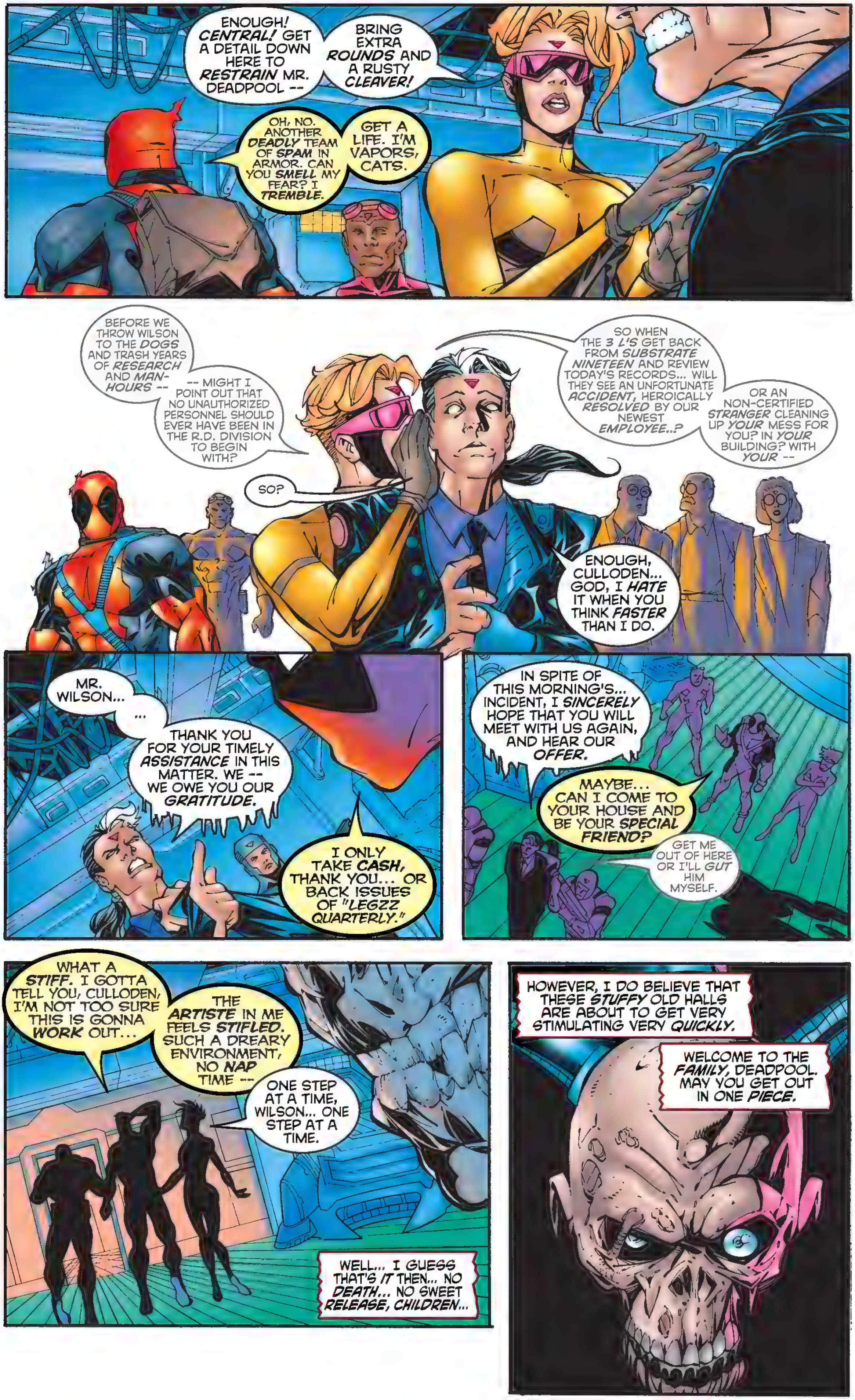

THERE ARE *INNOCENT PEOPLE* IN DANGER, BUT YOU'RE ONLY CONCERNED WITH SAVING *YOURSELF!* WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF *RESPONSIBILITY?*
IT'S IN MY OTHER *JACKET*... NO, WAIT, I REMEMBER, I HAD IT *BLUDGEONED* OUT OF ME BY A FAT *ALBINO SORCERER* ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH ME! I *NEVER* LEARN! EVERY TIME I STICK MY *NECK* OUT FOR YOU, YOU DISRUPT *EVERYTHING!*
NO MATTER *WHAT* THE PSI'S SAY, YOU'RE NOTHING MORE THAN A SELF-CENTERED *WASTE* WITH NO *SPINE!*
ROWRR
I *RESEMBLE* THAT REMARK...
BACK OFF, MOUTH BREATHER! CAN'T YOU SEE ME AN' THE LADY ARE HAVING A SPAT HERE?!
WHOMMP
ARF?!
UH... HEH... *OOPS*...
SORRY, MY *BAD*. I THOUGHT YOU WERE *MARTHA STEWART*...
HEY, UH... I LOVED YOU IN *C.H.U.D., STELLAR* PERFORMANCE...
BOY, YOU SURE SMELL ALL NICE AND *FLOWERY.*
RRRRRRRR
MNROAR
OKAY, FLATTERY WILL *ONLY* GET ME *FLATTENED.* NOTED --
CULLODEN! YOU GO FOR *BACK UP,* AND I'LL --
CULLODEN?
GEEZ... WHAT A *CHICKEN.*

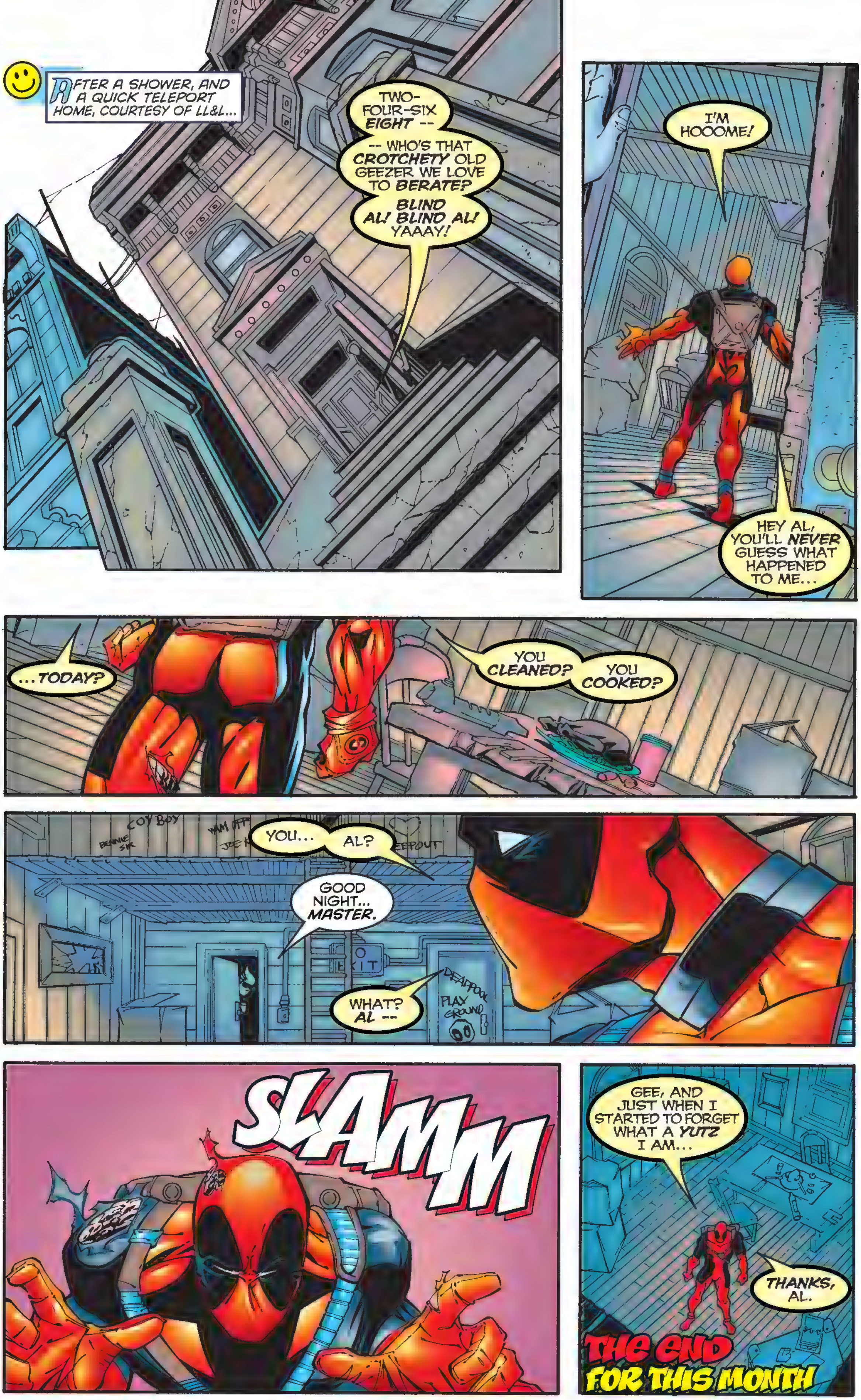

KRASHH
SO... DORIS... BESIDES MAIMING TWO-DOLLAR-AN-HOUR GUARDS AND DROOLING EXCESSIVELY... YOU HAVE ANY HOBBIES?
YOU STRIKE ME AS THE TYPE OF CHICK WHO'D ENJOY A GOOD SCRUM FROM TIME TO TIME... FEMALE RUGBY CHAMP ALL THE WAY... AM I RIGHT?
REALLY? WELL, FIELD HOCKEY IS OKAY TOO... I COULD NEVER GET INTO THE KILT, THOUGH... MY LEGS DON'T CARRY IT OFF.
MROARR
SIGH
WELL, KID, WE'VE HAD A FEW YUKS, TRADED A FEW INTIMATE DETAILS... BUT I DON'T THINK THIS RELATIONSHIP'S GOING TO FLY...
...SO I WANT YOU TO SMILE AND SAY, "OH DEAR LORD, MY EYE! MY EYE!"
PUUBPUB
WILSON! STOP!
YOU HARM ONE EYESTALK ON THAT CREATURE'S HEAD AND IT'S YOUR HIDE, MISTER!
DO NOT -- I REPEAT -- DO NOT KILL IT!
AW, MAN... YOU SHOULDN'T'VE BROKE MY BLOODTHIRSTY STARE LIKE THAT --


KTISHH
GRIEEEE
THIS IS GONNA **BRUISE.**
UMA... **OPRAH.** OPRAH... **BEEF.**
WILSON!
MA... THE **GAMEBOY** IS FLYING AND TALKING AGAIN... I THINK I NEED MY **SHOT** --
WILSON! DORIS REPRESENTS THE **PINNACLE** OF **PHOTOREACTIVE BIO-ORDNANCE** ENGINEERING!
THAT PILE OF **CONSCIOUSLESS** MEAT IS WORTH MORE THAN YOU'LL MAKE IN A **THOUSAND** LIFETIMES --
HOLD ON, **CHIEF,** THAT THING IS **TRASHING** YOUR PEOPLE --
THEY ARE REPLACEABLE, **IT** IS PRICELESS! COMPARED TO DORIS, NONE OF YOU ARE WORTH **SPIT! DO NOT KILL IT!**
DO YOU READ ME --
KTZASH
YOU TALK TOO MUCH, **RICHARD.**
AIGHH
NOOO
AH, WELL... SOUNDS LIKE MY *RIDE* HAS ARRIVED, CHILDREN.
IT'S BEEN AN *ABSOLUTE* PLEASURE. YOU'RE A COUPLE OF *TRUE PROFESSIONALS.* YOU MADE THIS LIFE FUN.
SQUICHT
HKKTG
NRFF
YOO-HOO! OH, *MONSTROSITY!* OVER *HERE* PLEASE.
I'VE *SETTLED* MY ACCOUNTS, SAID MY *GOODBYES,* AND MADE PEACE WITH MY *GOD.*
I'M READY FOR YOUR SWEET *KISS.*


YOU MAY *CHEW* WHEN *READY,* SIR OR MADAM.
RAOORR
GENTLE *HEREAFTER...* EMBRACE YOUR WEARY --
?
SCHOW
-- *SON?*
PERFECT, AND WOULDJA BELIEVE I NEVER WENT TO *DENTAL SCHOOL,* EITHER, FOLKS?
DO NOT URN OFF
CULLODEN, HOW NICE OF YOU *JOIN* US. HOW WAS THE ACTION IN THE *BROOM CLOSET?*
I WAS NOT *HIDING.* I WAS SCANNING DORIS' FILES FOR A WAY TO *BEAT* IT.
IT'S A *PHOTOSTIM-BIOMANGLER CLASS TWO.* MADE TO BE *DORMANT* UNDER NIGHT COVER, SO THAT IN *DAYLIGHT* IT CAN DO ITS THING.
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PUT IT BACK TO *SLEEP* BY HITTING THE LIGHTS, AND THIS CRISIS IS *AVERTED.*
ISN'T THAT *CLEVER.* NEXT YOU'LL TELL ME YOU GUYS INVENTED THE *CLAPPER.*
NIGHTY NIGHT, UGLY... SWEET *SCREAMS.*
CLICK
ROWRR
SCHRIP
SLASH
CUT
MAIM


CLICK
OH, MY -- YOU... YOU KILLED IT!
DORIS!
DORIS WAS NEVER "ALIVE" TO BEGIN WITH, ZOE, SO "KILL" IS A MISNOMER -- TECHNICALLY, I JUST "DISMANTLED" HER.
'SIDES I WOULD NEVER DISEMBOWEL ANY STUPID CREATURE JUST FOR GIGGLES. I MEAN, BESIDES HANSON --
B-BUT WHY, WHEN YOU COULD HAVE JUST --?
WELL, KENTUCKY FRIED... MANKIND SIMPLY WASN'T MEANT TO WIELD A WEAPON AS POWERFUL AS DORIS, AND SOMETIMES WE MUST KILL THAT WHICH WE LOVE THE MOST AND 'CAUSE HE'S THE DJ, I'M THE RAPPER...
TRUTH IS, I'M NOT ALL THAT WELL IN THE HEAD.
WHEEEZE
HHHHHZZZ
BUT I DID SAVE THE DAY, RIGHT, CULLODEN?
THERE GOES MY PATENT...
GET REAL, WILSON. WHY?
BECAUSE NO ONE BUT ME SAYS WHAT MY LIFE IS WORTH, TOOTS. 'SPECIALLY NOT MASON DIXON, HERE.
CULLODEN!
I WON'T FORGET THIS.
I WANT EXPLANATIONS, AND I WANT THEM LAST WEEK!
WELL, YOU SEE, MAN CANNOT PLAY GOD. WHEN HE DOES, IT ALWAYS LEADS TO CHAOS AND WOE, AS EVIDENCED IN "FRANKENSTEIN," "SPECIES" AND "TOMMY BOY" --
-- ALSO, WHEN PARENTS EXPECT EDUCATORS TO RAISE THEIR CHILDREN, KINDERGARTNERS BECOME SLOBBERING MONSTERS WITH A FETISH FOR BLOOD --
OH, I ALSO THINK THAT THE "GIRL POWER" PHENOMENON MIGHT HAVE WARPED DORIS... THAT SCARY SPICE COULD DRIVE ANYONE OVER THE EDGE --


ENOUGH! CENTRAL! GET A DETAIL DOWN HERE TO RESTRAIN MR. DEADPOOL --
BRING EXTRA ROUNDS AND A RUSTY CLEAVER!
OH, NO. ANOTHER DEADLY TEAM OF SPAM IN ARMOR. CAN YOU SMELL MY FEAR? I TREMBLE.
GET A LIFE. I'M VAPORS, CATS.
BEFORE WE THROW WILSON TO THE DOGS AND TRASH YEARS OF RESEARCH AND MAN-HOURS --
-- MIGHT I POINT OUT THAT NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL SHOULD EVER HAVE BEEN IN THE R.D. DIVISION TO BEGIN WITH?
SO?
SO WHEN THE 3 L'S GET BACK FROM SUBSTRATE NINETEEN AND REVIEW TODAY'S RECORDS... WILL THEY SEE AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT, HEROICALLY RESOLVED BY OUR NEWEST EMPLOYEE..?
OR AN NON-CERTIFIED STRANGER CLEANING UP YOUR MESS FOR YOU? IN YOUR BUILDING? WITH YOUR --
ENOUGH, CULLODEN... GOD, I HATE IT WHEN YOU THINK FASTER THAN I DO.
MR. WILSON...
...
THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIMELY ASSISTANCE IN THIS MATTER. WE -- WE OWE YOU OUR GRATITUDE.
I ONLY TAKE CASH, THANK YOU... OR BACK ISSUES OF "LEGZZ QUARTERLY."
IN SPITE OF THIS MORNING'S... INCIDENT, I SINCERELY HOPE THAT YOU WILL MEET WITH US AGAIN, AND HEAR OUR OFFER.
MAYBE... CAN I COME TO YOUR HOUSE AND BE YOUR SPECIAL FRIEND?
GET ME OUT OF HERE OR I'LL GUT HIM MYSELF.
WHAT A STIFF. I GOTTA TELL YOU, CULLODEN, I'M NOT TOO SURE THIS IS GONNA WORK OUT...
THE ARTISTE IN ME FEELS STIFLED. SUCH A DREARY ENVIRONMENT, NO NAP TIME --
ONE STEP AT A TIME, WILSON... ONE STEP AT A TIME.
WELL... I GUESS THAT'S IT THEN... NO DEATH... NO SWEET RELEASE, CHILDREN...
HOWEVER, I DO BELIEVE THAT THESE STUFFY OLD HALLS ARE ABOUT TO GET VERY STIMULATING VERY QUICKLY.
WELCOME TO THE FAMILY, DEADPOOL. MAY YOU GET OUT IN ONE PIECE.


AFTER A SHOWER, AND A QUICK TELEPORT HOME, COURTESY OF LL&L...
TWO- FOUR-SIX EIGHT --
-- WHO'S THAT CROTCHETY OLD GEEZER WE LOVE TO BERATE?
BLIND AL! BLIND AL! YAAAY!
I'M HOOOME!
HEY AL, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TO ME...
...TODAY?
YOU CLEANED?
YOU COOKED?
COY BOY
BENNIE SIX
YOU...
AL?
GOOD NIGHT... MASTER.
EXIT
DEADPOOL PLAY GROUND
WHAT? AL --
SLAMM
GEE, AND JUST WHEN I STARTED TO FORGET WHAT A YUTZ I AM...
THANKS, AL.
THE END FOR THIS MONTH

MARVEL COMICS
DEADPOOL
MAY #16
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
ON ASSIGNMENT IN GREECE!
AND WAIT'LL YOU SEE OUR SPECIAL GUEST-STAR!
Andy Kubert
DELPERDANG
KELLY McDANIEL RODRIGUEZ RAMOS

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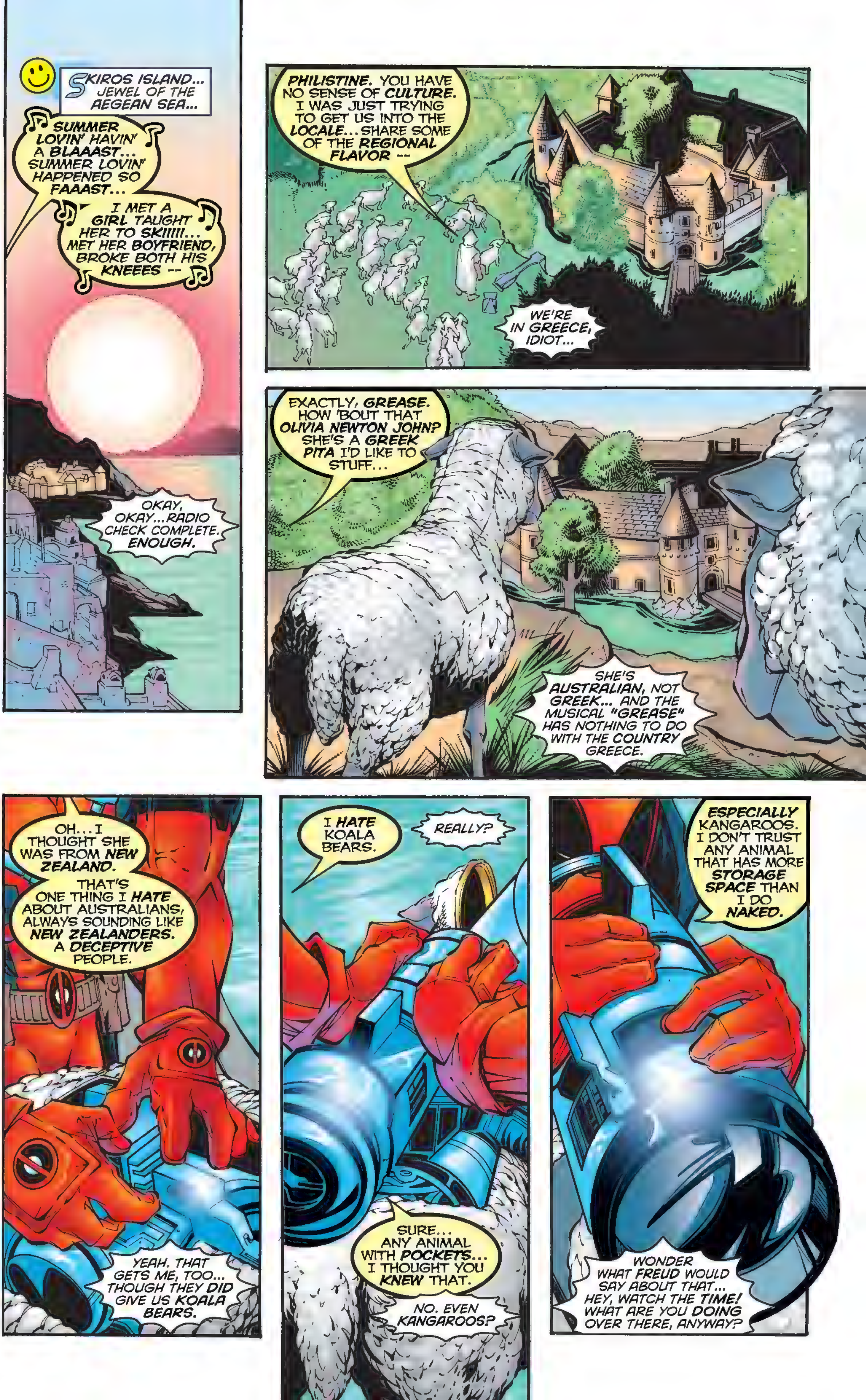
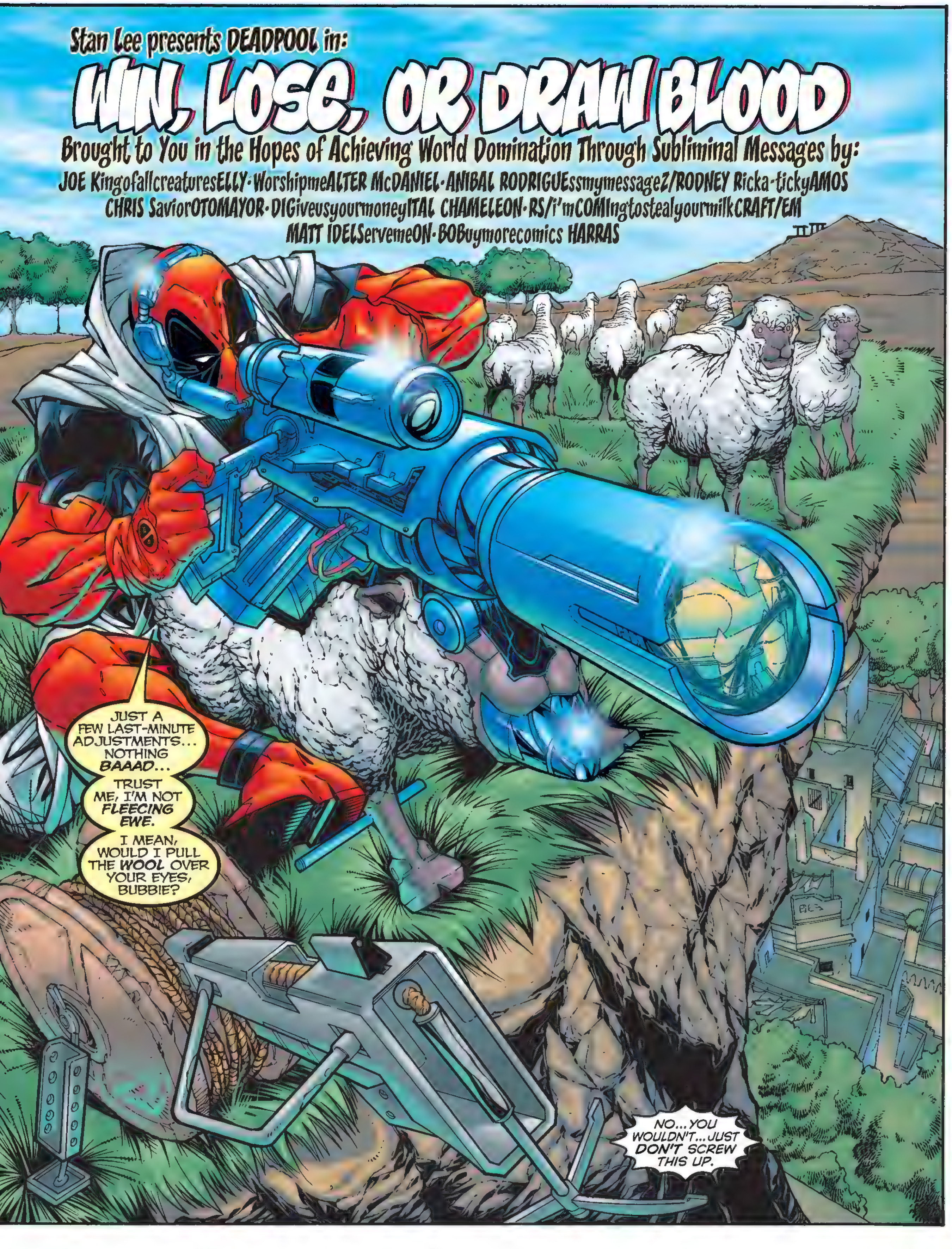

SKIROS ISLAND... JEWEL OF THE AEGEAN SEA...
♫ SUMMER LOVIN' HAVIN' A BLAAAST... SUMMER LOVIN' HAPPENED SO FAAAST... ♫
♫ I MET A GIRL TAUGHT HER TO SKIIIII... MET HER BOYFRIEND, BROKE BOTH HIS KNEEES -- ♫
OKAY, OKAY...RADIO CHECK COMPLETE. ENOUGH.
PHILISTINE. YOU HAVE NO SENSE OF CULTURE. I WAS JUST TRYING TO GET US INTO THE LOCALE... SHARE SOME OF THE REGIONAL FLAVOR --
WE'RE IN GREECE, IDIOT...
EXACTLY, GREASE. HOW 'BOUT THAT OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN? SHE'S A GREEK PITA I'D LIKE TO STUFF...
SHE'S AUSTRALIAN, NOT GREEK... AND THE MUSICAL "GREASE" HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE COUNTRY GREECE.
OH... I THOUGHT SHE WAS FROM NEW ZEALAND.
THAT'S ONE THING I HATE ABOUT AUSTRALIANS, ALWAYS SOUNDING LIKE NEW ZEALANDERS. A DECEPTIVE PEOPLE.
YEAH. THAT GETS ME, TOO... THOUGH THEY DID GIVE US KOALA BEARS.
I HATE KOALA BEARS.
REALLY?
SURE... ANY ANIMAL WITH POCKETS... I THOUGHT YOU KNEW THAT.
NO. EVEN KANGAROOS?
ESPECIALLY KANGAROOS. I DON'T TRUST ANY ANIMAL THAT HAS MORE STORAGE SPACE THAN I DO NAKED.
WONDER WHAT FREUD WOULD SAY ABOUT THAT... HEY, WATCH THE TIME! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OVER THERE, ANYWAY?



Stan Lee presents DEADPOOL in:

WIN, LOSE, OR DRAW BLOOD

Brought to You in the Hopes of Achieving World Domination Through Subliminal Messages by:

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MATT IDELServemeON · BOBuymorecomics HARRAS

JUST A FEW LAST-MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS... NOTHING BAAAD... TRUST ME, I'M NOT FLEECING EWE. I MEAN, WOULD I PULL THE WOOL OVER YOUR EYES, BUBBIE?
NO... YOU WOULDN'T... JUST DON'T SCREW THIS UP.

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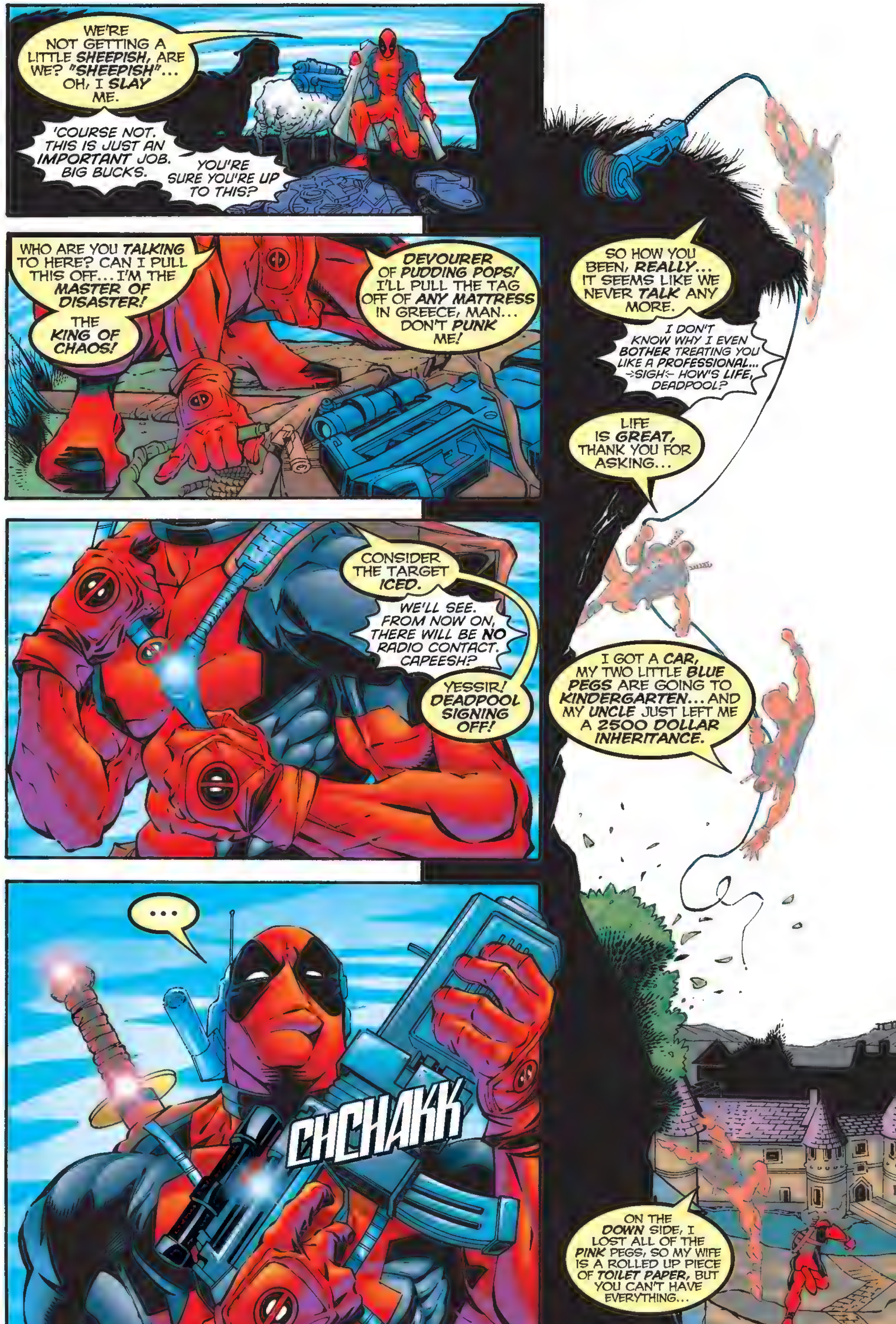
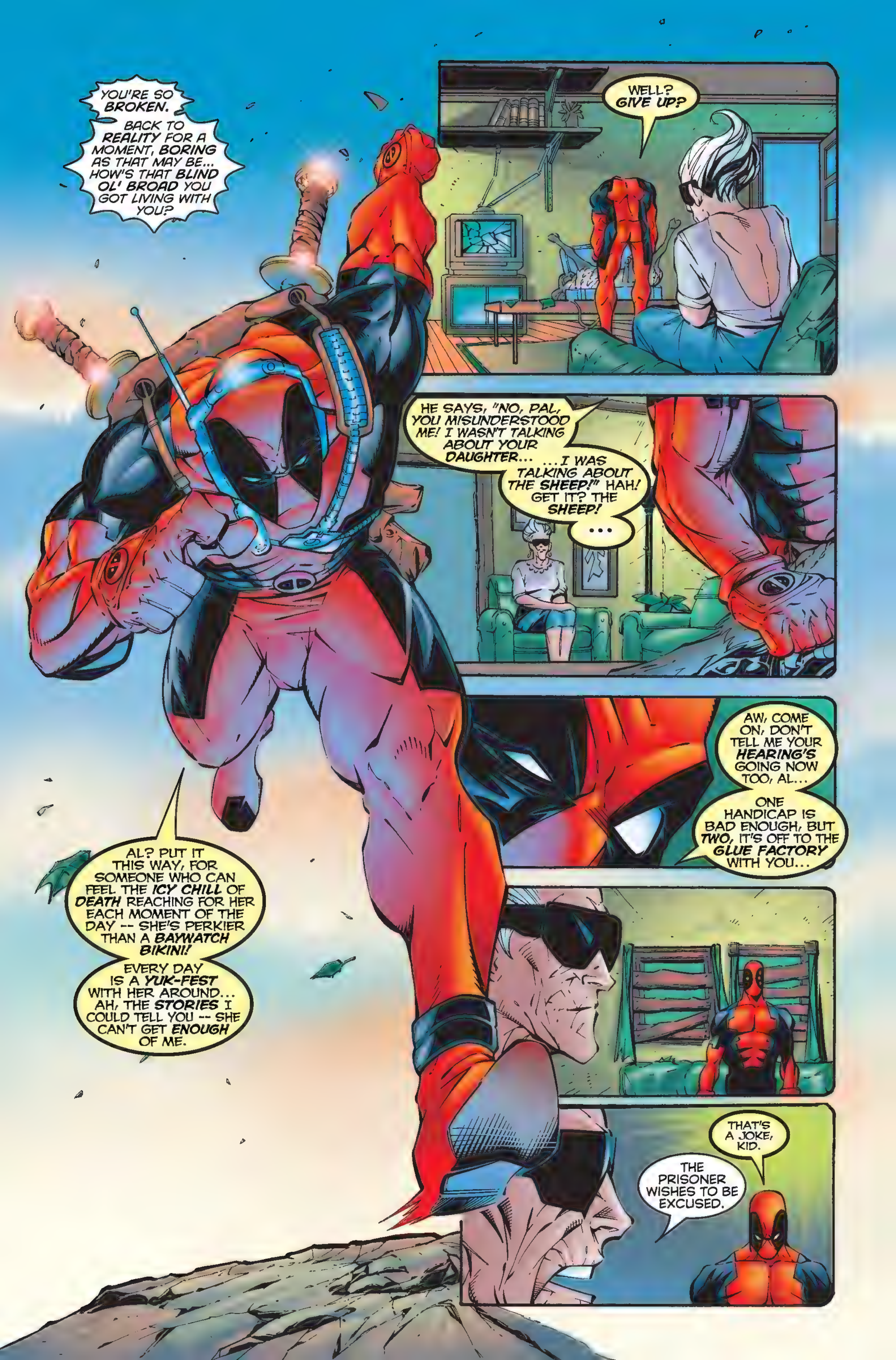
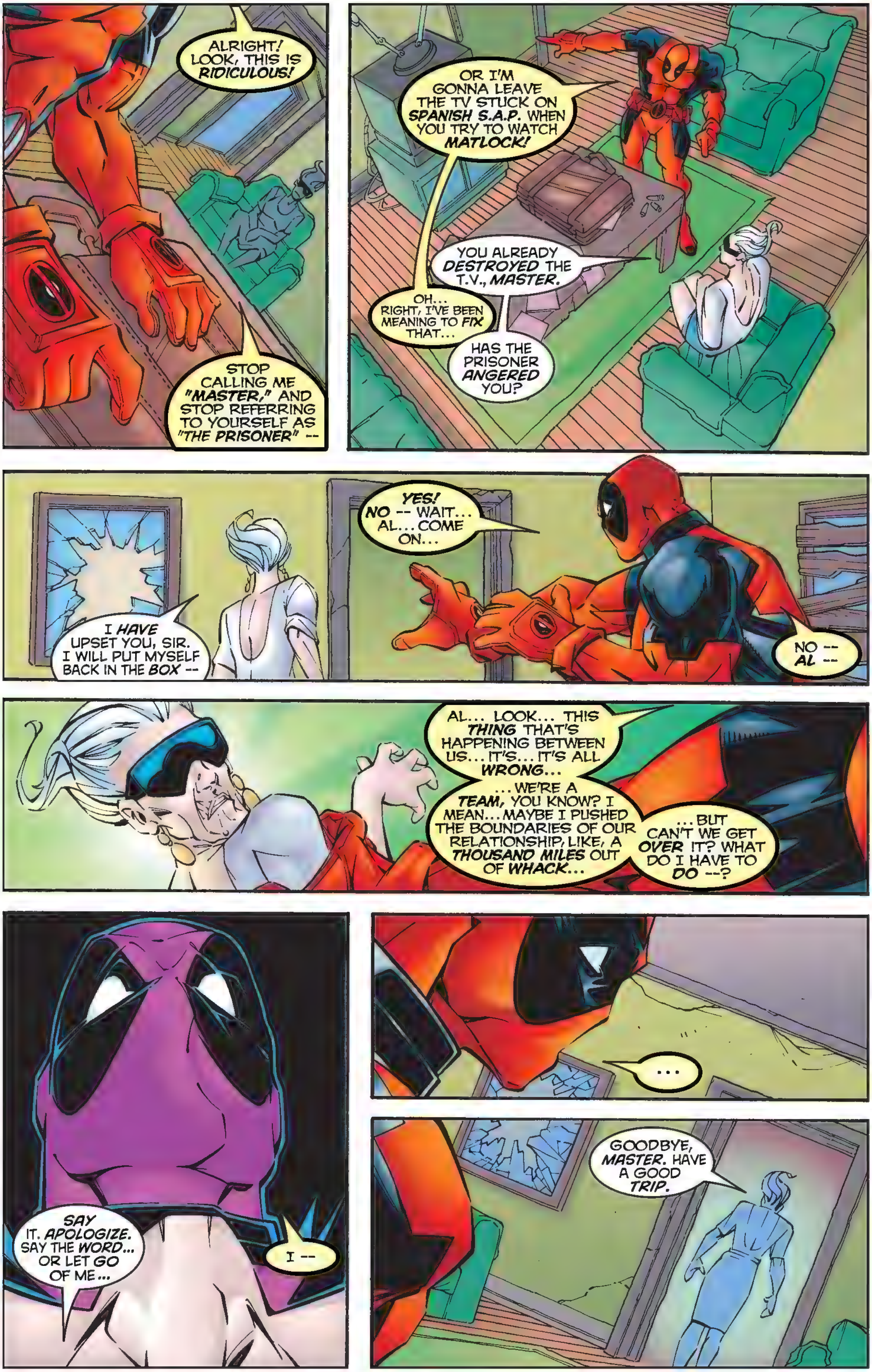
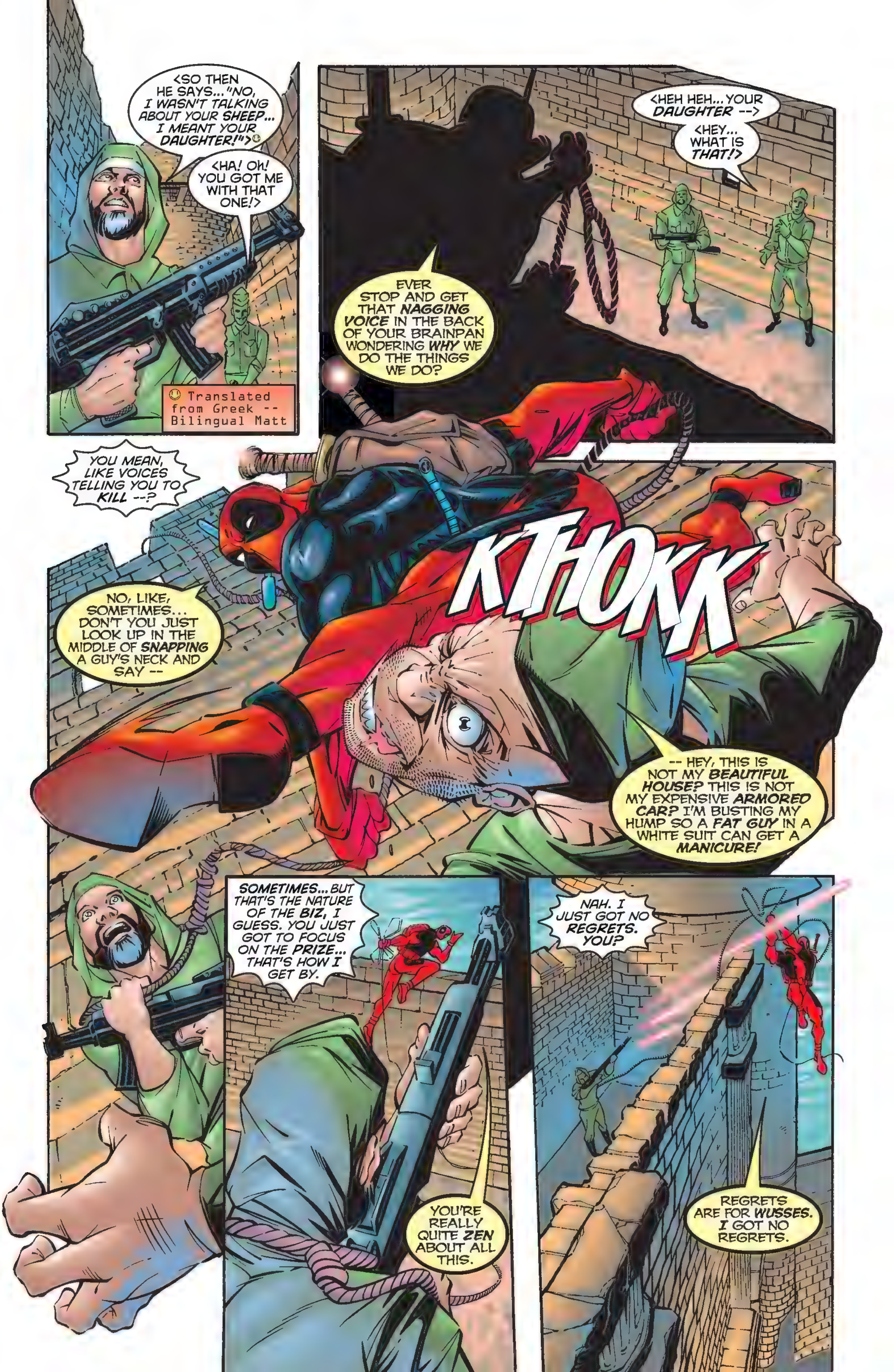
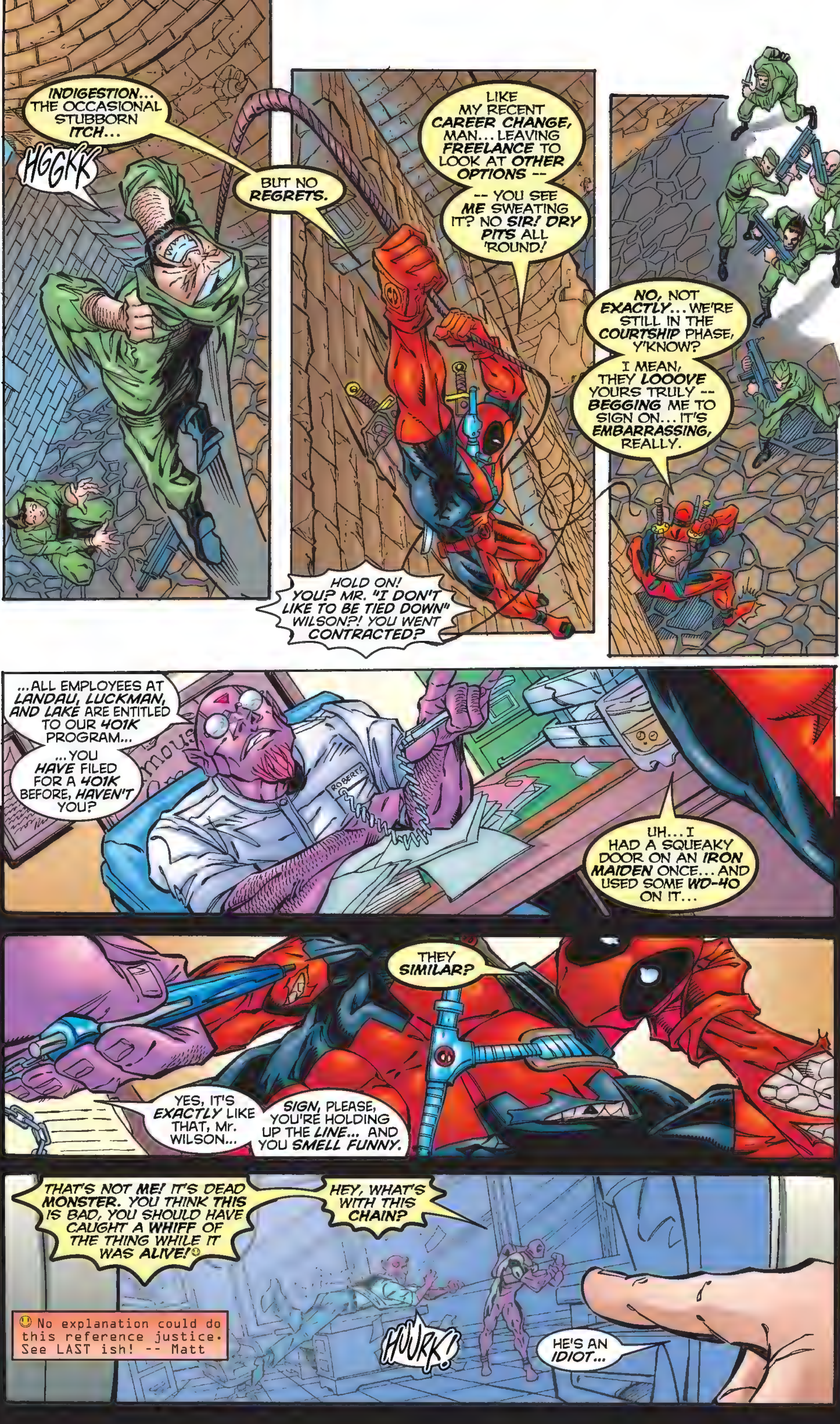


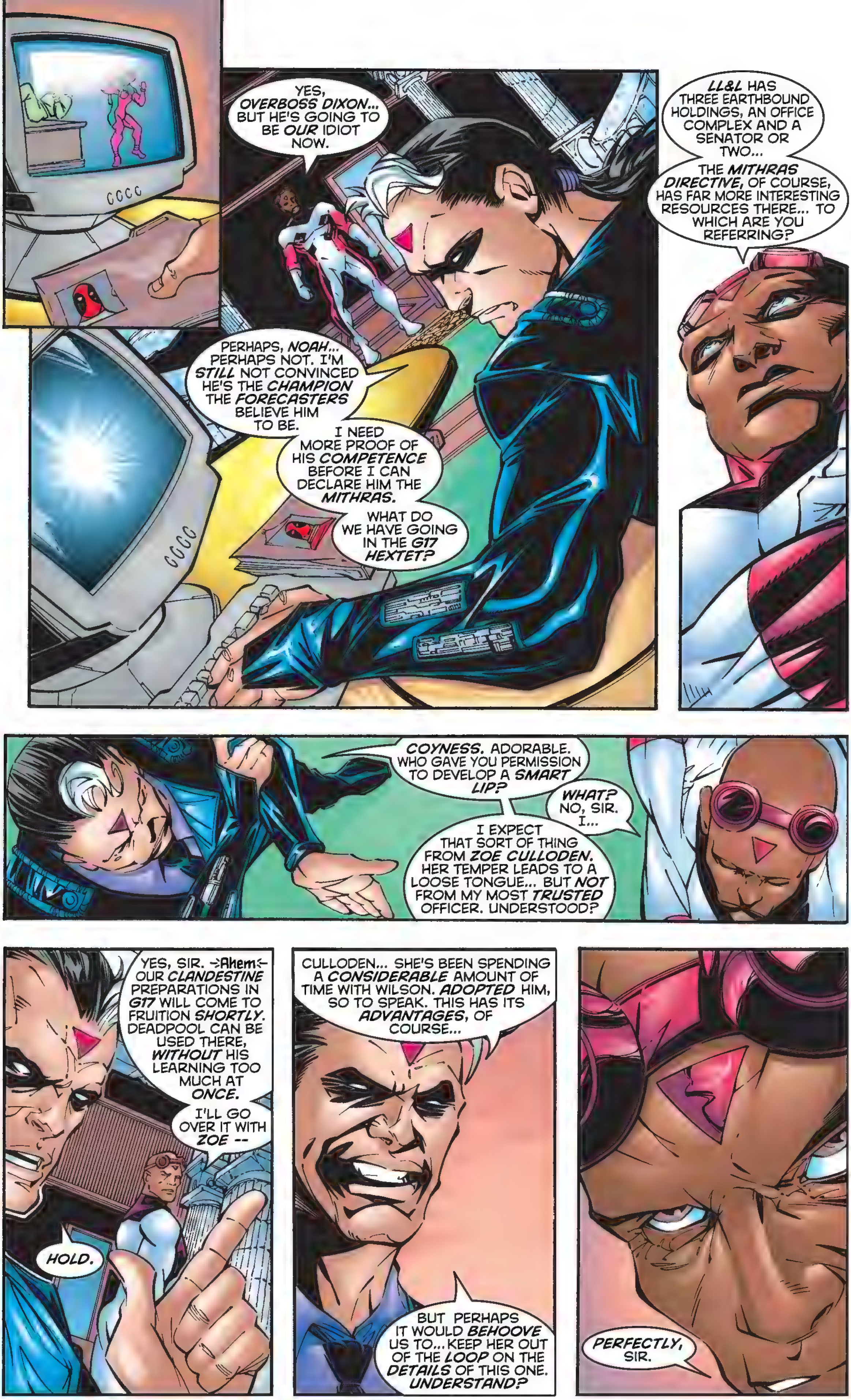
WE'RE NOT GETTING A LITTLE SHEEPISH, ARE WE? "SHEEPISH"... OH, I SLAY ME.
'COURSE NOT. THIS IS JUST AN IMPORTANT JOB. BIG BUCKS.
YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE UP TO THIS?
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO HERE? CAN I PULL THIS OFF... I'M THE MASTER OF DISASTER!
THE KING OF CHAOS!
DEVOURER OF PUDDING POPS! I'LL PULL THE TAG OFF OF ANY MATTRESS IN GREECE, MAN... DON'T PUNK ME!
CONSIDER THE TARGET ICED.
WE'LL SEE. FROM NOW ON, THERE WILL BE NO RADIO CONTACT. CAPEESH?
YESSIR! DEADPOOL SIGNING OFF!
...
CHCHAKK
SO HOW YOU BEEN, REALLY... IT SEEMS LIKE WE NEVER TALK ANY MORE.
I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVEN BOTHER TREATING YOU LIKE A PROFESSIONAL... ~SIGH~ HOW'S LIFE, DEADPOOL?
LIFE IS GREAT, THANK YOU FOR ASKING...
I GOT A CAR, MY TWO LITTLE BLUE PEGS ARE GOING TO KINDERGARTEN... AND MY UNCLE JUST LEFT ME A 2500 DOLLAR INHERITANCE.
ON THE DOWN SIDE, I LOST ALL OF THE PINK PEGS, SO MY WIFE IS A ROLLED UP PIECE OF TOILET PAPER, BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING...

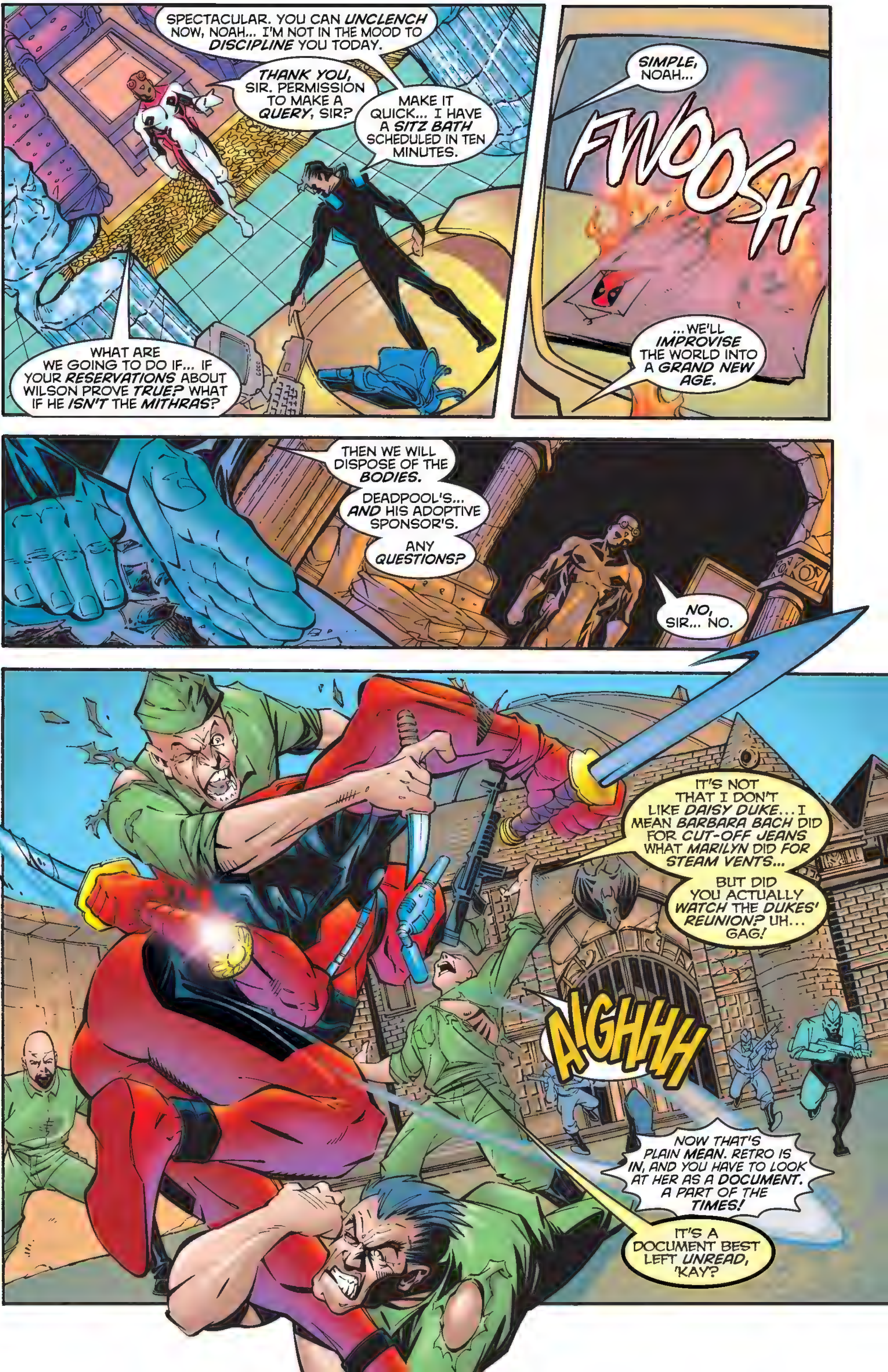

YOU'RE SO **BROKEN.**
BACK TO **REALITY** FOR A MOMENT, **BORING** AS THAT MAY BE... HOW'S THAT **BLIND OL' BROAD** YOU GOT LIVING WITH YOU?
WELL? **GIVE UP?**
HE SAYS, "NO, PAL, YOU MISUNDERSTOOD ME! I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT YOUR **DAUGHTER...**
...I WAS TALKING ABOUT THE **SHEEP!**" HAH! GET IT? THE **SHEEP!**
...
AW, COME ON, DON'T TELL ME YOUR **HEARING'S** GOING NOW TOO, AL...
ONE HANDICAP IS BAD ENOUGH, BUT **TWO,** IT'S OFF TO THE **GLUE FACTORY** WITH YOU...
AL? PUT IT THIS WAY, FOR SOMEONE WHO CAN FEEL THE **ICY CHILL** OF **DEATH** REACHING FOR HER EACH MOMENT OF THE DAY -- SHE'S PERKIER THAN A **BAYWATCH BIKINI!**
EVERY DAY IS A **YUK-FEST** WITH HER AROUND... AH, THE **STORIES** I COULD TELL YOU -- SHE CAN'T GET **ENOUGH** OF ME.
THAT'S A JOKE, KID.
THE PRISONER WISHES TO BE EXCUSED.

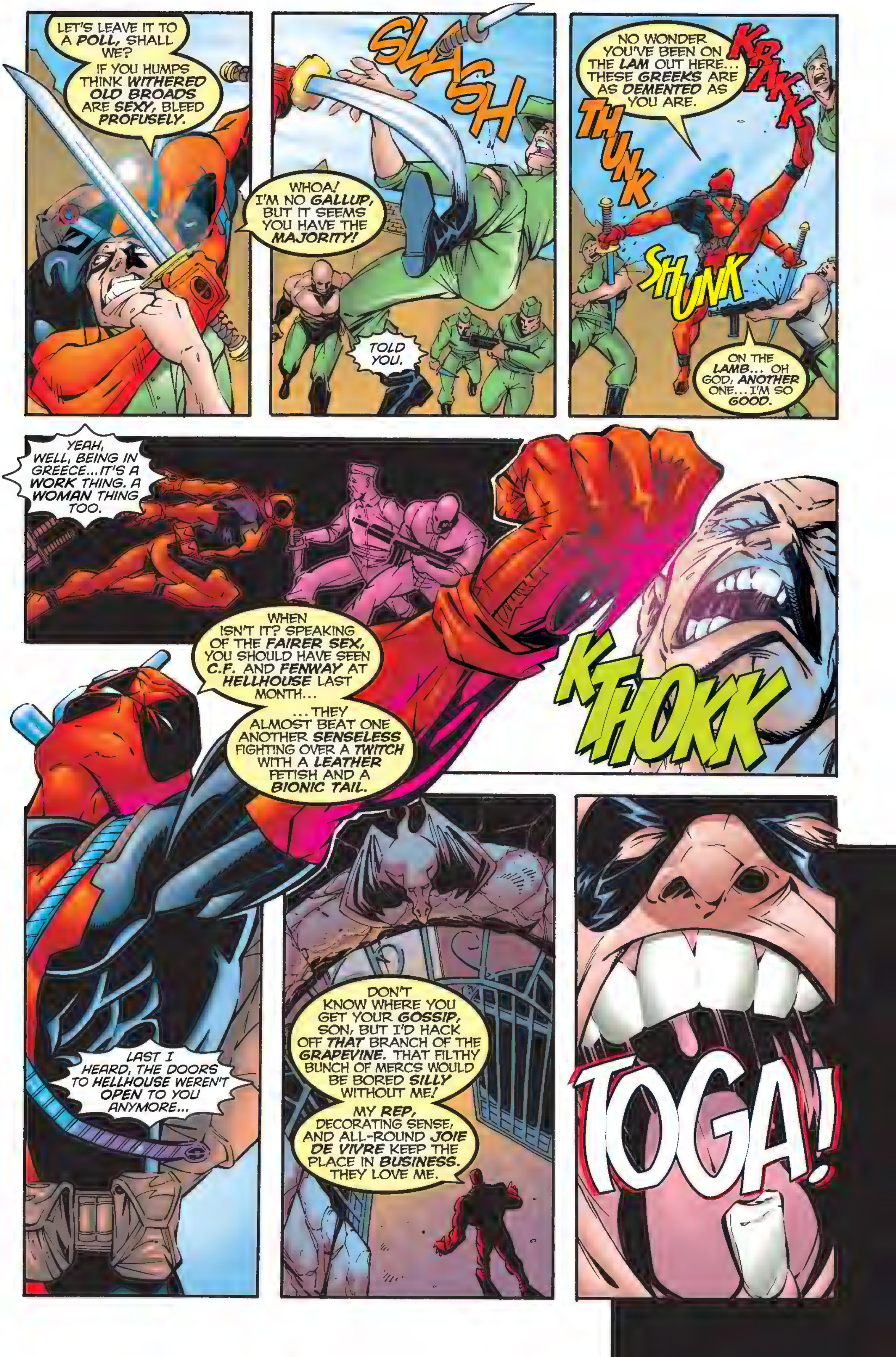

ALRIGHT! LOOK, THIS IS *RIDICULOUS!*
STOP CALLING ME *"MASTER,"* AND STOP REFERRING TO YOURSELF AS *"THE PRISONER"* --
OR I'M GONNA LEAVE THE TV STUCK ON *SPANISH S.A.P.* WHEN YOU TRY TO WATCH *MATLOCK!*
YOU ALREADY *DESTROYED* THE T.V., *MASTER.*
OH... RIGHT, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO *FIX* THAT...
HAS THE PRISONER *ANGERED* YOU?
YES! NO -- WAIT... AL... COME ON...
I *HAVE* UPSET YOU, SIR. I WILL PUT MYSELF BACK IN THE *BOX* --
NO -- *AL* --
AL... LOOK... THIS *THING* THAT'S HAPPENING BETWEEN US... IT'S... IT'S ALL *WRONG*...
...WE'RE A *TEAM,* YOU KNOW? I MEAN... MAYBE I PUSHED THE BOUNDARIES OF OUR RELATIONSHIP, LIKE, A *THOUSAND MILES* OUT OF *WHACK*...
...BUT CAN'T WE GET *OVER* IT? WHAT DO I HAVE TO *DO* --?
SAY IT. *APOLOGIZE.* SAY THE *WORD*... OR LET *GO* OF ME...
I --
...
GOODBYE, *MASTER.* HAVE A GOOD *TRIP.*

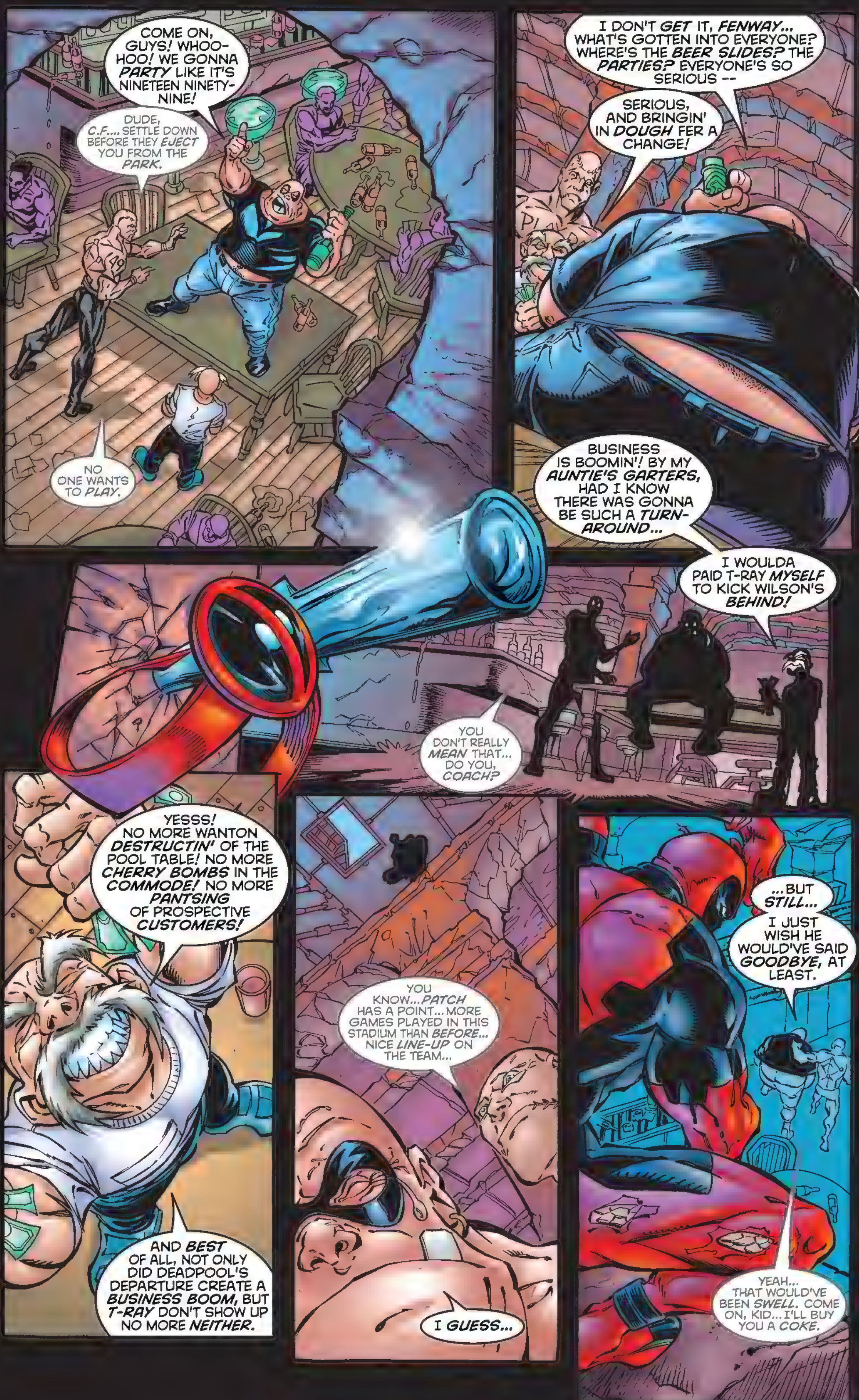

<SO THEN HE SAYS... "NO, I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT YOUR SHEEP... I MEANT YOUR DAUGHTER!">☺
<HA! OH! YOU GOT ME WITH THAT ONE!>
☺ Translated from Greek -- Bilingual Matt
<HEH HEH... YOUR DAUGHTER -->
<HEY... WHAT IS THAT!>
EVER STOP AND GET THAT NAGGING VOICE IN THE BACK OF YOUR BRAINPAN WONDERING WHY WE DO THE THINGS WE DO?
YOU MEAN, LIKE VOICES TELLING YOU TO KILL --?
KTHOKK
NO, LIKE, SOMETIMES... DON'T YOU JUST LOOK UP IN THE MIDDLE OF SNAPPING A GUY'S NECK AND SAY --
-- HEY, THIS IS NOT MY BEAUTIFUL HOUSE? THIS IS NOT MY EXPENSIVE ARMORED CAR? I'M BUSTING MY HUMP SO A FAT GUY IN A WHITE SUIT CAN GET A MANICURE!
SOMETIMES... BUT THAT'S THE NATURE OF THE BIZ, I GUESS. YOU JUST GOT TO FOCUS ON THE PRIZE... THAT'S HOW I GET BY.
YOU'RE REALLY QUITE ZEN ABOUT ALL THIS.
NAH. I JUST GOT NO REGRETS. YOU?
REGRETS ARE FOR WUSSES. I GOT NO REGRETS.

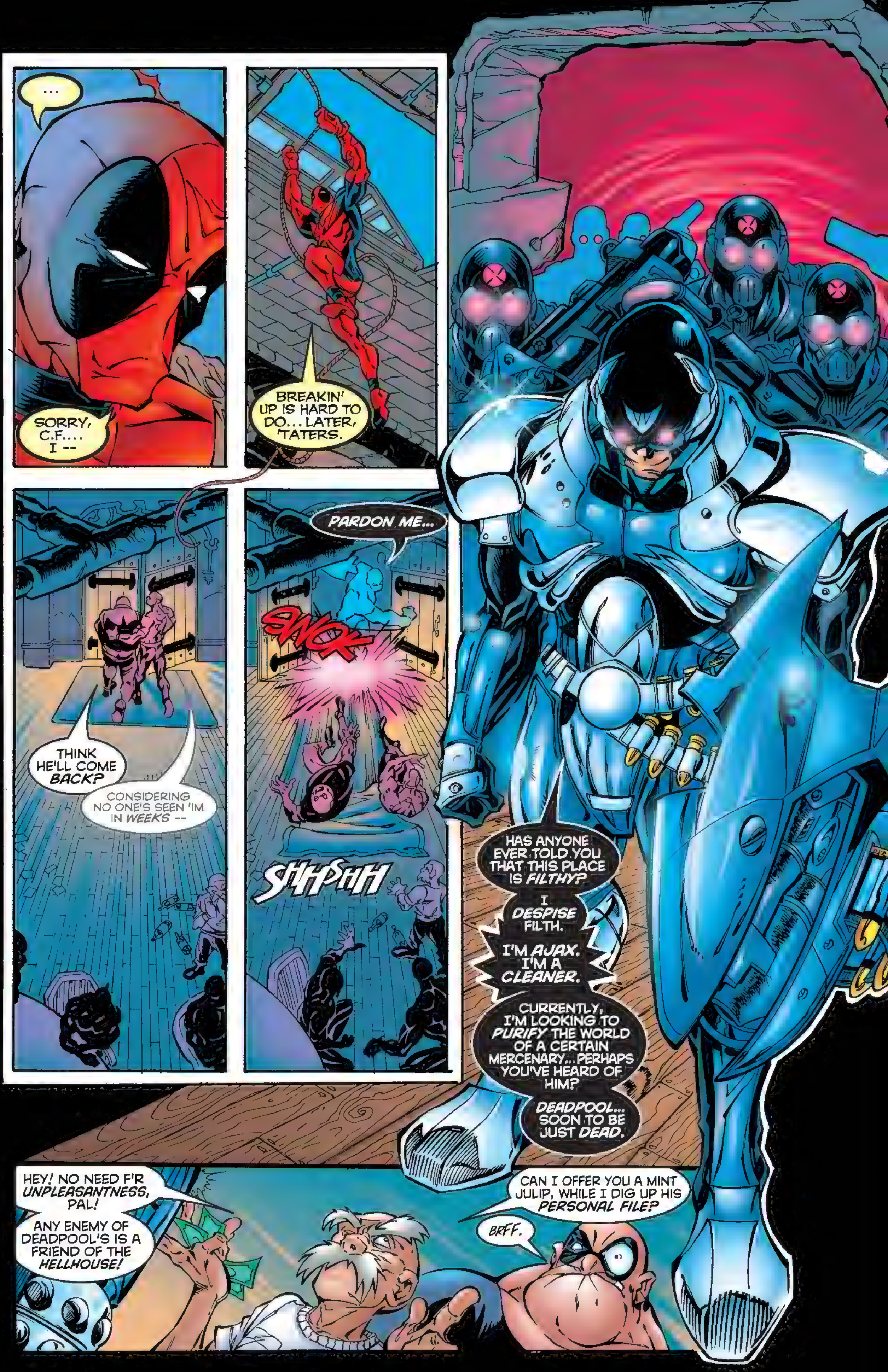

INDIGESTION... THE OCCASIONAL STUBBORN ITCH...
HGGKK
BUT NO REGRETS.
LIKE MY RECENT CAREER CHANGE, MAN... LEAVING FREELANCE TO LOOK AT OTHER OPTIONS --
-- YOU SEE ME SWEATING IT? NO SIR! DRY PITS ALL 'ROUND!
HOLD ON! YOU? MR. "I DON'T LIKE TO BE TIED DOWN" WILSON?! YOU WENT CONTRACTED?
NO, NOT EXACTLY... WE'RE STILL IN THE COURTSHIP PHASE, Y'KNOW?
I MEAN, THEY LOOOVE YOURS TRULY -- BEGGING ME TO SIGN ON... IT'S EMBARRASSING, REALLY.
...ALL EMPLOYEES AT LANDAU, LUCKMAN, AND LAKE ARE ENTITLED TO OUR 401K PROGRAM...
...YOU HAVE FILED FOR A 401K BEFORE, HAVEN'T YOU?
ROBERTS
UH... I HAD A SQUEAKY DOOR ON AN IRON MAIDEN ONCE... AND USED SOME WD-40 ON IT...
THEY SIMILAR?
YES, IT'S EXACTLY LIKE THAT, Mr. WILSON...
SIGN, PLEASE, YOU'RE HOLDING UP THE LINE... AND YOU SMELL FUNNY.
THAT'S NOT ME! IT'S DEAD MONSTER. YOU THINK THIS IS BAD, YOU SHOULD HAVE CAUGHT A WHIFF OF THE THING WHILE IT WAS ALIVE! ☺
HEY, WHAT'S WITH THIS CHAIN?
☺ No explanation could do this reference justice. See LAST ish! -- Matt
HUURK!
HE'S AN IDIOT...

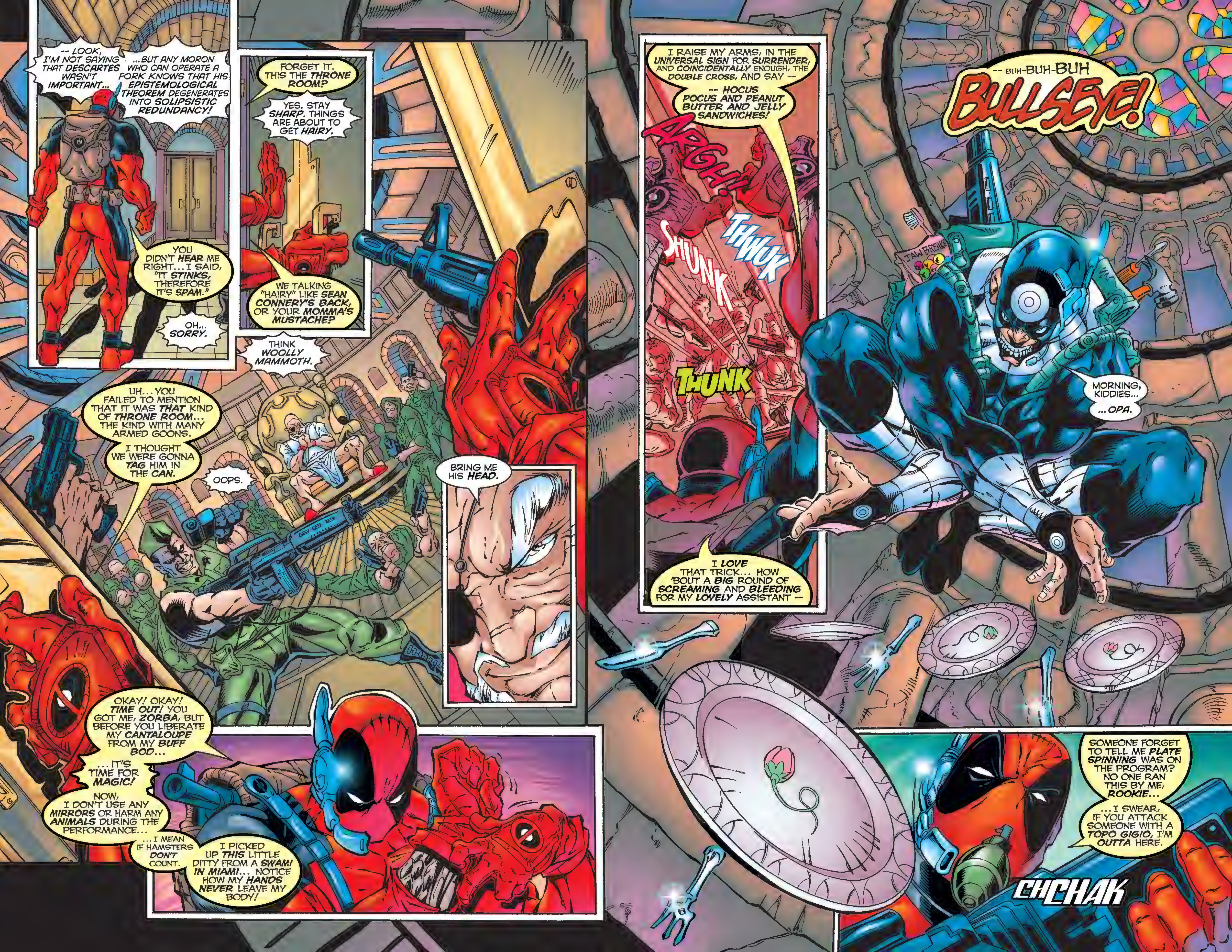

YES, OVERBOSS DIXON... BUT HE'S GOING TO BE OUR IDIOT NOW.
PERHAPS, NOAH... PERHAPS NOT. I'M STILL NOT CONVINCED HE'S THE CHAMPION THE FORECASTERS BELIEVE HIM TO BE.
I NEED MORE PROOF OF HIS COMPETENCE BEFORE I CAN DECLARE HIM THE MITHRAS.
WHAT DO WE HAVE GOING IN THE G17 HEXTET?
LL&L HAS THREE EARTHBOUND HOLDINGS, AN OFFICE COMPLEX AND A SENATOR OR TWO...
THE MITHRAS DIRECTIVE, OF COURSE, HAS FAR MORE INTERESTING RESOURCES THERE... TO WHICH ARE YOU REFERRING?
COYNESS. ADORABLE. WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO DEVELOP A SMART LIP?
WHAT? NO, SIR. I...
I EXPECT THAT SORT OF THING FROM ZOE CULLODEN. HER TEMPER LEADS TO A LOOSE TONGUE... BUT NOT FROM MY MOST TRUSTED OFFICER. UNDERSTOOD?
YES, SIR. -Ahem- OUR CLANDESTINE PREPARATIONS IN G17 WILL COME TO FRUITION SHORTLY. DEADPOOL CAN BE USED THERE, WITHOUT HIS LEARNING TOO MUCH AT ONCE.
I'LL GO OVER IT WITH ZOE --
HOLD.
CULLODEN... SHE'S BEEN SPENDING A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF TIME WITH WILSON. ADOPTED HIM, SO TO SPEAK. THIS HAS ITS ADVANTAGES, OF COURSE...
BUT PERHAPS IT WOULD BEHOOVE US TO... KEEP HER OUT OF THE LOOP ON THE DETAILS OF THIS ONE. UNDERSTAND?
PERFECTLY, SIR.

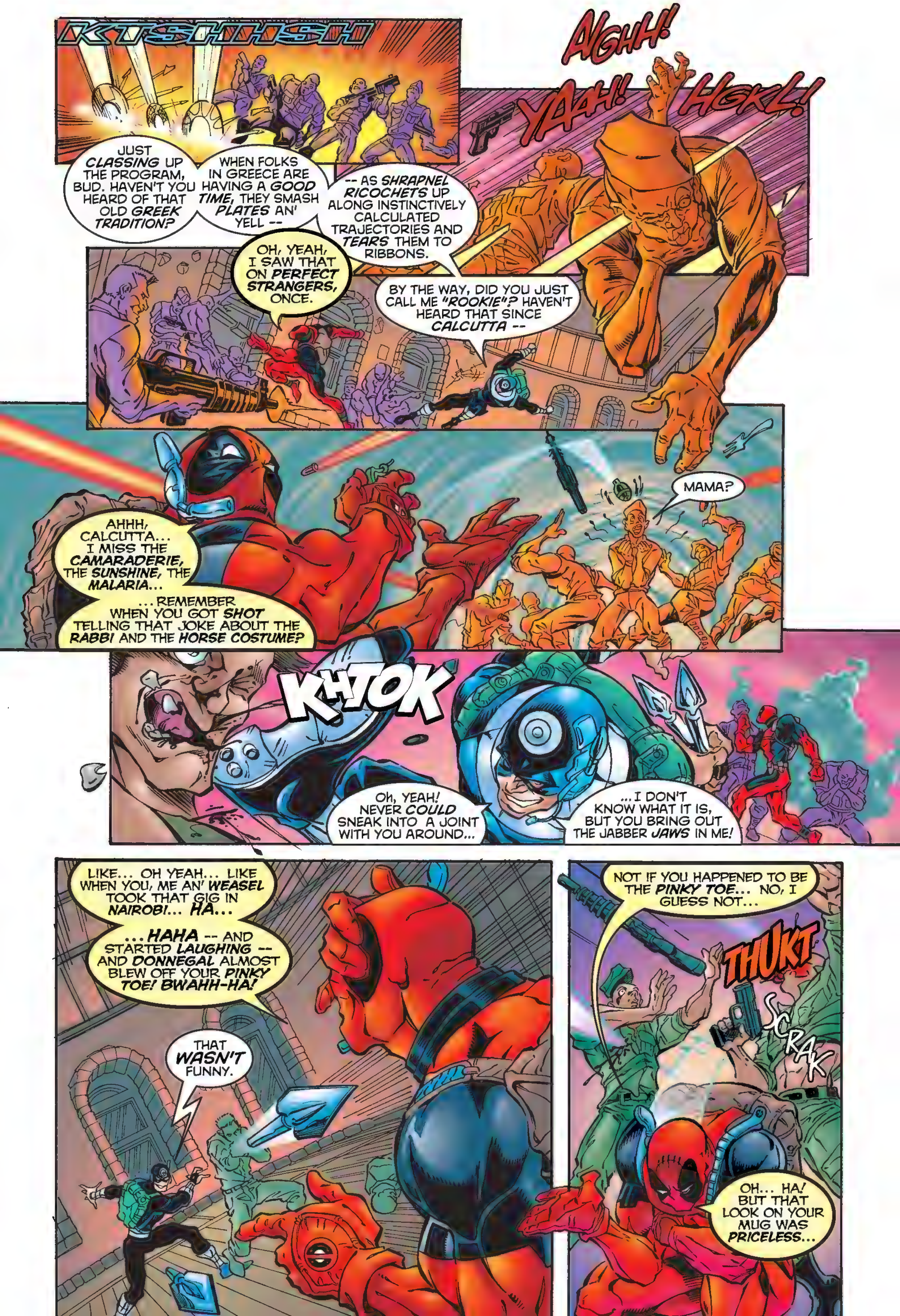

SPECTACULAR. YOU CAN *UNCLENCH* NOW, NOAH... I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO *DISCIPLINE* YOU TODAY.
THANK YOU, SIR. PERMISSION TO MAKE A *QUERY,* SIR?
MAKE IT QUICK... I HAVE A *SITZ BATH* SCHEDULED IN TEN MINUTES.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO IF... IF YOUR *RESERVATIONS* ABOUT WILSON PROVE *TRUE?* WHAT IF HE *ISN'T* THE *MITHRAS?*
SIMPLE, NOAH...
FWOOSH
...WE'LL *IMPROVISE* THE WORLD INTO A *GRAND NEW AGE.*
THEN WE WILL DISPOSE OF THE *BODIES.*
DEADPOOL'S... *AND* HIS ADOPTIVE SPONSOR'S.
ANY *QUESTIONS?*
NO, SIR... NO.
IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T LIKE *DAISY DUKE*... I MEAN *BARBARA BACH* DID FOR *CUT-OFF JEANS* WHAT *MARILYN* DID FOR *STEAM VENTS*...
BUT DID YOU ACTUALLY *WATCH* THE *DUKES' REUNION?* UH... GAG!
AIGHHH
NOW THAT'S PLAIN **MEAN**. RETRO IS *IN*, AND YOU HAVE TO LOOK AT HER AS A *DOCUMENT*. A PART OF THE *TIMES!*
IT'S A DOCUMENT BEST LEFT *UNREAD*, 'KAY?

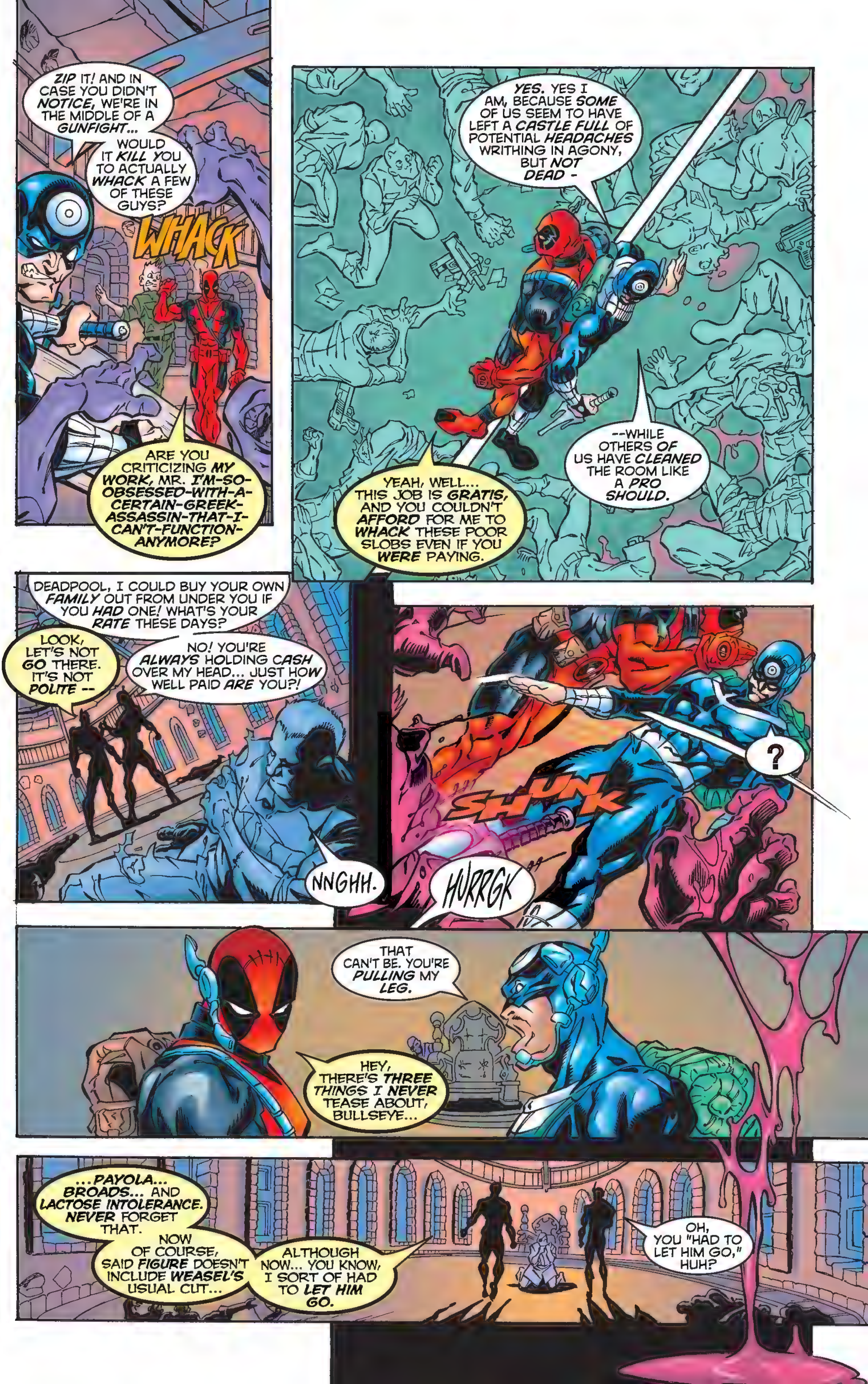

LET'S LEAVE IT TO A **POLL,** SHALL WE? IF YOU HUMPS THINK **WITHERED OLD BROADS** ARE **SEXY,** BLEED **PROFUSELY.**
SLASH
WHOA! I'M NO **GALLUP,** BUT IT SEEMS YOU HAVE THE **MAJORITY!**
TOLD YOU.
NO WONDER YOU'VE BEEN ON THE **LAM** OUT HERE... THESE **GREEKS** ARE AS **DEMENTED** AS YOU ARE.
KRAKK
THUNK
SHUNK
ON THE **LAMB...** OH GOD, **ANOTHER** ONE... I'M SO **GOOD.**
YEAH, WELL, BEING IN GREECE... IT'S A **WORK** THING. A **WOMAN** THING TOO.
WHEN ISN'T IT? SPEAKING OF THE **FAIRER SEX,** YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN **C.F.** AND **FENWAY** AT **HELLHOUSE** LAST MONTH...
...THEY ALMOST BEAT ONE ANOTHER **SENSELESS** FIGHTING OVER A **TWITCH** WITH A **LEATHER** FETISH AND A **BIONIC TAIL.**
KTHOKK
LAST I HEARD, THE DOORS TO **HELLHOUSE** WEREN'T **OPEN** TO YOU ANYMORE...
DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU GET YOUR **GOSSIP,** SON, BUT I'D HACK OFF **THAT** BRANCH OF THE **GRAPEVINE.** THAT FILTHY BUNCH OF MERCS WOULD BE BORED **SILLY** WITHOUT ME!
MY **REP,** DECORATING SENSE, AND ALL-ROUND **JOIE DE VIVRE** KEEP THE PLACE IN **BUSINESS.** THEY LOVE ME.
TOGA!

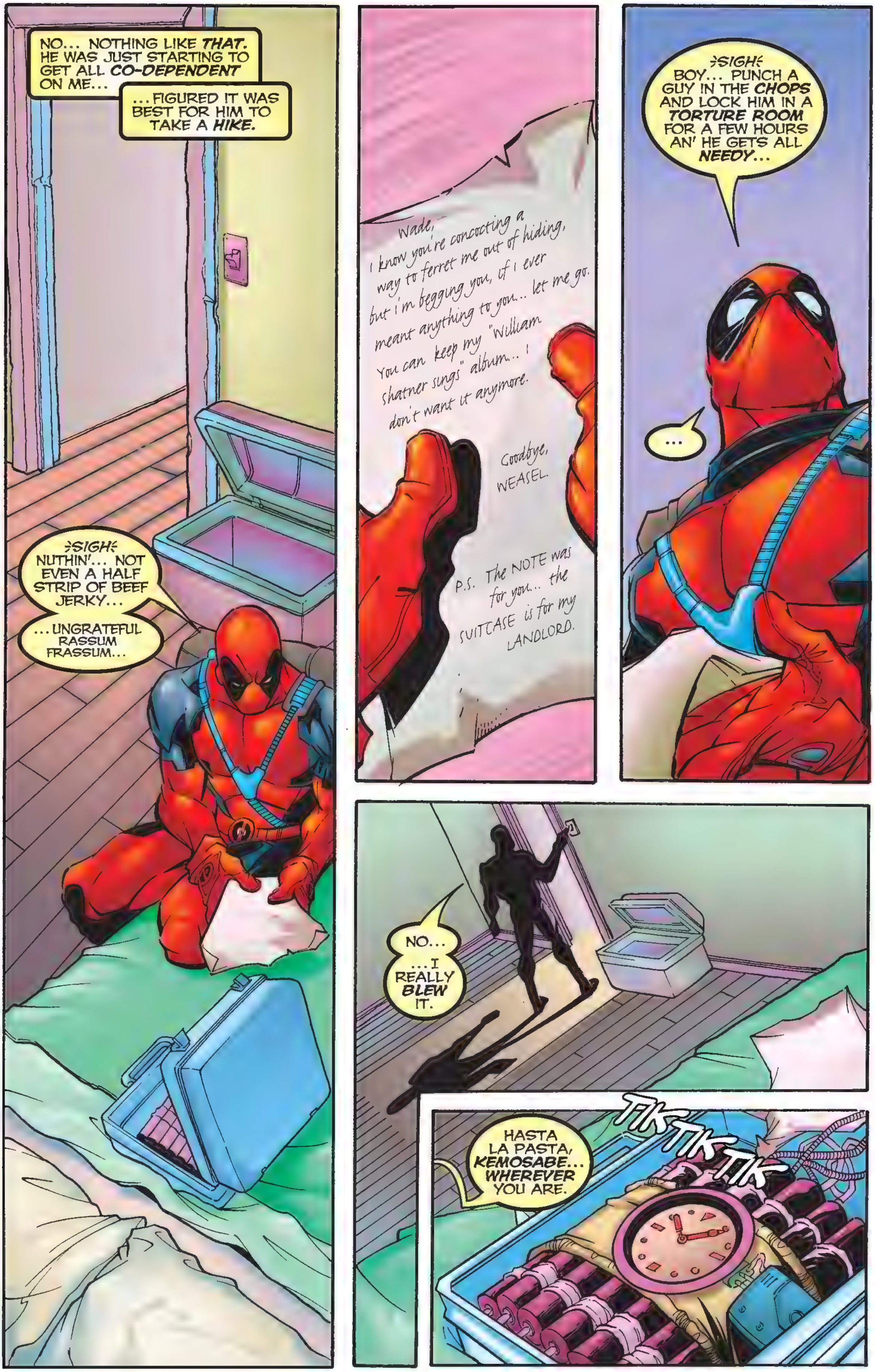

COME ON, GUYS! WHOO-HOO! WE GONNA *PARTY* LIKE IT'S NINETEEN NINETY-NINE!
DUDE, *C.F....* SETTLE DOWN BEFORE THEY *EJECT* YOU FROM THE *PARK.*
NO ONE WANTS TO *PLAY.*
I DON'T *GET* IT, *FENWAY...* WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO EVERYONE? WHERE'S THE *BEER SLIDES?* THE *PARTIES?* EVERYONE'S SO SERIOUS --
SERIOUS, AND BRINGIN' IN *DOUGH* FER A CHANGE!
BUSINESS IS BOOMIN'! BY MY *AUNTIE'S GARTERS,* HAD I KNOW THERE WAS GONNA BE SUCH A *TURN-AROUND...*
I WOULDA PAID T-RAY *MYSELF* TO KICK WILSON'S *BEHIND!*
YOU DON'T REALLY *MEAN* THAT... DO YOU, *COACH?*
YESSS! NO MORE WANTON *DESTRUCTIN'* OF THE POOL TABLE! NO MORE *CHERRY BOMBS* IN THE *COMMODE!* NO MORE *PANTSING* OF PROSPECTIVE *CUSTOMERS!*
AND *BEST* OF ALL, NOT ONLY DID DEADPOOL'S DEPARTURE CREATE A *BUSINESS BOOM,* BUT *T-RAY* DON'T SHOW UP NO MORE *NEITHER.*
YOU KNOW...*PATCH* HAS A POINT...MORE GAMES PLAYED IN THIS STADIUM THAN *BEFORE...* NICE *LINE-UP* ON THE TEAM...
I *GUESS...*
...BUT *STILL...*
I JUST WISH HE WOULD'VE SAID *GOODBYE,* AT LEAST.
YEAH... THAT WOULD'VE BEEN *SWELL.* COME ON, KID... I'LL BUY YOU A *COKE.*

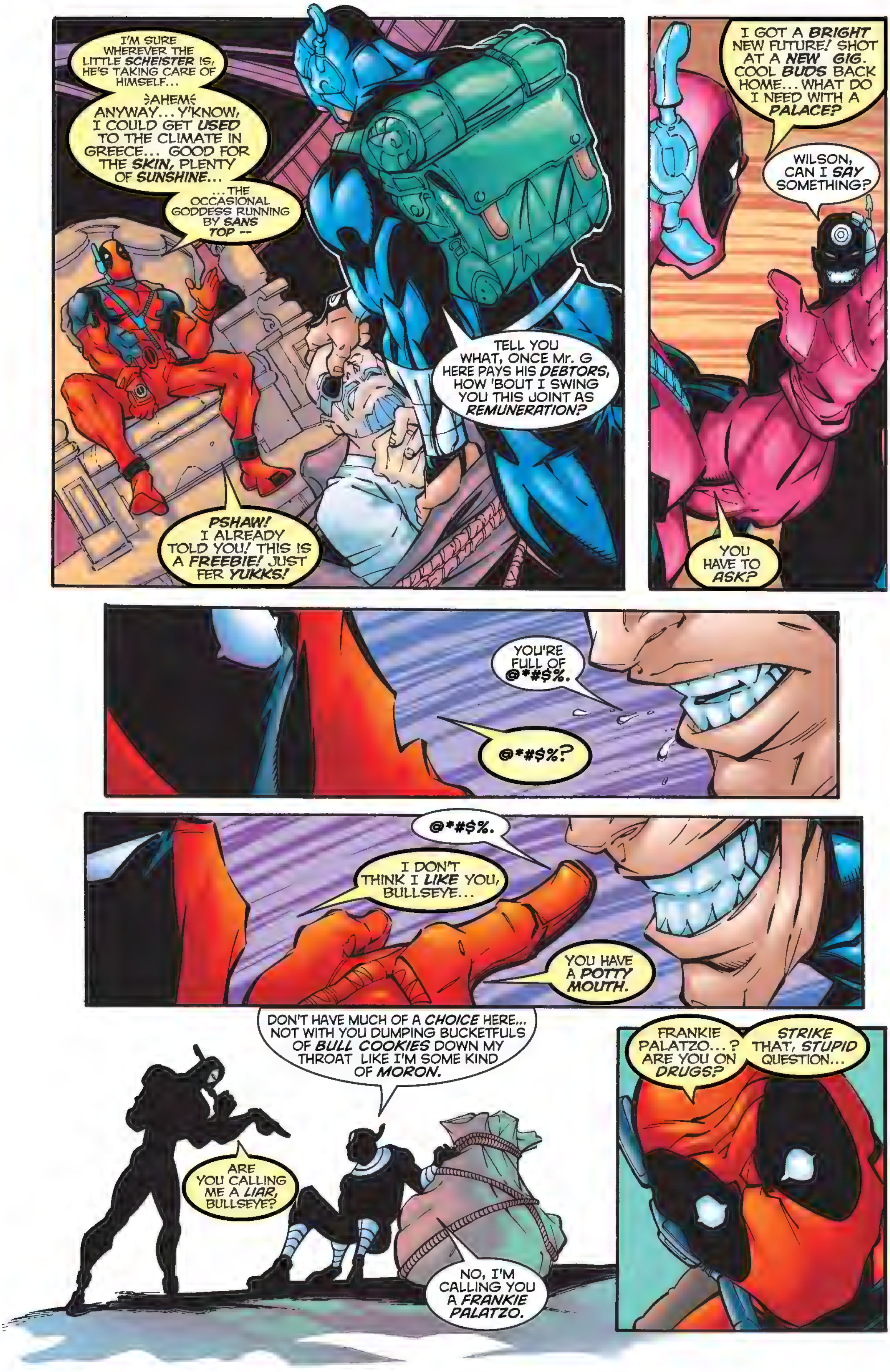

...
SORRY, C.F.... I --
BREAKIN' UP IS HARD TO DO... LATER, 'TATERS.
THINK HE'LL COME *BACK?*
CONSIDERING NO ONE'S SEEN 'IM IN *WEEKS* --
PARDON ME...
SNOK
SHHSHH
HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU THAT THIS PLACE IS *FILTHY?*
I *DESPISE* FILTH.
I'M *AJAX.* I'M A *CLEANER.*
CURRENTLY, I'M LOOKING TO *PURIFY* THE WORLD OF A CERTAIN MERCENARY... PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM?
DEADPOOL... SOON TO BE JUST *DEAD.*
HEY! NO NEED F'R *UNPLEASANTNESS,* PAL!
ANY ENEMY OF DEADPOOL'S IS A FRIEND OF THE *HELLHOUSE!*
CAN I OFFER YOU A MINT JULIP, WHILE I DIG UP HIS *PERSONAL FILE?*
BRFF.

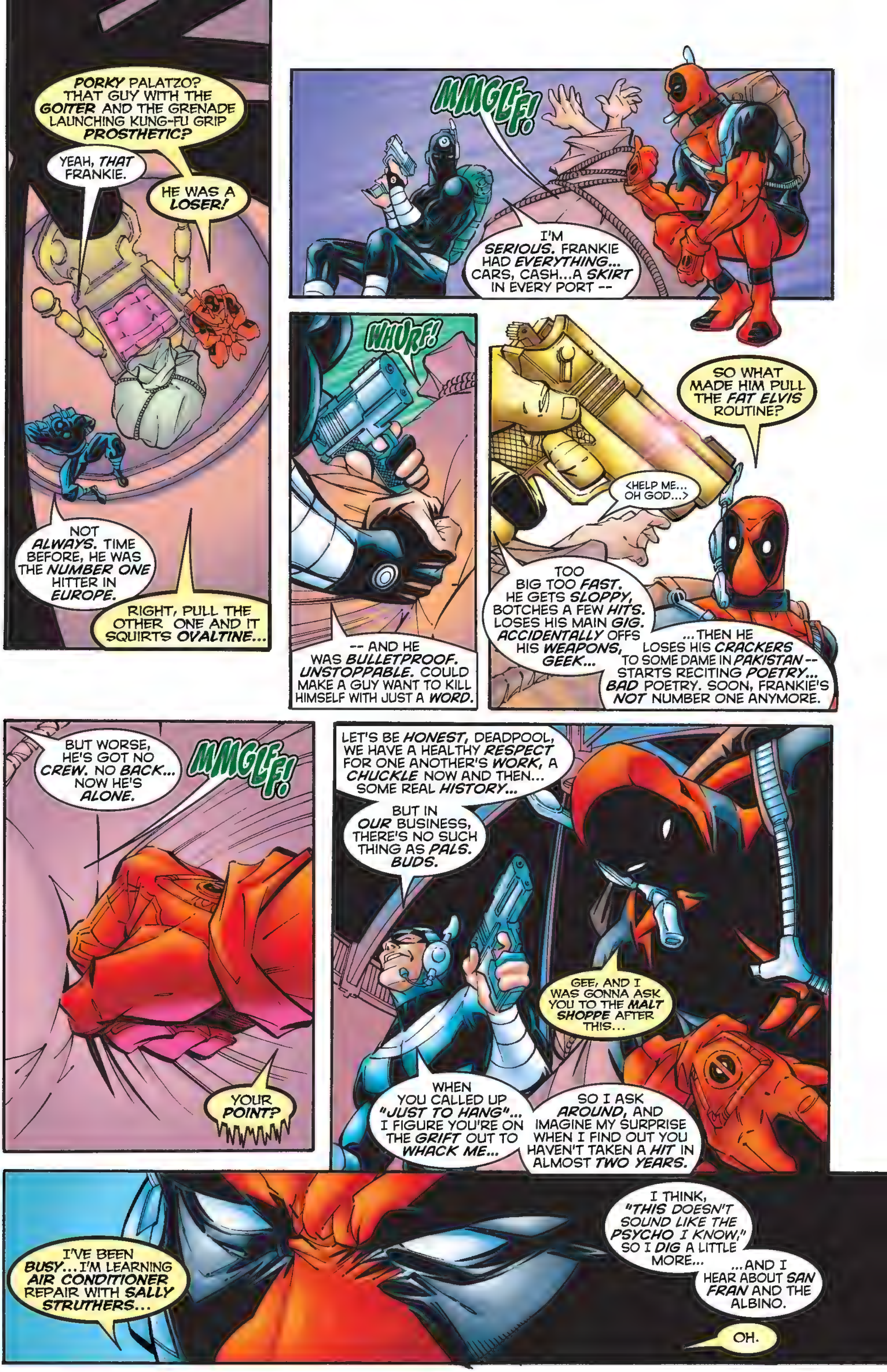

-- LOOK, I'M NOT SAYING THAT DESCARTES WASN'T IMPORTANT...
...BUT ANY MORON WHO CAN OPERATE A FORK KNOWS THAT HIS EPISTEMOLOGICAL THEOREM DEGENERATES INTO SOLIPSISTIC REDUNDANCY!
YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME RIGHT... I SAID, "IT STINKS, THEREFORE IT'S SPAM."
OH... SORRY.
FORGET IT. THIS THE THRONE ROOM?
YES. STAY SHARP. THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET HAIRY.
WE TALKING "HAIRY" LIKE SEAN CONNERY'S BACK, OR YOUR MOMMA'S MUSTACHE?
THINK WOOLLY MAMMOTH.
UH... YOU FAILED TO MENTION THAT IT WAS THAT KIND OF THRONE ROOM... THE KIND WITH MANY ARMED GOONS.
I THOUGHT WE WERE GONNA TAG HIM IN THE CAN.
OOPS.
BRING ME HIS HEAD.
OKAY! OKAY! TIME OUT! YOU GOT ME, ZORBA, BUT BEFORE YOU LIBERATE MY CANTALOUPE FROM MY BUFF BOD...
...IT'S TIME FOR MAGIC!
NOW, I DON'T USE ANY MIRRORS OR HARM ANY ANIMALS DURING THE PERFORMANCE...
...I MEAN IF HAMSTERS DON'T COUNT.
I PICKED UP THIS LITTLE DITTY FROM A SWAMI IN MIAMI... NOTICE HOW MY HANDS NEVER LEAVE MY BODY!
I RAISE MY ARMS, IN THE UNIVERSAL SIGN FOR SURRENDER, AND COINCIDENTALLY ENOUGH, THE DOUBLE CROSS, AND SAY --
-- HOCUS POCUS AND PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICHES!
ARGH!
THWUK
SHUNK
THUNK
I LOVE THAT TRICK... HOW 'BOUT A BIG ROUND OF SCREAMING AND BLEEDING FOR MY LOVELY ASSISTANT --
-- BUH-BUH-BUH
BULLSEYE!
MORNING, KIDDIES...
...OPA.
SOMEONE FORGET TO TELL ME PLATE SPINNING WAS ON THE PROGRAM? NO ONE RAN THIS BY ME, ROOKIE.
...I SWEAR, IF YOU ATTACK SOMEONE WITH A TOPO GIGIO, I'M OUTTA HERE.
CHCHAK

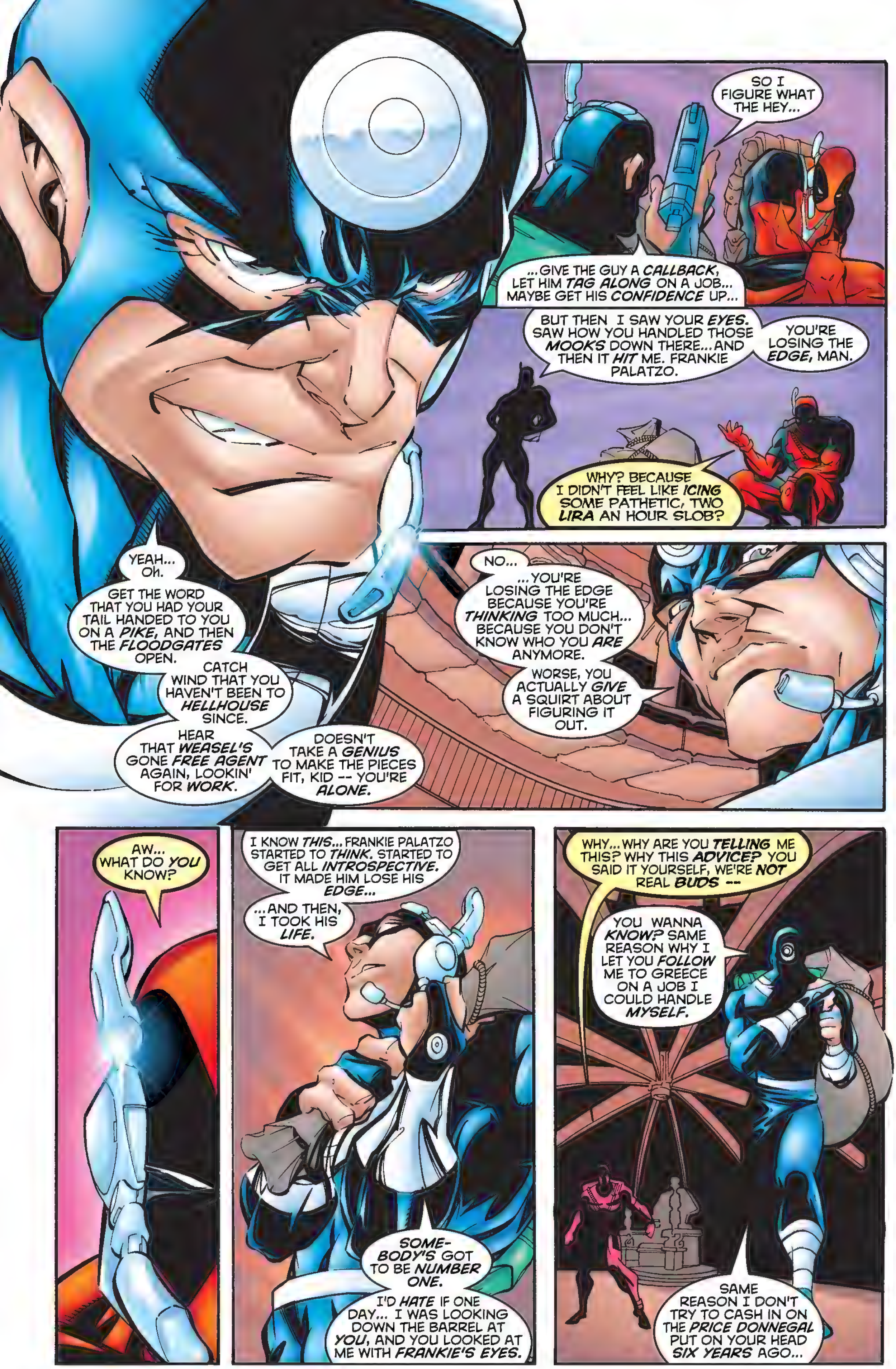

KTSHHSH
JUST CLASSING UP THE PROGRAM, BUD. HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF THAT OLD GREEK TRADITION?
WHEN FOLKS IN GREECE ARE HAVING A GOOD TIME, THEY SMASH PLATES AN' YELL --
-- AS SHRAPNEL RICOCHETS UP ALONG INSTINCTIVELY CALCULATED TRAJECTORIES AND TEARS THEM TO RIBBONS.
AIGHH!
YAAH!
HGKL!
OH, YEAH, I SAW THAT ON PERFECT STRANGERS, ONCE.
BY THE WAY, DID YOU JUST CALL ME "ROOKIE"? HAVEN'T HEARD THAT SINCE CALCUTTA --
AHHH, CALCUTTA... I MISS THE CAMARADERIE, THE SUNSHINE, THE MALARIA...
...REMEMBER WHEN YOU GOT SHOT TELLING THAT JOKE ABOUT THE RABBI AND THE HORSE COSTUME?
MAMA?
KHTOK
OH, YEAH! NEVER COULD SNEAK INTO A JOINT WITH YOU AROUND...
...I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT YOU BRING OUT THE JABBER JAWS IN ME!
LIKE... OH YEAH... LIKE WHEN YOU, ME AN' WEASEL TOOK THAT GIG IN NAIROBI... HA...
...HAHA -- AND STARTED LAUGHING -- AND DONNEGAL ALMOST BLEW OFF YOUR PINKY TOE! BWAHH-HA!
THAT WASN'T FUNNY.
NOT IF YOU HAPPENED TO BE THE PINKY TOE... NO, I GUESS NOT...
THUKT
SCRAK
OH... HA! BUT THAT LOOK ON YOUR MUG WAS PRICELESS...

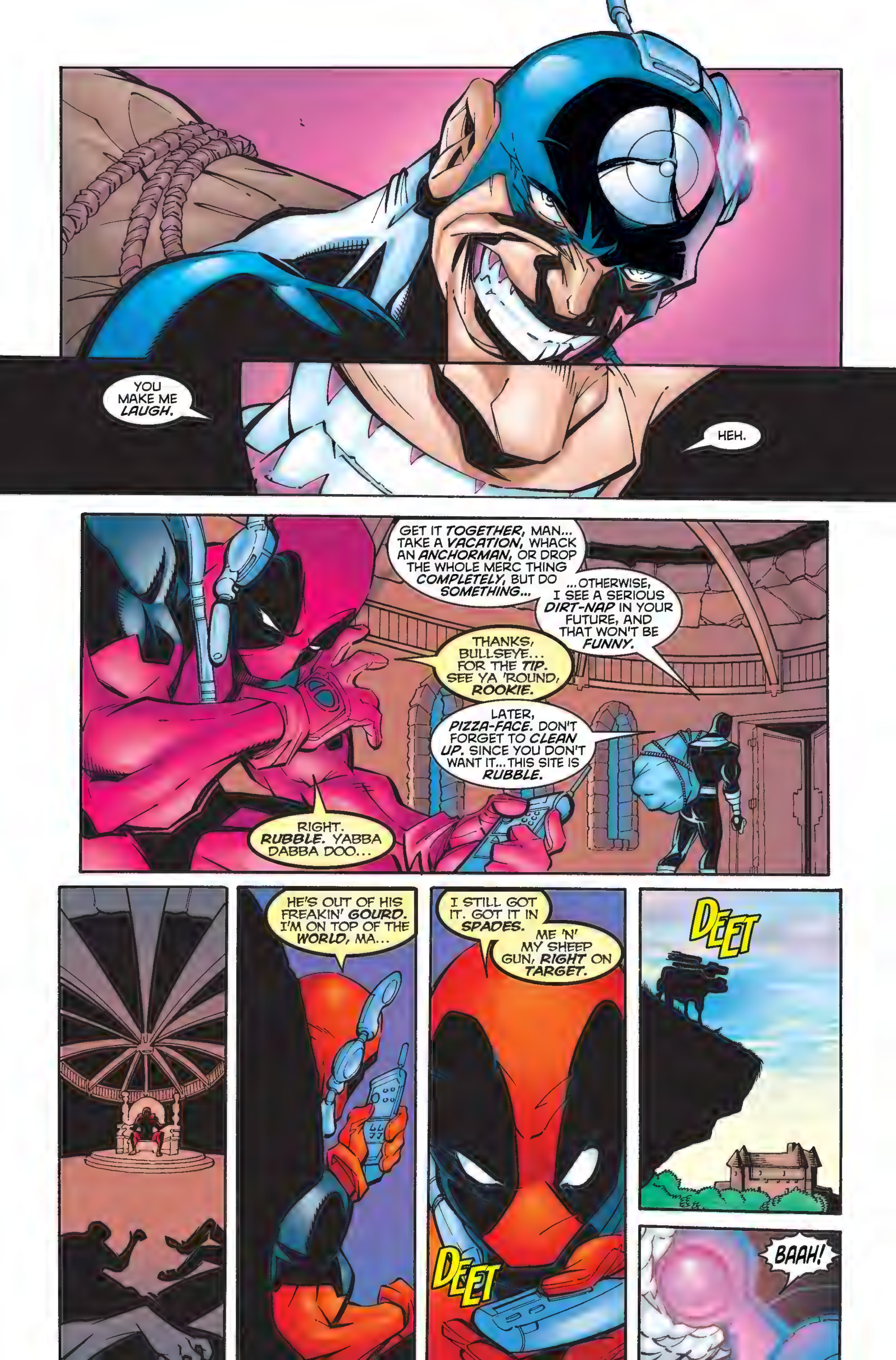

ZIP IT! AND IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A GUNFIGHT...
WOULD IT KILL YOU TO ACTUALLY WHACK A FEW OF THESE GUYS?
WHACK
ARE YOU CRITICIZING MY WORK, MR. I'M-SO-OBSESSED-WITH-A-CERTAIN-GREEK-ASSASSIN-THAT-I-CAN'T-FUNCTION-ANYMORE?
YES. YES I AM, BECAUSE SOME OF US SEEM TO HAVE LEFT A CASTLE FULL OF POTENTIAL HEADACHES WRITHING IN AGONY, BUT NOT DEAD -
--WHILE OTHERS OF US HAVE CLEANED THE ROOM LIKE A PRO SHOULD.
YEAH, WELL... THIS JOB IS GRATIS, AND YOU COULDN'T AFFORD FOR ME TO WHACK THESE POOR SLOBS EVEN IF YOU WERE PAYING.
DEADPOOL, I COULD BUY YOUR OWN FAMILY OUT FROM UNDER YOU IF YOU HAD ONE! WHAT'S YOUR RATE THESE DAYS?
LOOK, LET'S NOT GO THERE. IT'S NOT POLITE --
NO! YOU'RE ALWAYS HOLDING CASH OVER MY HEAD... JUST HOW WELL PAID ARE YOU?!
NNGHH.
?
SHUNK
HURRGK
HEY, THERE'S THREE THINGS I NEVER TEASE ABOUT, BULLSEYE...
THAT CAN'T BE. YOU'RE PULLING MY LEG.
...PAYOLA... BROADS... AND LACTOSE INTOLERANCE. NEVER FORGET THAT.
NOW OF COURSE, SAID FIGURE DOESN'T INCLUDE WEASEL'S USUAL CUT...
ALTHOUGH NOW... YOU KNOW, I SORT OF HAD TO LET HIM GO.
OH, YOU "HAD TO LET HIM GO," HUH?

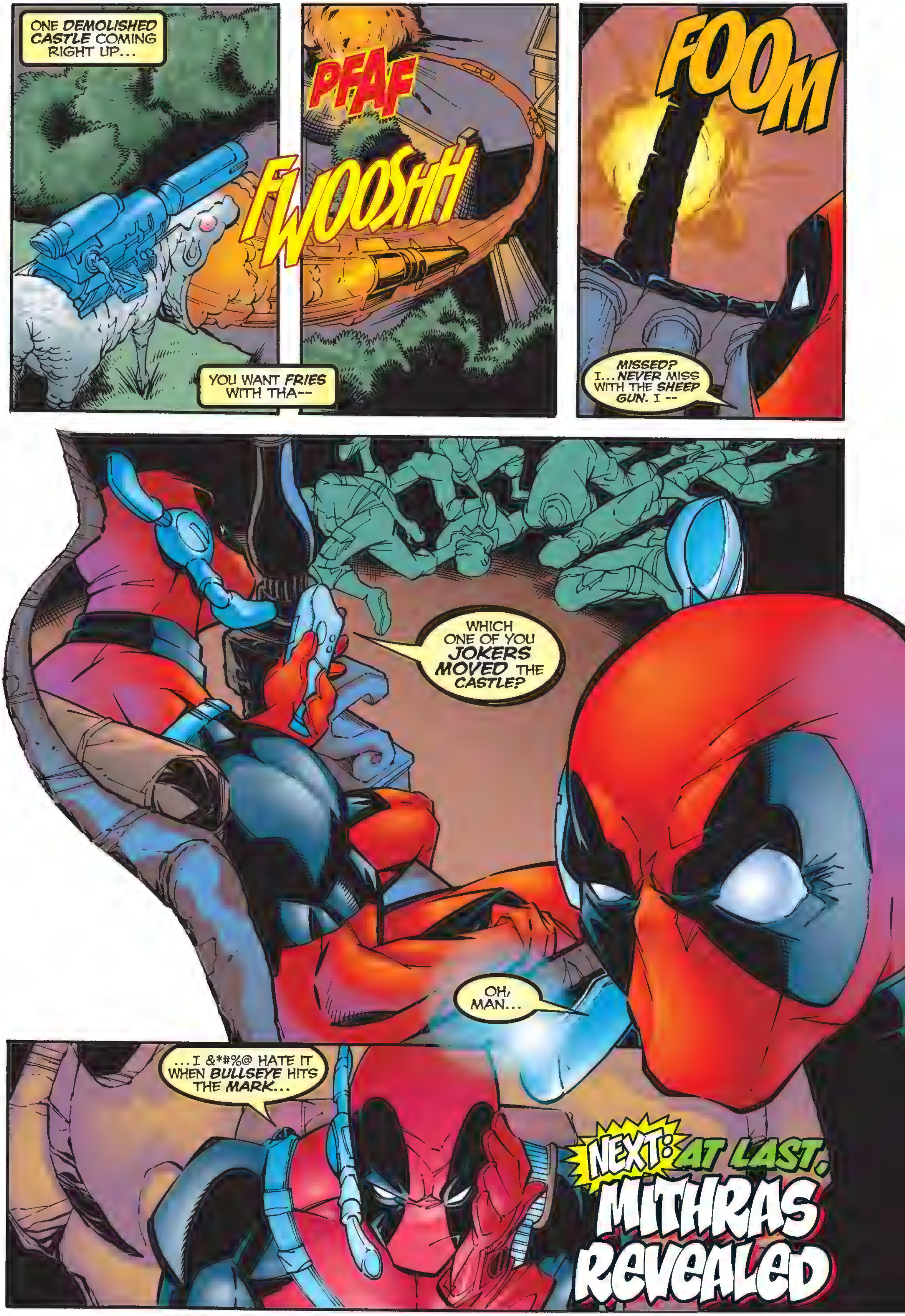

NO... NOTHING LIKE *THAT.* HE WAS JUST STARTING TO GET ALL *CO-DEPENDENT* ON ME...
...FIGURED IT WAS BEST FOR HIM TO TAKE A *HIKE.*
SIGH
NUTHIN'... NOT EVEN A HALF STRIP OF BEEF JERKY...
...UNGRATEFUL RASSUM FRASSUM...
Wade,
I know you're concocting a way to ferret me out of hiding, but i'm begging you, if i ever meant anything to you... let me go.
You can keep my "William Shatner sings" album... I don't want it anymore.
Goodbye,
WEASEL.
P.S. The NOTE was for you... the SUITCASE is for my LANDLORD.
SIGH
BOY... PUNCH A GUY IN THE *CHOPS* AND LOCK HIM IN A *TORTURE ROOM* FOR A FEW HOURS AN' HE GETS ALL *NEEDY...*
...
NO...
...I REALLY *BLEW* IT.
HASTA LA PASTA, *KEMOSABE...* *WHEREVER* YOU ARE.
TIK TIK TIK


I'M SURE WHEREVER THE LITTLE **SCHEISTER** IS, HE'S TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF...
ᗕAHEMᗒ ANYWAY... Y'KNOW, I COULD GET **USED** TO THE CLIMATE IN GREECE... GOOD FOR THE **SKIN,** PLENTY OF **SUNSHINE...**
...THE OCCASIONAL GODDESS RUNNING BY **SANS TOP --**
TELL YOU WHAT, ONCE Mr. G HERE PAYS HIS **DEBTORS,** HOW 'BOUT I SWING YOU THIS JOINT AS **REMUNERATION?**
PSHAW! I ALREADY TOLD YOU! THIS IS A ***FREEBIE!*** JUST FER ***YUKKS!***
I GOT A **BRIGHT** NEW FUTURE! SHOT AT A **NEW GIG.** COOL **BUDS** BACK HOME... WHAT DO I NEED WITH A **PALACE?**
WILSON, CAN I **SAY** SOMETHING?
YOU HAVE TO **ASK?**
YOU'RE FULL OF **@*#$%.**
@*#$%?
@*#$%.
I DON'T THINK I **LIKE** YOU, BULLSEYE...
YOU HAVE A ***POTTY MOUTH.***
DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A **CHOICE** HERE... NOT WITH YOU DUMPING BUCKETFULS OF **BULL COOKIES** DOWN MY THROAT LIKE I'M SOME KIND OF **MORON.**
ARE YOU CALLING ME A **LIAR,** BULLSEYE?
NO, I'M CALLING YOU A ***FRANKIE PALATZO.***
FRANKIE PALATZO...? ARE YOU ON ***DRUGS?***
STRIKE THAT, ***STUPID*** QUESTION...


PORKY PALATZO? THAT GUY WITH THE GOITER AND THE GRENADE LAUNCHING KUNG-FU GRIP PROSTHETIC?
YEAH, THAT FRANKIE.
HE WAS A LOSER!
NOT ALWAYS. TIME BEFORE, HE WAS THE NUMBER ONE HITTER IN EUROPE.
RIGHT, PULL THE OTHER ONE AND IT SQUIRTS OVALTINE...
MMGLFF!
I'M SERIOUS. FRANKIE HAD EVERYTHING... CARS, CASH...A SKIRT IN EVERY PORT --
WHURF!
-- AND HE WAS BULLETPROOF. UNSTOPPABLE. COULD MAKE A GUY WANT TO KILL HIMSELF WITH JUST A WORD.
SO WHAT MADE HIM PULL THE FAT ELVIS ROUTINE?
<HELP ME... OH GOD...>
TOO BIG TOO FAST. HE GETS SLOPPY, BOTCHES A FEW HITS. LOSES HIS MAIN GIG. ACCIDENTALLY OFFS HIS WEAPONS GEEK...
...THEN HE LOSES HIS CRACKERS TO SOME DAME IN PAKISTAN -- STARTS RECITING POETRY... BAD POETRY. SOON, FRANKIE'S NOT NUMBER ONE ANYMORE.
BUT WORSE, HE'S GOT NO CREW. NO BACK... NOW HE'S ALONE.
MMGLFF!
YOUR POINT?
LET'S BE HONEST, DEADPOOL, WE HAVE A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR ONE ANOTHER'S WORK, A CHUCKLE NOW AND THEN... SOME REAL HISTORY...
BUT IN OUR BUSINESS, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS PALS. BUDS.
GEE, AND I WAS GONNA ASK YOU TO THE MALT SHOPPE AFTER THIS...
WHEN YOU CALLED UP "JUST TO HANG"... I FIGURE YOU'RE ON THE GRIFT OUT TO WHACK ME...
SO I ASK AROUND, AND IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN I FIND OUT YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN A HIT IN ALMOST TWO YEARS.
I'VE BEEN BUSY... I'M LEARNING AIR CONDITIONER REPAIR WITH SALLY STRUTHERS...
I THINK, "THIS DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE PSYCHO I KNOW," SO I DIG A LITTLE MORE...
...AND I HEAR ABOUT SAN FRAN AND THE ALBINO.
OH.


SO I FIGURE WHAT THE HEY...
...GIVE THE GUY A *CALLBACK*, LET HIM *TAG ALONG* ON A JOB... MAYBE GET HIS *CONFIDENCE* UP...
BUT THEN I SAW YOUR *EYES.* SAW HOW YOU HANDLED THOSE *MOOKS* DOWN THERE...AND THEN IT *HIT* ME. FRANKIE PALATZO.
YOU'RE LOSING THE *EDGE,* MAN.
WHY? BECAUSE I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE *ICING* SOME PATHETIC, TWO *LIRA* AN HOUR SLOB?
NO...
...YOU'RE LOSING THE EDGE BECAUSE YOU'RE *THINKING* TOO MUCH... BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU *ARE* ANYMORE.
WORSE, YOU ACTUALLY *GIVE* A SQUIRT ABOUT FIGURING IT OUT.
YEAH... Oh.
GET THE WORD THAT YOU HAD YOUR TAIL HANDED TO YOU ON A *PIKE,* AND THEN THE *FLOODGATES* OPEN.
CATCH WIND THAT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TO *HELLHOUSE* SINCE.
HEAR THAT *WEASEL'S* GONE *FREE AGENT* AGAIN, LOOKIN' FOR *WORK.*
DOESN'T TAKE A *GENIUS* TO MAKE THE PIECES FIT, KID -- YOU'RE *ALONE.*
AW... WHAT DO *YOU* KNOW?
I KNOW *THIS*... FRANKIE PALATZO STARTED TO *THINK.* STARTED TO GET ALL *INTROSPECTIVE.* IT MADE HIM LOSE HIS *EDGE*...
...AND THEN, I TOOK HIS *LIFE.*
SOME-BODY'S GOT TO BE *NUMBER ONE.*
I'D *HATE* IF ONE DAY... I WAS LOOKING DOWN THE BARREL AT *YOU*, AND YOU LOOKED AT ME WITH *FRANKIE'S EYES.*
WHY... WHY ARE YOU *TELLING* ME THIS? WHY THIS *ADVICE?* YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, WE'RE *NOT* REAL *BUDS* --
YOU WANNA *KNOW?* SAME REASON WHY I LET YOU *FOLLOW* ME TO GREECE ON A JOB I COULD HANDLE *MYSELF.*
SAME REASON I DON'T TRY TO CASH IN ON THE *PRICE DONNEGAL* PUT ON YOUR HEAD *SIX YEARS* AGO...


YOU MAKE ME *LAUGH.*
HEH.
GET IT *TOGETHER,* MAN... TAKE A *VACATION,* WHACK AN *ANCHORMAN,* OR DROP THE WHOLE MERC THING *COMPLETELY,* BUT DO *SOMETHING...*
...OTHERWISE, I SEE A SERIOUS *DIRT-NAP* IN YOUR FUTURE, AND THAT WON'T BE *FUNNY.*
THANKS, BULLSEYE... FOR THE *TIP.* SEE YA 'ROUND, *ROOKIE.*
LATER, *PIZZA-FACE.* DON'T FORGET TO *CLEAN UP.* SINCE YOU DON'T WANT IT... THIS SITE IS *RUBBLE.*
RIGHT. *RUBBLE.* YABBA DABBA DOO...
HE'S OUT OF HIS FREAKIN' *GOURD.* I'M ON TOP OF THE *WORLD,* MA...
I STILL GOT IT. GOT IT IN *SPADES.*
ME 'N' MY SHEEP GUN, *RIGHT* ON *TARGET.*
DEET
DEET
BAAH!


ONE DEMOLISHED CASTLE COMING RIGHT UP...
FWOOSHH
PFAF
YOU WANT FRIES WITH THA--
FOOM
MISSED? I...NEVER MISS WITH THE SHEEP GUN. I --
WHICH ONE OF YOU JOKERS MOVED THE CASTLE?
OH, MAN...
...I &*#%@ HATE IT WHEN BULLSEYE HITS THE MARK...
NEXT: AT LAST, MITHRAS REVEALED

MARVEL® COMICS
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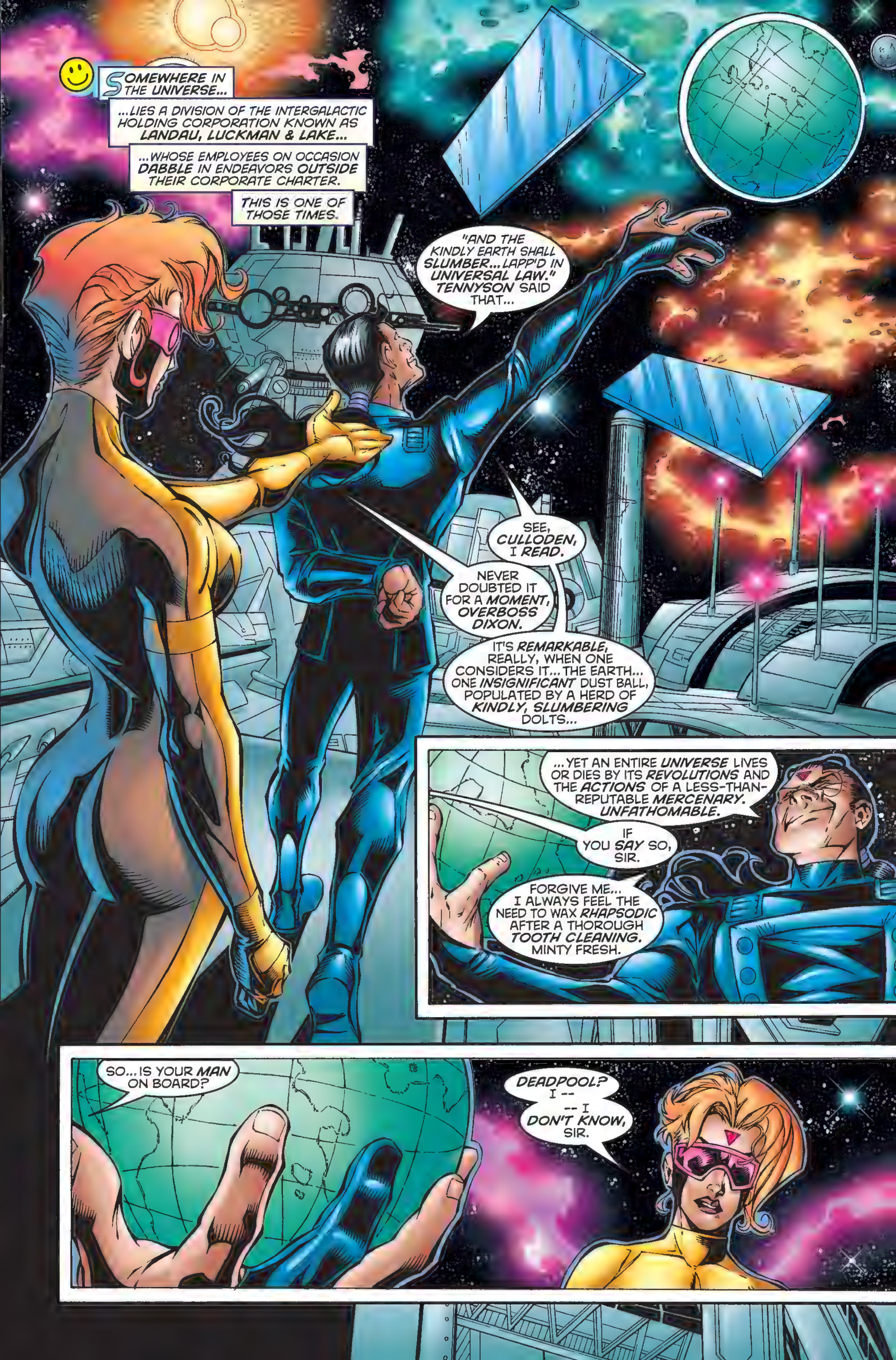
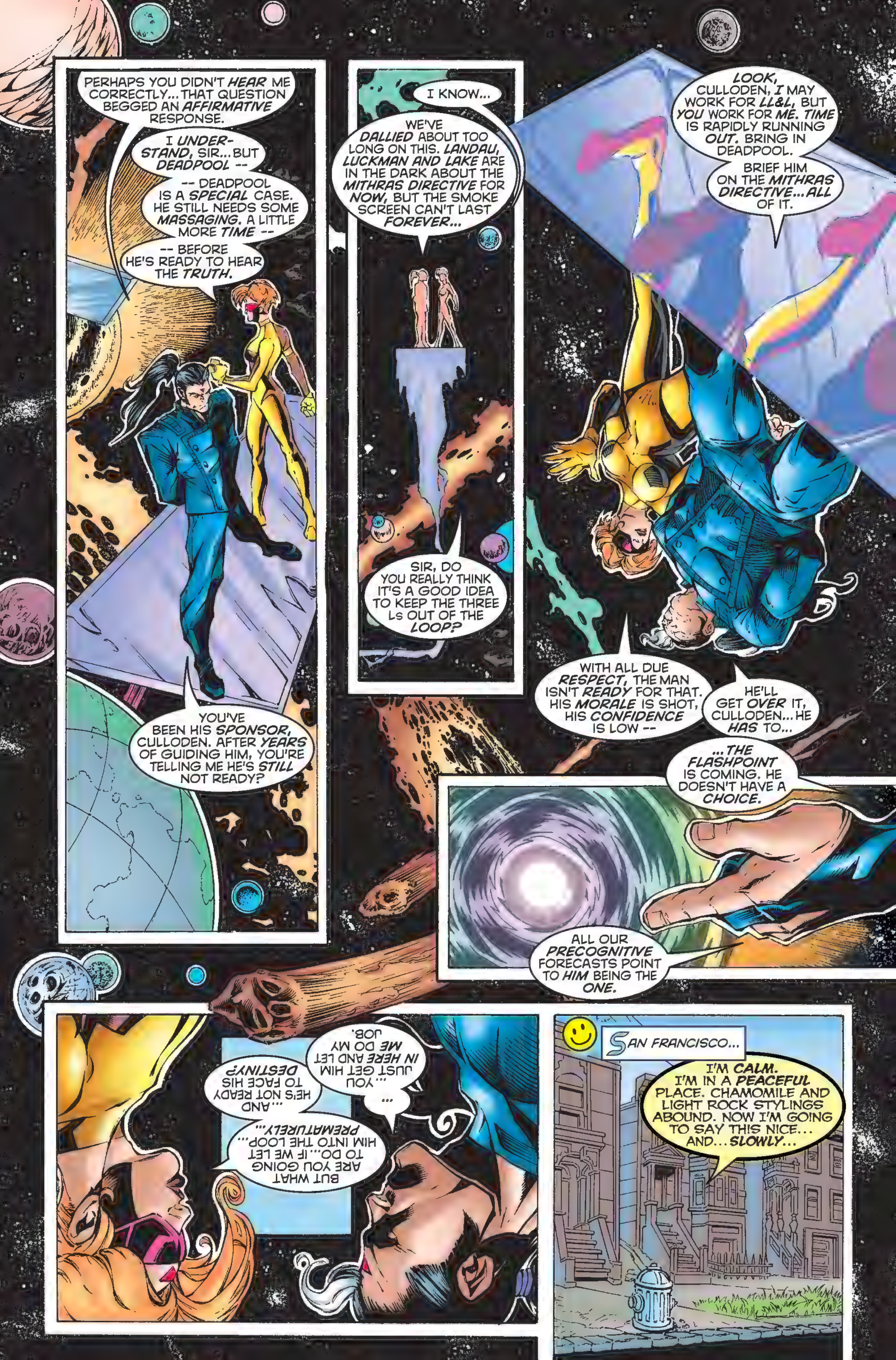
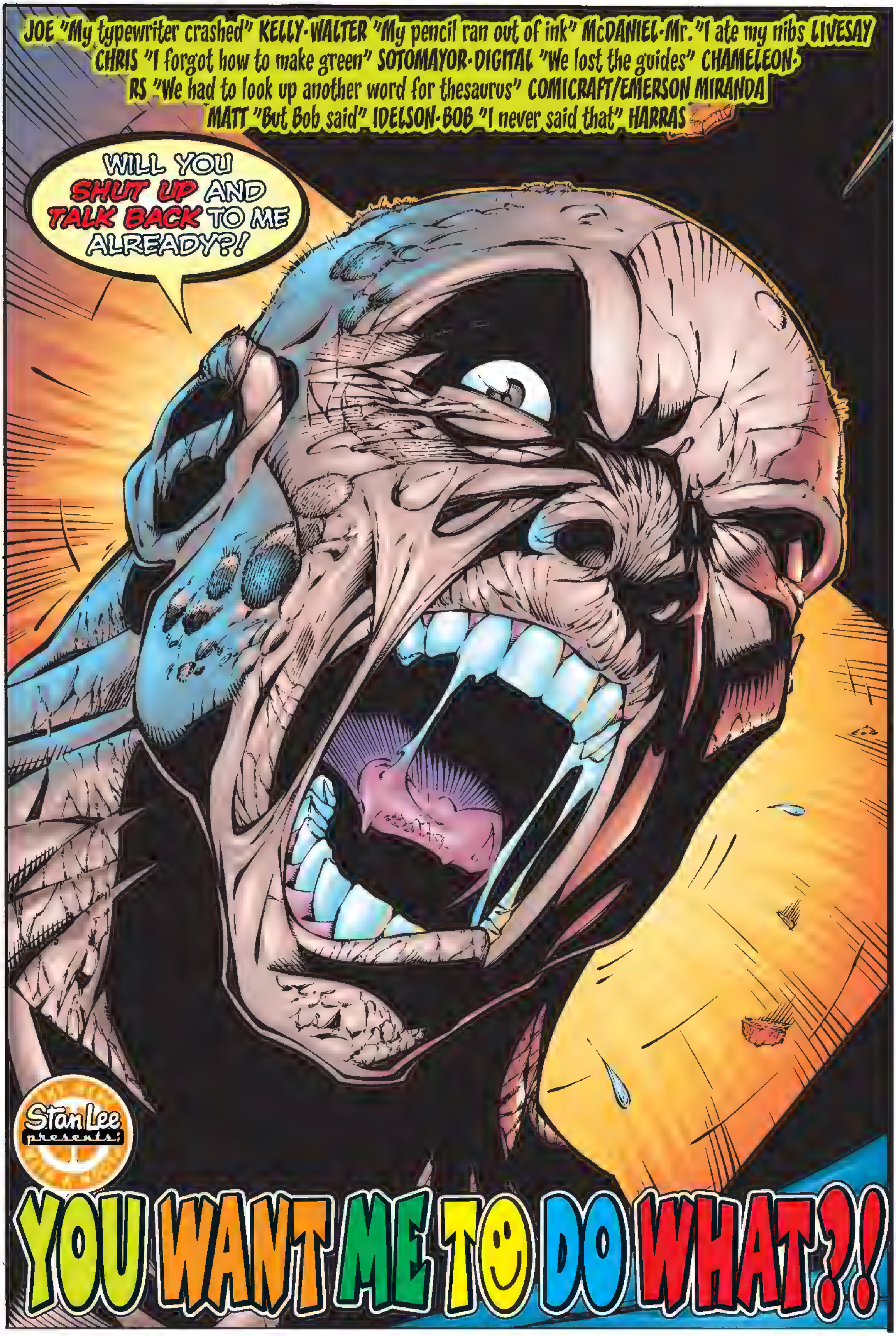

SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE...
...LIES A DIVISION OF THE INTERGALACTIC HOLDING CORPORATION KNOWN AS LANDAU, LUCKMAN & LAKE...
...WHOSE EMPLOYEES ON OCCASION DABBLE IN ENDEAVORS OUTSIDE THEIR CORPORATE CHARTER.
THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES.
"AND THE KINDLY EARTH SHALL SLUMBER...LAPP'D IN UNIVERSAL LAW." TENNYSON SAID THAT...
SEE, CULLODEN, I READ.
NEVER DOUBTED IT FOR A MOMENT, OVERBOSS DIXON.
IT'S REMARKABLE, REALLY, WHEN ONE CONSIDERS IT... THE EARTH... ONE INSIGNIFICANT DUST BALL, POPULATED BY A HERD OF KINDLY, SLUMBERING DOLTS...
...YET AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE LIVES OR DIES BY ITS REVOLUTIONS AND THE ACTIONS OF A LESS-THAN-REPUTABLE MERCENARY. UNFATHOMABLE.
IF YOU SAY SO, SIR.
FORGIVE ME... I ALWAYS FEEL THE NEED TO WAX RHAPSODIC AFTER A THOROUGH TOOTH CLEANING. MINTY FRESH.
SO... IS YOUR MAN ON BOARD?
DEADPOOL? I --
-- I DON'T KNOW, SIR.


PERHAPS YOU DIDN'T *HEAR* ME CORRECTLY... THAT QUESTION BEGGED AN *AFFIRMATIVE* RESPONSE.
I *UNDERSTAND,* SIR... BUT *DEADPOOL* --
-- DEADPOOL IS A *SPECIAL* CASE. HE STILL NEEDS SOME *MASSAGING.* A LITTLE MORE *TIME* --
-- BEFORE HE'S READY TO HEAR THE *TRUTH.*
YOU'VE BEEN HIS *SPONSOR,* CULLODEN. AFTER *YEARS* OF GUIDING HIM, YOU'RE TELLING ME HE'S *STILL* NOT READY?
I KNOW...
WE'VE *DALLIED* ABOUT TOO LONG ON THIS. *LANDAU, LUCKMAN AND LAKE* ARE IN THE DARK ABOUT THE *MITHRAS DIRECTIVE* FOR *NOW,* BUT THE SMOKE SCREEN CAN'T LAST *FOREVER...*
SIR, DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO KEEP THE THREE Ls OUT OF THE *LOOP?*
LOOK, CULLODEN, *I* MAY WORK FOR *LL&L,* BUT *YOU* WORK FOR *ME. TIME* IS RAPIDLY RUNNING *OUT.* BRING IN DEADPOOL.
BRIEF HIM ON THE *MITHRAS DIRECTIVE... ALL* OF IT.
WITH ALL DUE *RESPECT,* THE MAN ISN'T *READY* FOR THAT. HIS *MORALE* IS SHOT, HIS *CONFIDENCE* IS LOW --
HE'LL GET *OVER* IT, CULLODEN... HE *HAS* TO...
...*THE FLASHPOINT* IS COMING. HE DOESN'T HAVE A *CHOICE.*
ALL OUR *PRECOGNITIVE* FORECASTS POINT TO *HIM* BEING THE *ONE.*
BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO... IF WE LET HIM INTO THE LOOP... *PREMATURELY*...
...AND HE'S NOT READY TO FACE HIS *DESTINY?*
...
...YOU JUST GET HIM *IN HERE* AND LET *ME* DO MY JOB.
SAN FRANCISCO...
I'M *CALM.* I'M IN A *PEACEFUL* PLACE. CHAMOMILE AND LIGHT ROCK STYLINGS ABOUND. NOW I'M GOING TO SAY THIS NICE... AND... *SLOWLY*...


JOE "My typewriter crashed" KELLY · WALTER "My pencil ran out of ink" McDANIEL · Mr. "I ate my nibs LIVESAY
CHRIS "I forgot how to make green" SOTOMAYOR · DIGITAL "We lost the guides" CHAMELEON ·
RS "We had to look up another word for thesaurus" COMICRAFT/EMERSON MIRANDA
MATT "But Bob said" IDELSON · BOB "I never said that" HARRAS
WILL YOU SHUT UP AND TALK BACK TO ME ALREADY?!
Stan Lee presents!
YOU WANT ME TO DO WHAT?!

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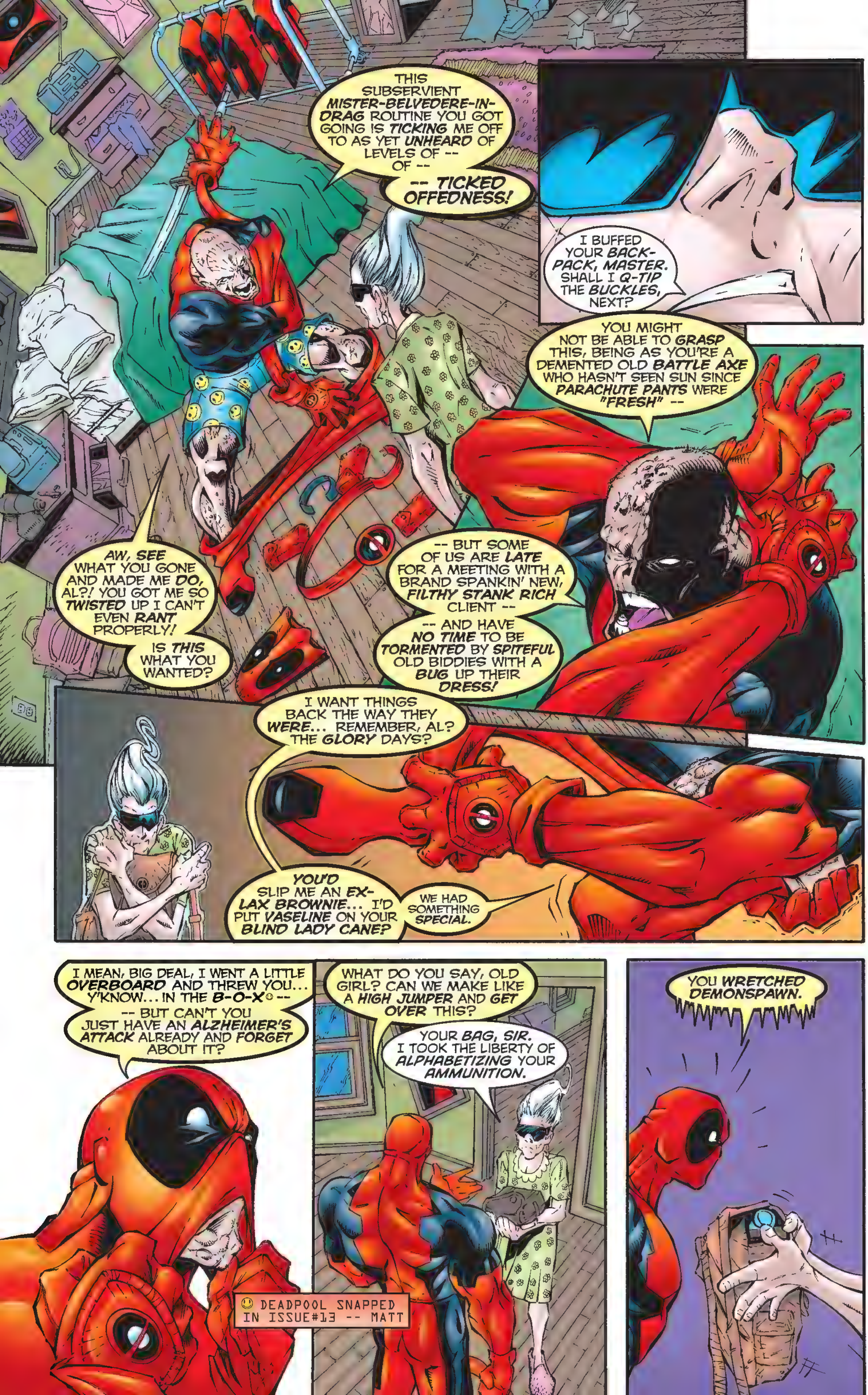
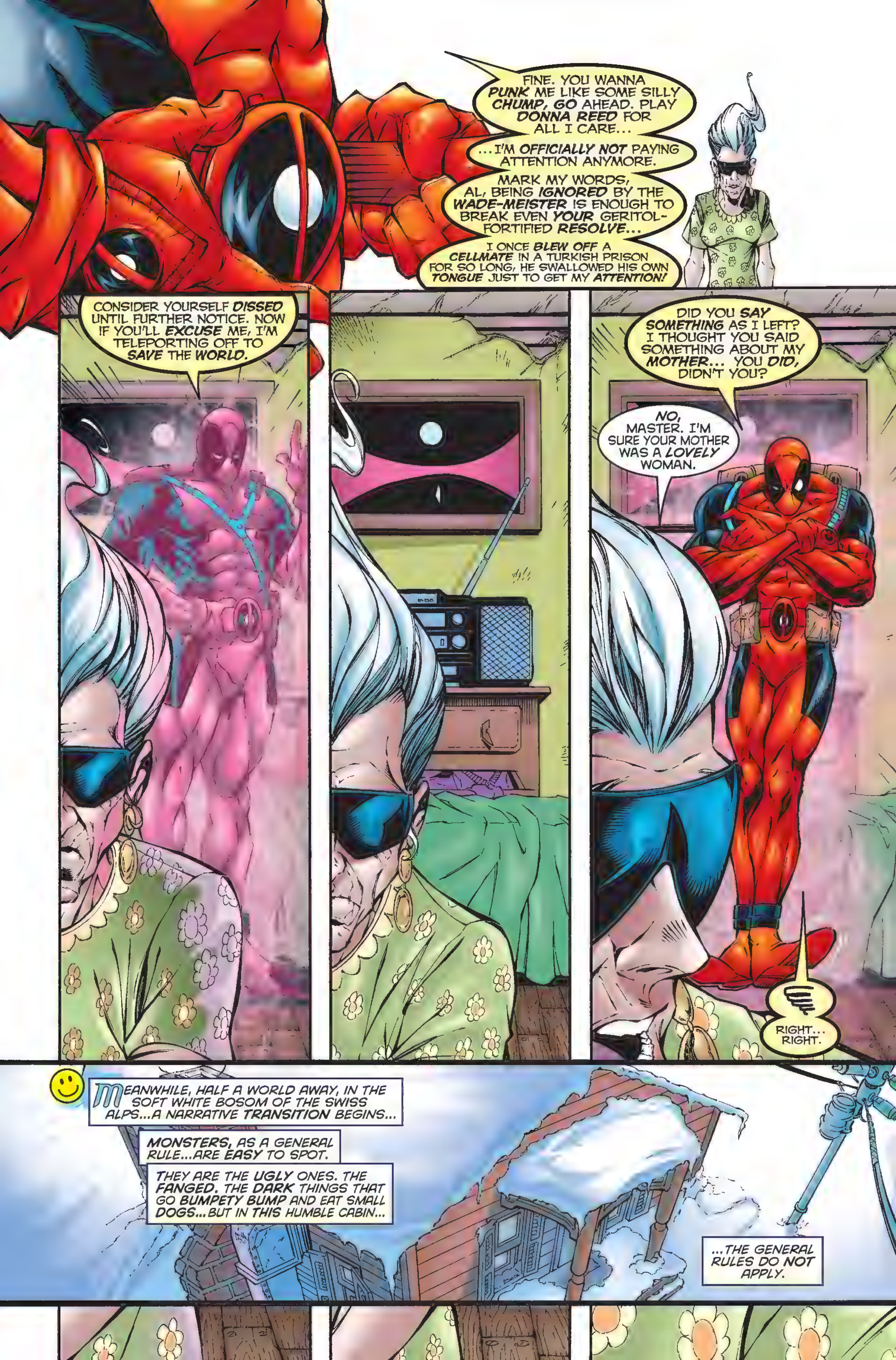
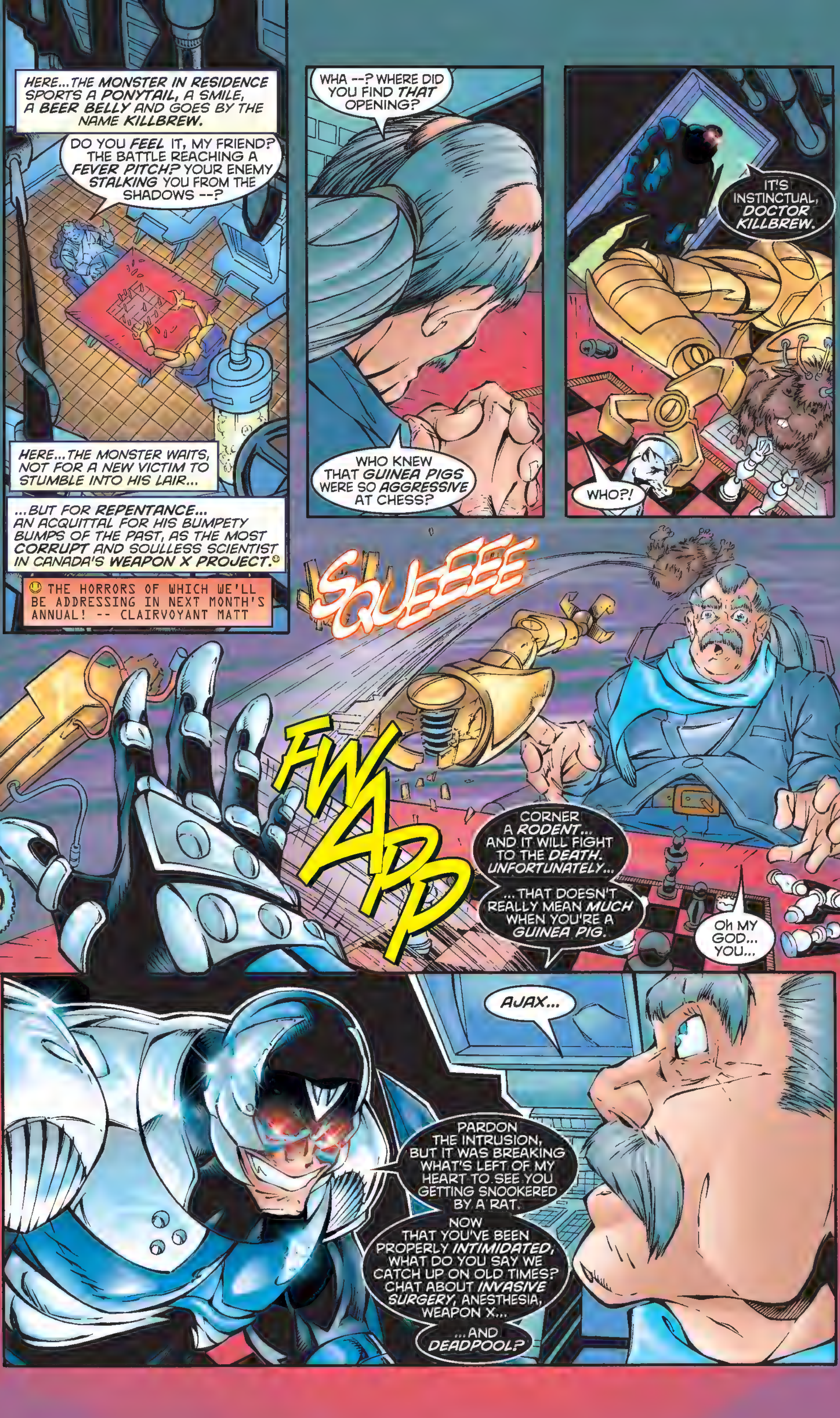
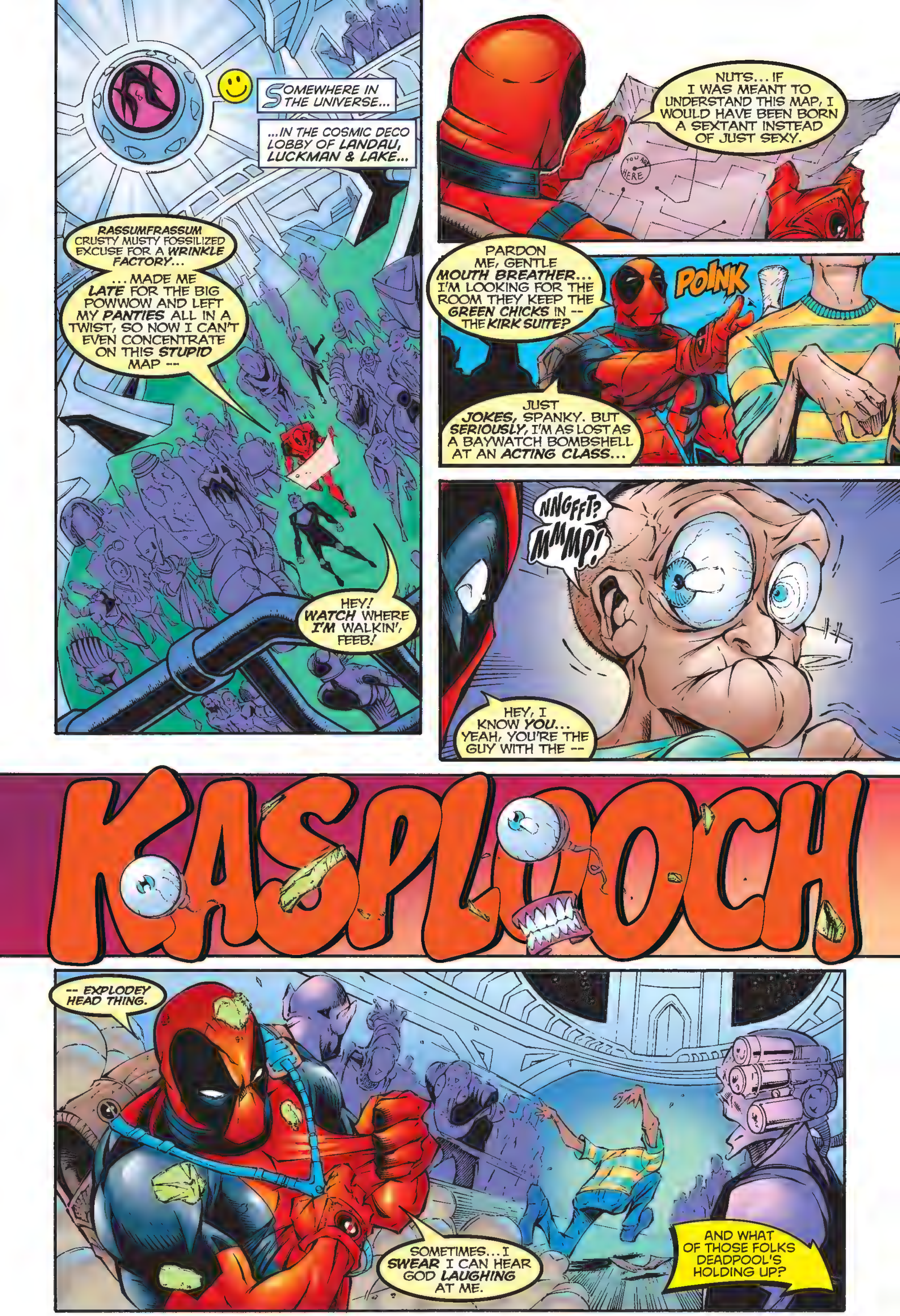
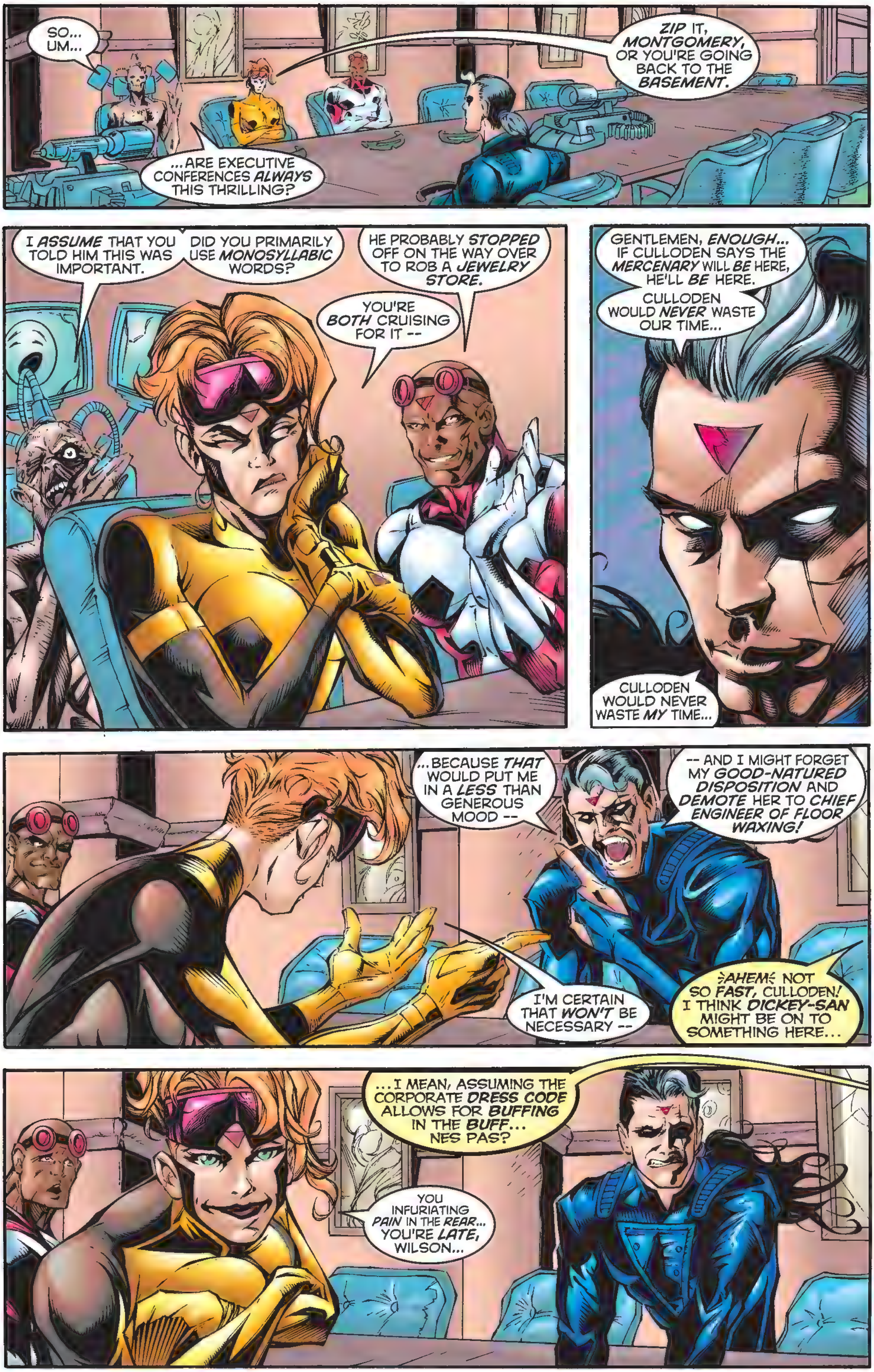
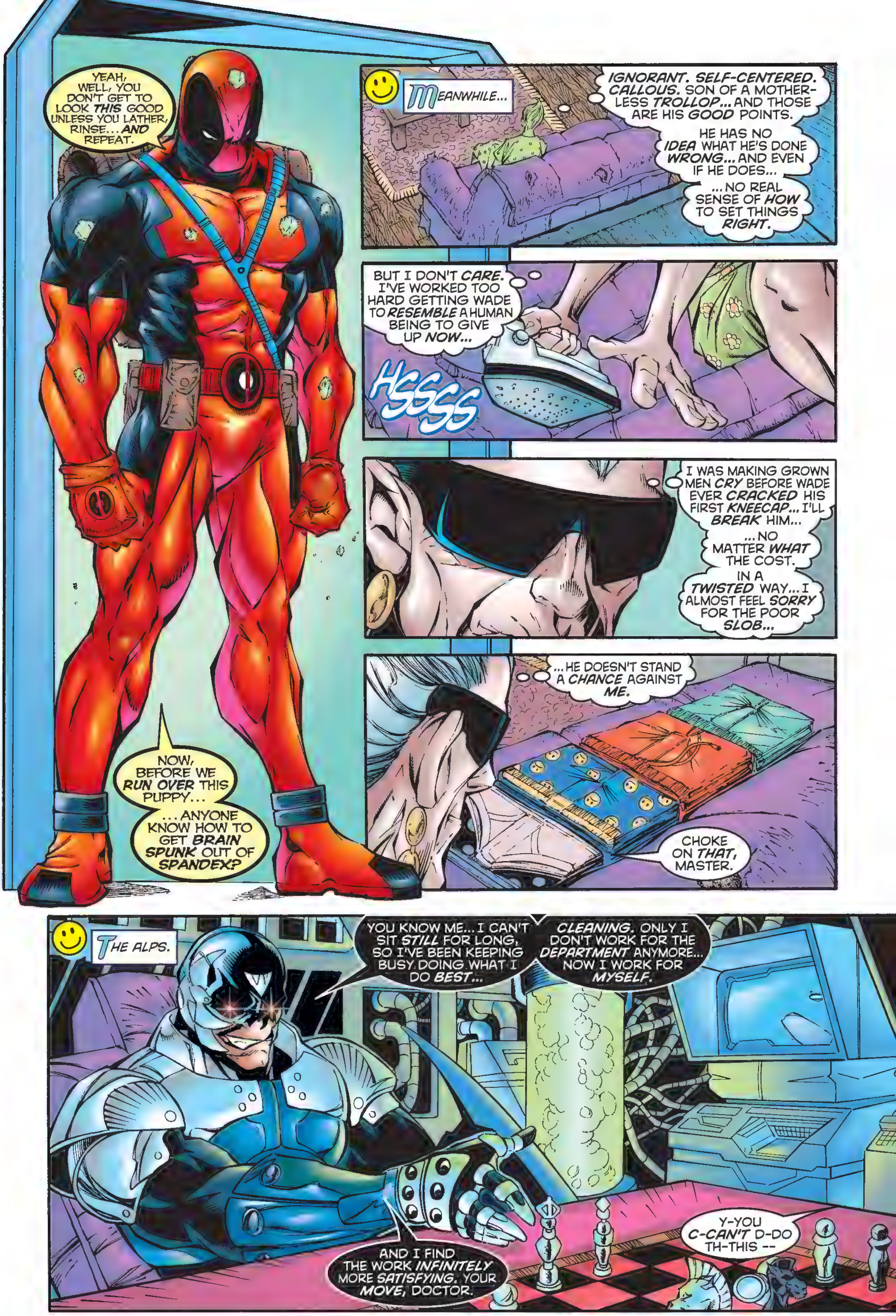

THIS SUBSERVIENT *MISTER-BELVEDERE-IN-DRAG* ROUTINE YOU GOT GOING IS *TICKING* ME OFF TO AS YET *UNHEARD* OF LEVELS OF -- OF --
-- TICKED OFFEDNESS!
I BUFFED YOUR *BACK-PACK, MASTER.* SHALL I *Q-TIP* THE *BUCKLES,* NEXT?
AW, SEE WHAT YOU GONE AND MADE ME *DO,* AL?! YOU GOT ME SO *TWISTED* UP I CAN'T EVEN *RANT* PROPERLY!
IS *THIS* WHAT YOU WANTED?
YOU MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO *GRASP* THIS, BEING AS YOU'RE A DEMENTED OLD *BATTLE AXE* WHO HASN'T SEEN SUN SINCE *PARACHUTE PANTS* WERE *"FRESH"* --
-- BUT SOME OF US ARE *LATE* FOR A MEETING WITH A BRAND SPANKIN' NEW, *FILTHY STANK RICH* CLIENT --
-- AND HAVE *NO TIME* TO BE *TORMENTED* BY *SPITEFUL* OLD BIDDIES WITH A *BUG* UP THEIR *DRESS!*
I WANT THINGS BACK THE WAY THEY *WERE...* REMEMBER, AL? THE *GLORY* DAYS?
YOU'D SLIP ME AN *EX-LAX BROWNIE...* I'D PUT *VASELINE* ON YOUR *BLIND LADY CANE?*
WE HAD SOMETHING *SPECIAL.*
I MEAN, BIG DEAL, I WENT A LITTLE *OVERBOARD* AND THREW YOU... Y'KNOW... IN THE *B-O-X*☺ --
-- BUT CAN'T YOU JUST HAVE AN *ALZHEIMER'S ATTACK* ALREADY AND *FORGET* ABOUT IT?
☺ DEADPOOL SNAPPED IN ISSUE #13 -- MATT
WHAT DO YOU SAY, OLD GIRL? CAN WE MAKE LIKE A *HIGH JUMPER* AND *GET OVER* THIS?
YOUR *BAG, SIR.* I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF *ALPHABETIZING* YOUR *AMMUNITION.*
YOU *WRETCHED DEMONSPAWN.*

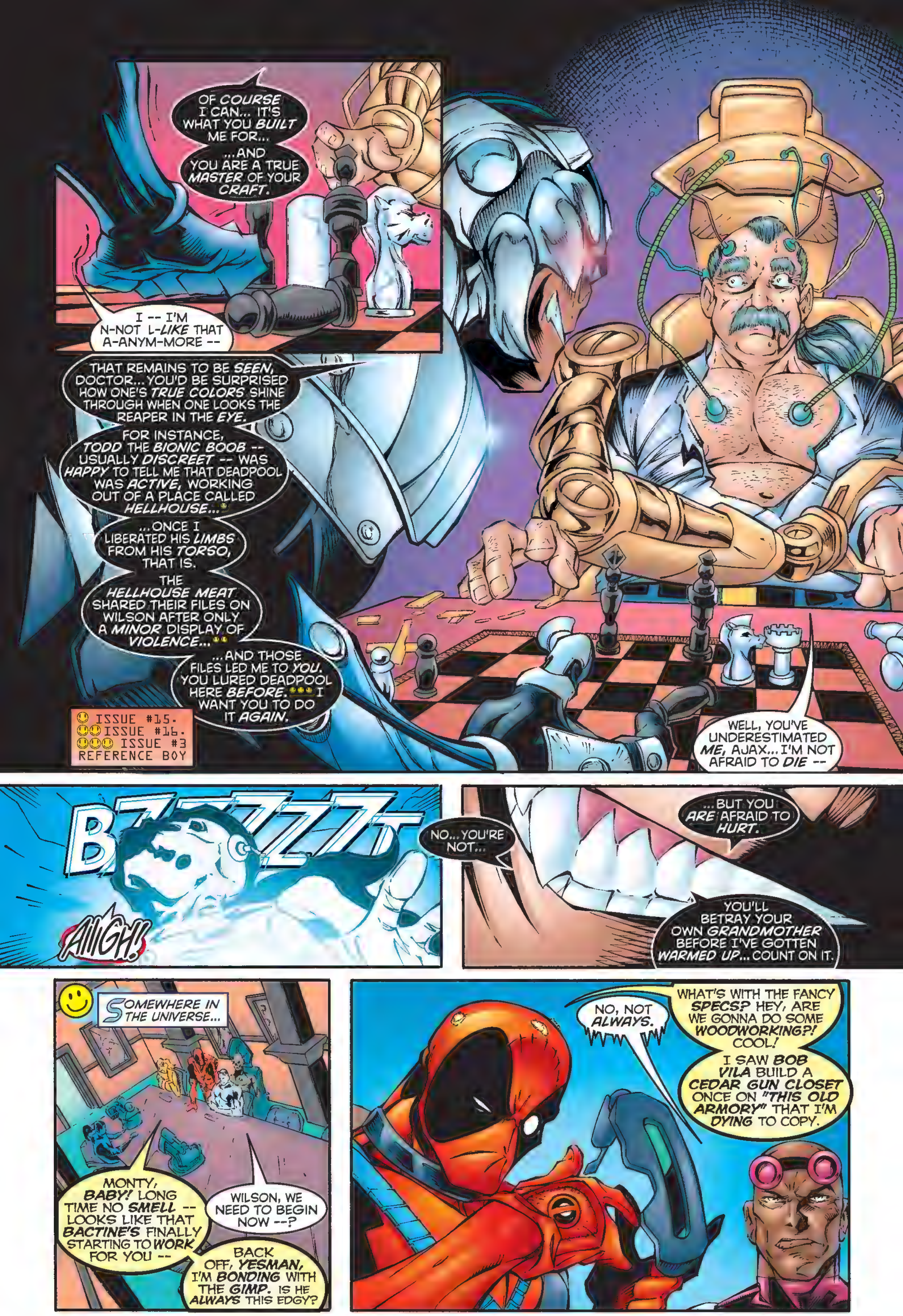

FINE. YOU WANNA PUNK ME LIKE SOME SILLY CHUMP, GO AHEAD. PLAY DONNA REED FOR ALL I CARE...
...I'M OFFICIALLY NOT PAYING ATTENTION ANYMORE.
MARK MY WORDS, AL, BEING IGNORED BY THE WADE-MEISTER IS ENOUGH TO BREAK EVEN YOUR GERITOL-FORTIFIED RESOLVE...
I ONCE BLEW OFF A CELLMATE IN A TURKISH PRISON FOR SO LONG, HE SWALLOWED HIS OWN TONGUE JUST TO GET MY ATTENTION!
CONSIDER YOURSELF DISSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M TELEPORTING OFF TO SAVE THE WORLD.
DID YOU SAY SOMETHING AS I LEFT? I THOUGHT YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT MY MOTHER... YOU DID, DIDN'T YOU?
NO, MASTER. I'M SURE YOUR MOTHER WAS A LOVELY WOMAN.
RIGHT... RIGHT.
MEANWHILE, HALF A WORLD AWAY, IN THE SOFT WHITE BOSOM OF THE SWISS ALPS...A NARRATIVE TRANSITION BEGINS...
MONSTERS, AS A GENERAL RULE...ARE EASY TO SPOT.
THEY ARE THE UGLY ONES. THE FANGED. THE DARK THINGS THAT GO BUMPETY BUMP AND EAT SMALL DOGS...BUT IN THIS HUMBLE CABIN...
...THE GENERAL RULES DO NOT APPLY.

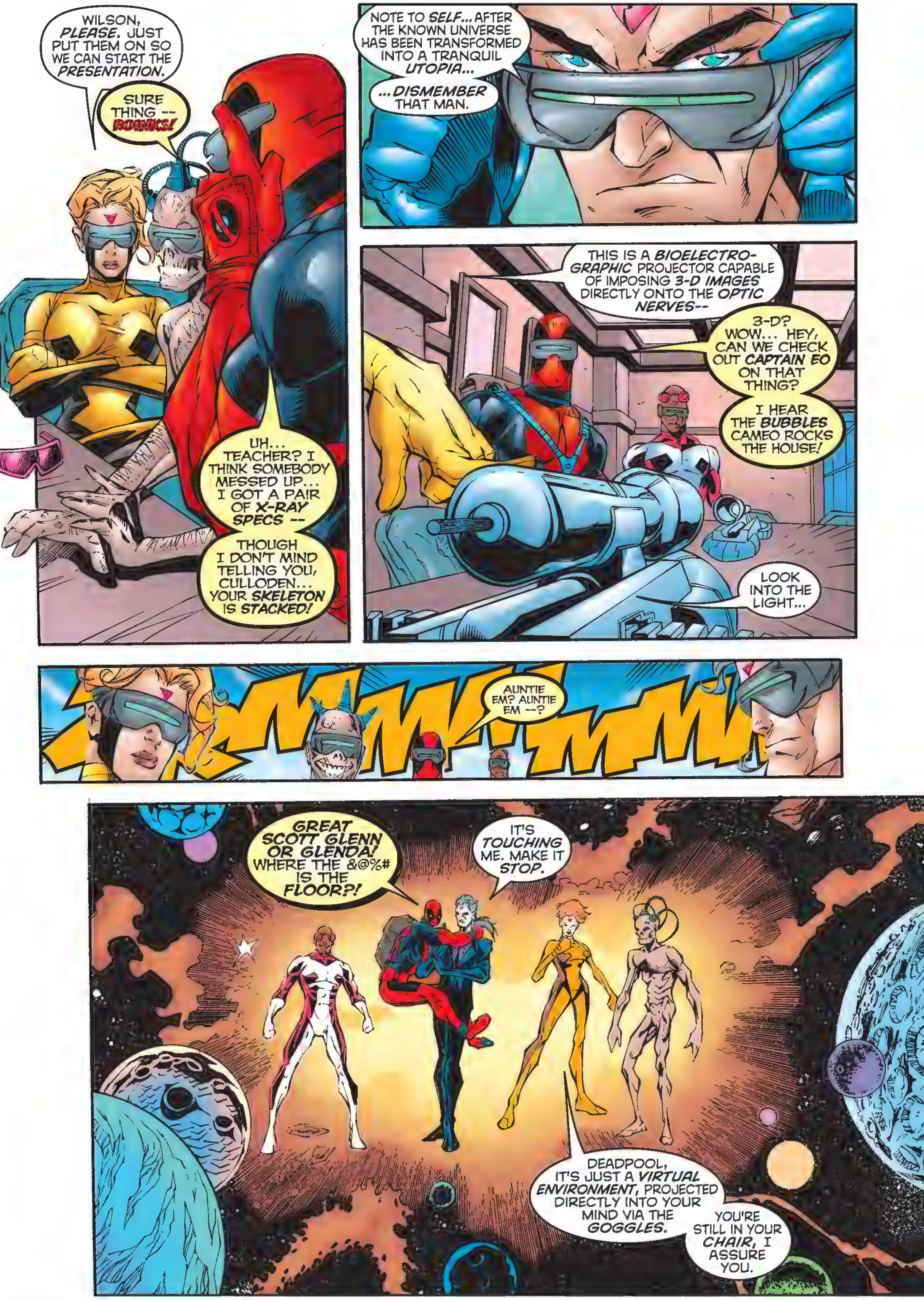

HERE...THE MONSTER IN RESIDENCE SPORTS A PONYTAIL, A SMILE, A BEER BELLY AND GOES BY THE NAME KILLBREW.
DO YOU FEEL IT, MY FRIEND? THE BATTLE REACHING A FEVER PITCH? YOUR ENEMY STALKING YOU FROM THE SHADOWS --?
HERE...THE MONSTER WAITS, NOT FOR A NEW VICTIM TO STUMBLE INTO HIS LAIR...
...BUT FOR REPENTANCE... AN ACQUITTAL FOR HIS BUMPETY BUMPS OF THE PAST, AS THE MOST CORRUPT AND SOULLESS SCIENTIST IN CANADA'S WEAPON X PROJECT.☺
☺ THE HORRORS OF WHICH WE'LL BE ADDRESSING IN NEXT MONTH'S ANNUAL! -- CLAIRVOYANT MATT
WHA --? WHERE DID YOU FIND THAT OPENING?
WHO KNEW THAT GUINEA PIGS WERE SO AGGRESSIVE AT CHESS?
IT'S INSTINCTUAL, DOCTOR KILLBREW.
WHO?!
SQUEEEEE
FWAPP
CORNER A RODENT... AND IT WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH. UNFORTUNATELY...
...THAT DOESN'T REALLY MEAN MUCH WHEN YOU'RE A GUINEA PIG.
Oh MY GOD... YOU...
AJAX...
PARDON THE INTRUSION, BUT IT WAS BREAKING WHAT'S LEFT OF MY HEART TO SEE YOU GETTING SNOOKERED BY A RAT.
NOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN PROPERLY INTIMIDATED, WHAT DO YOU SAY WE CATCH UP ON OLD TIMES? CHAT ABOUT INVASIVE SURGERY, ANESTHESIA, WEAPON X...
...AND DEADPOOL?

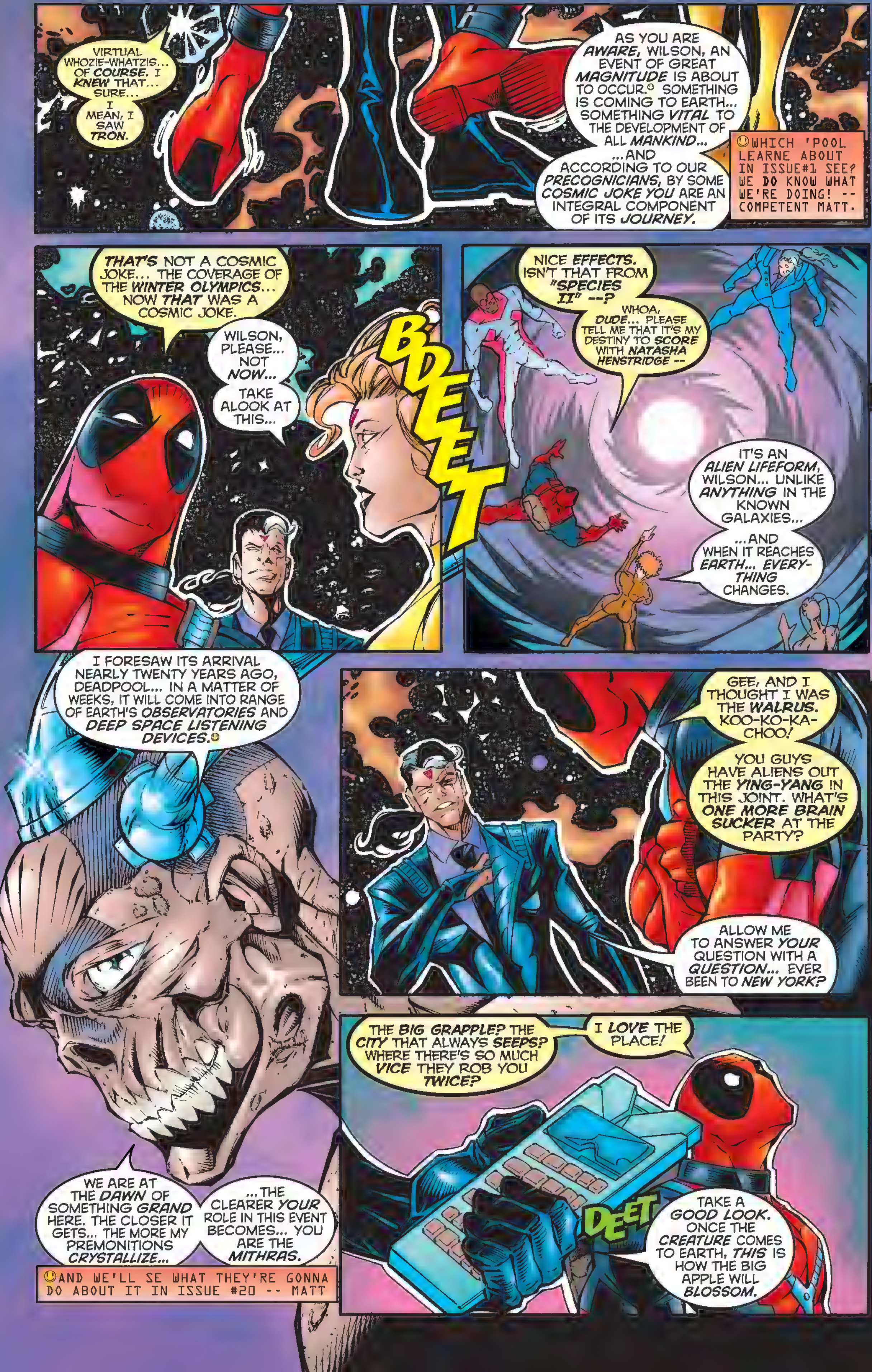

SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE...
...IN THE COSMIC DECO LOBBY OF LANDAU, LUCKMAN & LAKE...
RASSUMFRASSUM CRUSTY MUSTY FOSSILIZED EXCUSE FOR A WRINKLE FACTORY...
... MADE ME LATE FOR THE BIG POWWOW AND LEFT MY PANTIES ALL IN A TWIST, SO NOW I CAN'T EVEN CONCENTRATE ON THIS STUPID MAP --
HEY! WATCH WHERE I'M WALKIN', FEEB!
NUTS... IF I WAS MEANT TO UNDERSTAND THIS MAP, I WOULD HAVE BEEN BORN A SEXTANT INSTEAD OF JUST SEXY.
YOU ARE HERE
PARDON ME, GENTLE MOUTH BREATHER... I'M LOOKING FOR THE ROOM THEY KEEP THE GREEN CHICKS IN -- THE KIRK SUITE?
POINK
JUST JOKES, SPANKY. BUT SERIOUSLY, I'M AS LOST AS A BAYWATCH BOMBSHELL AT AN ACTING CLASS...
NNGFFT? MMMP!
HEY, I KNOW YOU... YEAH, YOU'RE THE GUY WITH THE --
KASPLOOCH
-- EXPLODEY HEAD THING.
SOMETIMES... I SWEAR I CAN HEAR GOD LAUGHING AT ME.
AND WHAT OF THOSE FOLKS DEADPOOL'S HOLDING UP?

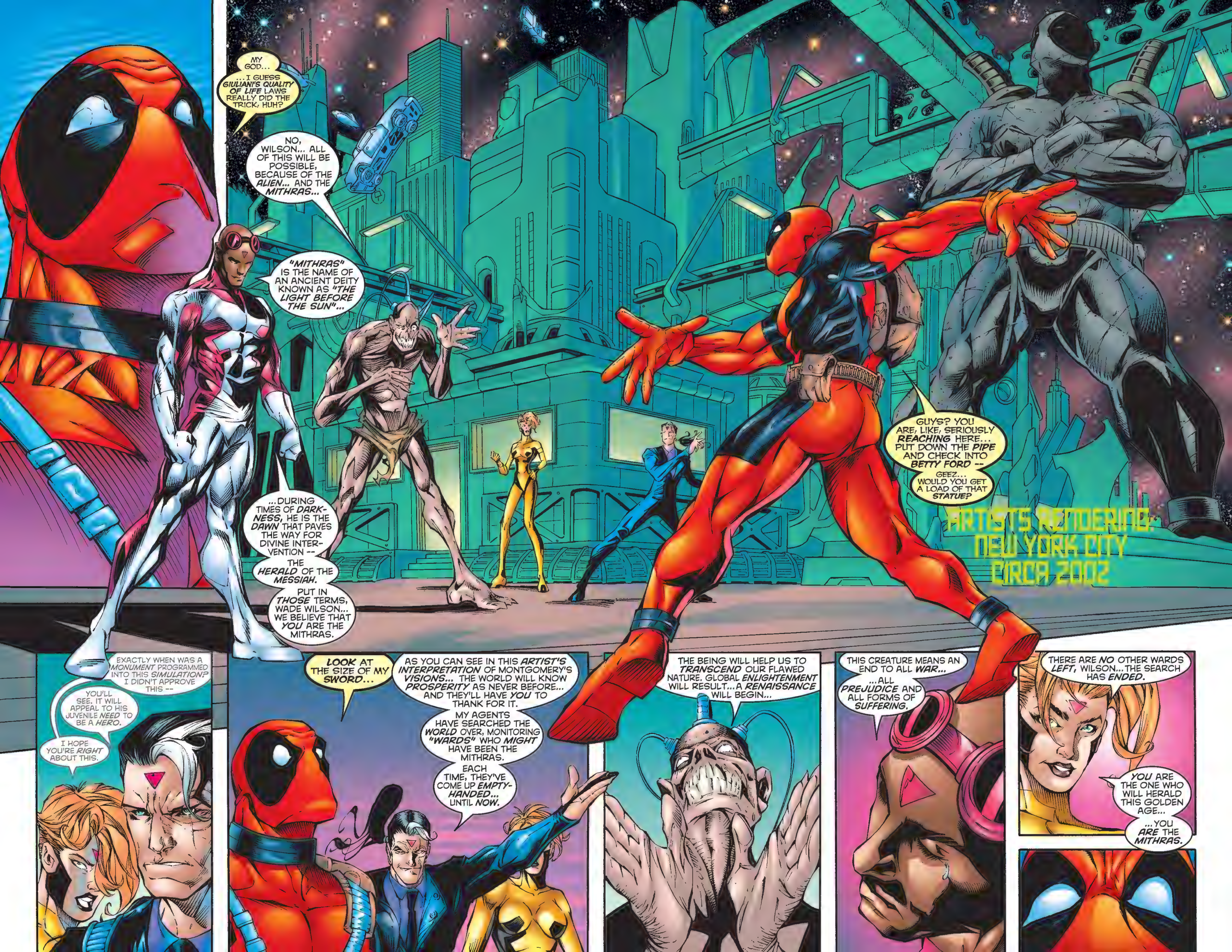

SO... UM...
...ARE EXECUTIVE CONFERENCES *ALWAYS* THIS THRILLING?
ZIP IT, *MONTGOMERY,* OR YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE *BASEMENT.*
I *ASSUME* THAT YOU TOLD HIM THIS WAS IMPORTANT.
DID YOU PRIMARILY USE *MONOSYLLABIC* WORDS?
HE PROBABLY *STOPPED* OFF ON THE WAY OVER TO ROB A *JEWELRY STORE.*
YOU'RE *BOTH* CRUISING FOR IT --
GENTLEMEN, *ENOUGH...* IF CULLODEN SAYS THE *MERCENARY* WILL *BE* HERE, HE'LL *BE* HERE.
CULLODEN WOULD *NEVER* WASTE OUR TIME...
CULLODEN WOULD NEVER WASTE *MY* TIME...
...BECAUSE *THAT* WOULD PUT ME IN A *LESS* THAN GENEROUS MOOD --
-- AND I MIGHT FORGET MY *GOOD-NATURED DISPOSITION* AND *DEMOTE* HER TO *CHIEF ENGINEER OF FLOOR WAXING!*
I'M CERTAIN THAT *WON'T* BE NECESSARY --
AHEM NOT SO *FAST,* CULLODEN! I THINK *DICKEY-SAN* MIGHT BE ON TO SOMETHING HERE...
...I MEAN, ASSUMING THE CORPORATE *DRESS CODE* ALLOWS FOR *BUFFING* IN THE *BUFF...* NES PAS?
YOU INFURIATING *PAIN* IN THE *REAR...* YOU'RE *LATE,* WILSON...

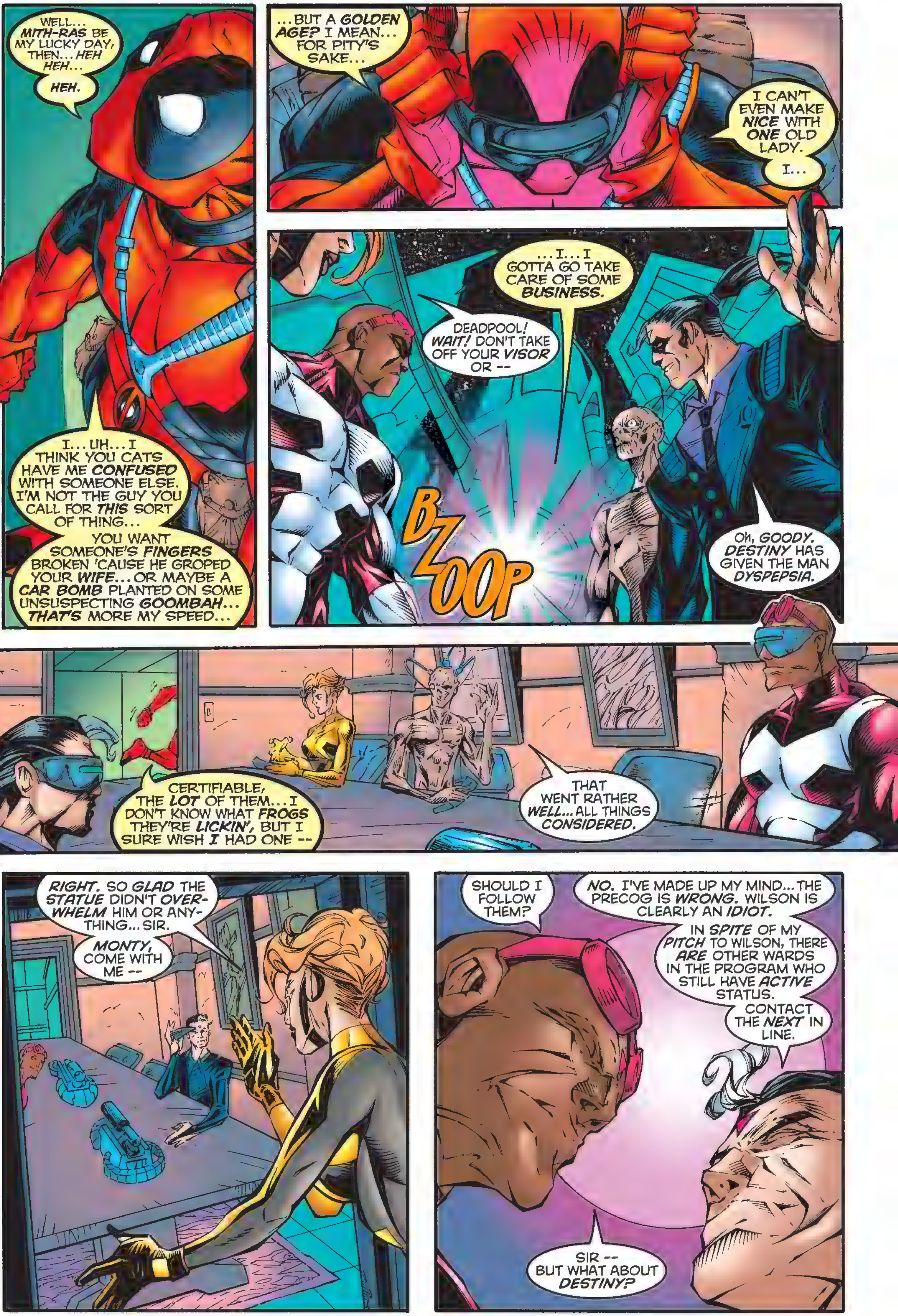

YEAH, WELL, YOU DON'T GET TO LOOK *THIS* GOOD UNLESS YOU LATHER, RINSE... *AND* REPEAT.
NOW, BEFORE WE *RUN OVER* THIS PUPPY...
...ANYONE KNOW HOW TO GET *BRAIN SPUNK* OUT OF *SPANDEX?*
MEANWHILE...
IGNORANT. SELF-CENTERED. CALLOUS. SON OF A MOTHERLESS *TROLLOP*... AND THOSE ARE HIS *GOOD* POINTS.
HE HAS NO *IDEA* WHAT HE'S DONE *WRONG*... AND EVEN IF HE DOES...
...NO REAL SENSE OF *HOW* TO SET THINGS *RIGHT.*
BUT I DON'T *CARE.* I'VE WORKED TOO HARD GETTING WADE TO *RESEMBLE* A HUMAN BEING TO GIVE UP *NOW*...
HSSSS
I WAS MAKING GROWN MEN *CRY* BEFORE WADE EVER *CRACKED* HIS FIRST *KNEECAP*... I'LL *BREAK* HIM...
...NO MATTER *WHAT* THE COST.
IN A *TWISTED* WAY... I ALMOST FEEL *SORRY* FOR THE POOR *SLOB*...
...HE DOESN'T STAND A *CHANCE* AGAINST *ME.*
CHOKE ON *THAT,* MASTER.
THE ALPS.
YOU KNOW ME... I CAN'T SIT *STILL* FOR LONG, SO I'VE BEEN KEEPING BUSY DOING WHAT I DO *BEST*...
CLEANING. ONLY I DON'T WORK FOR THE *DEPARTMENT* ANYMORE... NOW I WORK FOR *MYSELF.*
AND I FIND THE WORK *INFINITELY* MORE *SATISFYING.* YOUR *MOVE,* DOCTOR.
Y-YOU *C-CAN'T* D-DO TH-THIS --

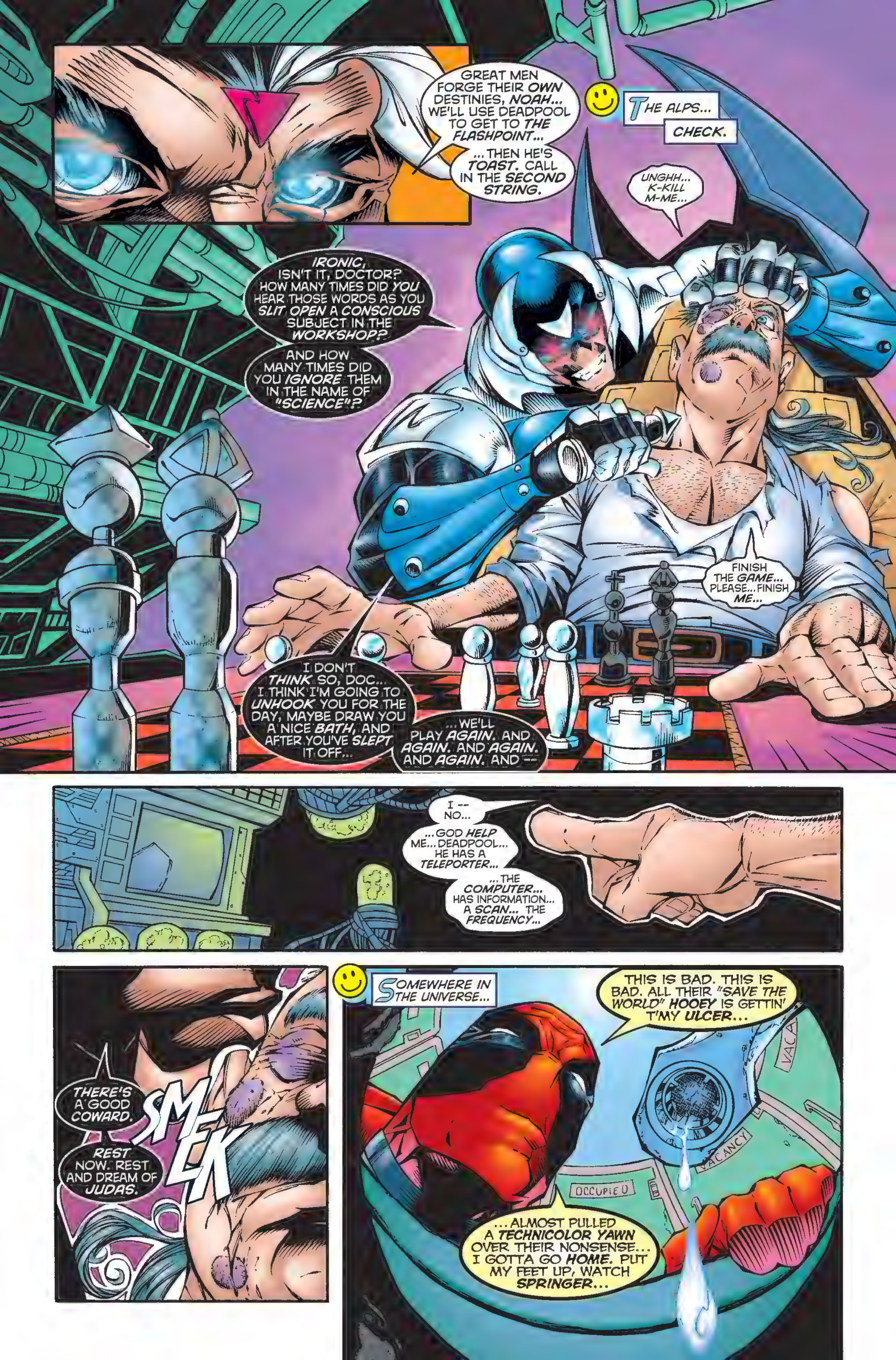

OF COURSE I CAN... IT'S WHAT YOU BUILT ME FOR...
...AND YOU ARE A TRUE MASTER OF YOUR CRAFT.
I -- I'M N-NOT L-LIKE THAT A-ANYM-MORE --
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, DOCTOR... YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW ONE'S TRUE COLORS SHINE THROUGH WHEN ONE LOOKS THE REAPER IN THE EYE.
FOR INSTANCE, TODD THE BIONIC BOOB -- USUALLY DISCREET -- WAS HAPPY TO TELL ME THAT DEADPOOL WAS ACTIVE, WORKING OUT OF A PLACE CALLED HELLHOUSE...
...ONCE I LIBERATED HIS LIMBS FROM HIS TORSO, THAT IS.
THE HELLHOUSE MEAT SHARED THEIR FILES ON WILSON AFTER ONLY A MINOR DISPLAY OF VIOLENCE...
...AND THOSE FILES LED ME TO YOU. YOU LURED DEADPOOL HERE BEFORE... I WANT YOU TO DO IT AGAIN.
ISSUE #15.
ISSUE #16.
ISSUE #3
REFERENCE BOY
WELL, YOU'VE UNDERESTIMATED ME, AJAX... I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE --
BZZZZT
AIIIGH!
NO... YOU'RE NOT...
...BUT YOU ARE AFRAID TO HURT.
YOU'LL BETRAY YOUR OWN GRANDMOTHER BEFORE I'VE GOTTEN WARMED UP... COUNT ON IT.
SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE...
MONTY, BABY! LONG TIME NO SMELL -- LOOKS LIKE THAT BACTINE'S FINALLY STARTING TO WORK FOR YOU --
WILSON, WE NEED TO BEGIN NOW --?
BACK OFF, YESMAN, I'M BONDING WITH THE GIMP. IS HE ALWAYS THIS EDGY?
NO, NOT ALWAYS.
WHAT'S WITH THE FANCY SPECS? HEY, ARE WE GONNA DO SOME WOODWORKING?! COOL!
I SAW BOB VILA BUILD A CEDAR GUN CLOSET ONCE ON "THIS OLD ARMORY" THAT I'M DYING TO COPY.

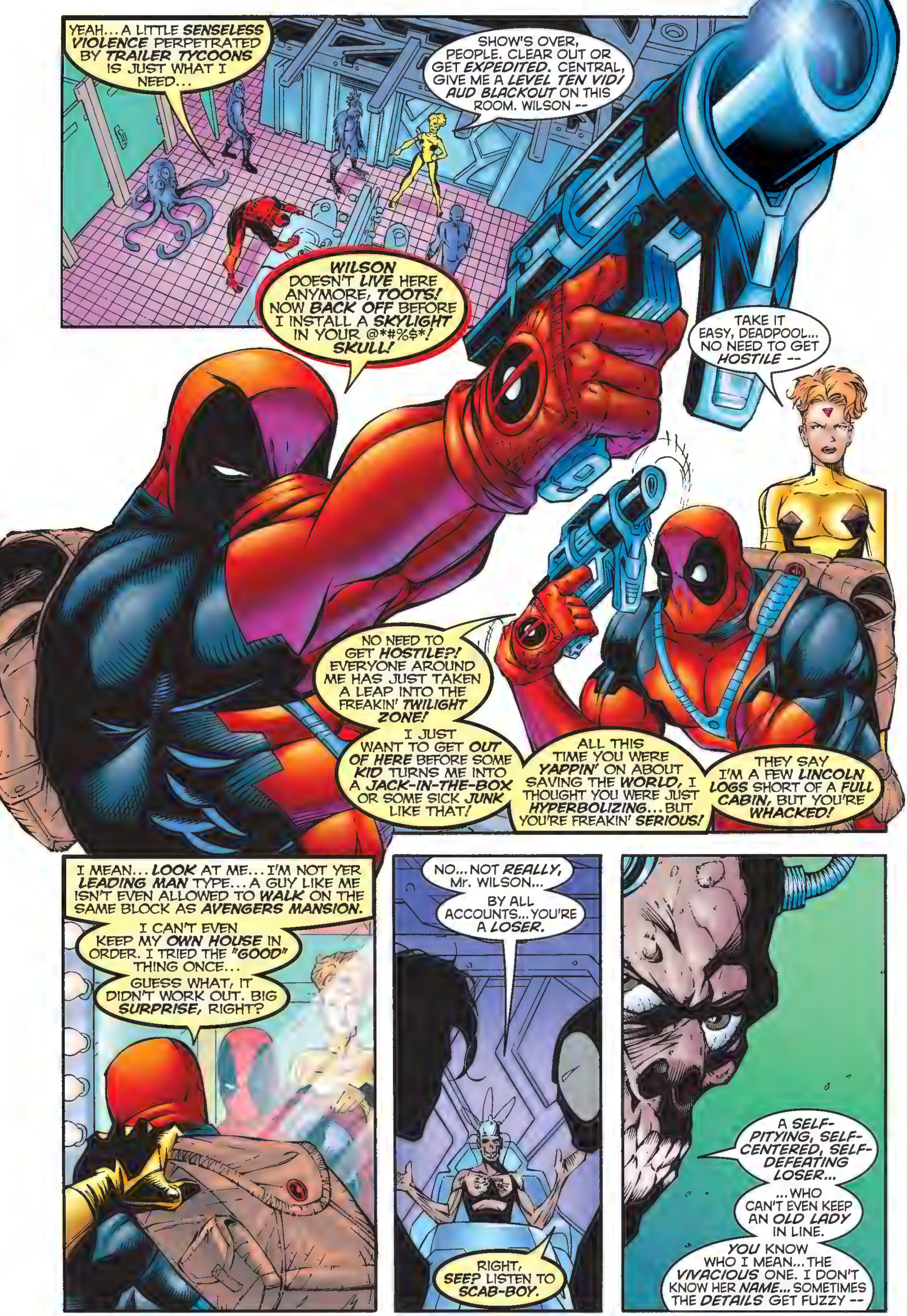

WILSON, PLEASE. JUST PUT THEM ON SO WE CAN START THE PRESENTATION.
SURE THING -- BOINKS!
UH... TEACHER? I THINK SOMEBODY MESSED UP... I GOT A PAIR OF X-RAY SPECS --
THOUGH I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, CULLODEN... YOUR SKELETON IS STACKED!
NOTE TO SELF... AFTER THE KNOWN UNIVERSE HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A TRANQUIL UTOPIA...
...DISMEMBER THAT MAN.
THIS IS A BIOELECTROGRAPHIC PROJECTOR CAPABLE OF IMPOSING 3-D IMAGES DIRECTLY ONTO THE OPTIC NERVES--
3-D? WOW... HEY, CAN WE CHECK OUT CAPTAIN EO ON THAT THING?
I HEAR THE BUBBLES CAMEO ROCKS THE HOUSE!
LOOK INTO THE LIGHT...
MMMMMMM
AUNTIE EM? AUNTIE EM --?
GREAT SCOTT GLENN OR GLENDA! WHERE THE &@%# IS THE FLOOR?!
IT'S TOUCHING ME. MAKE IT STOP.
DEADPOOL, IT'S JUST A VIRTUAL ENVIRONMENT, PROJECTED DIRECTLY INTO YOUR MIND VIA THE GOGGLES.
YOU'RE STILL IN YOUR CHAIR, I ASSURE YOU.

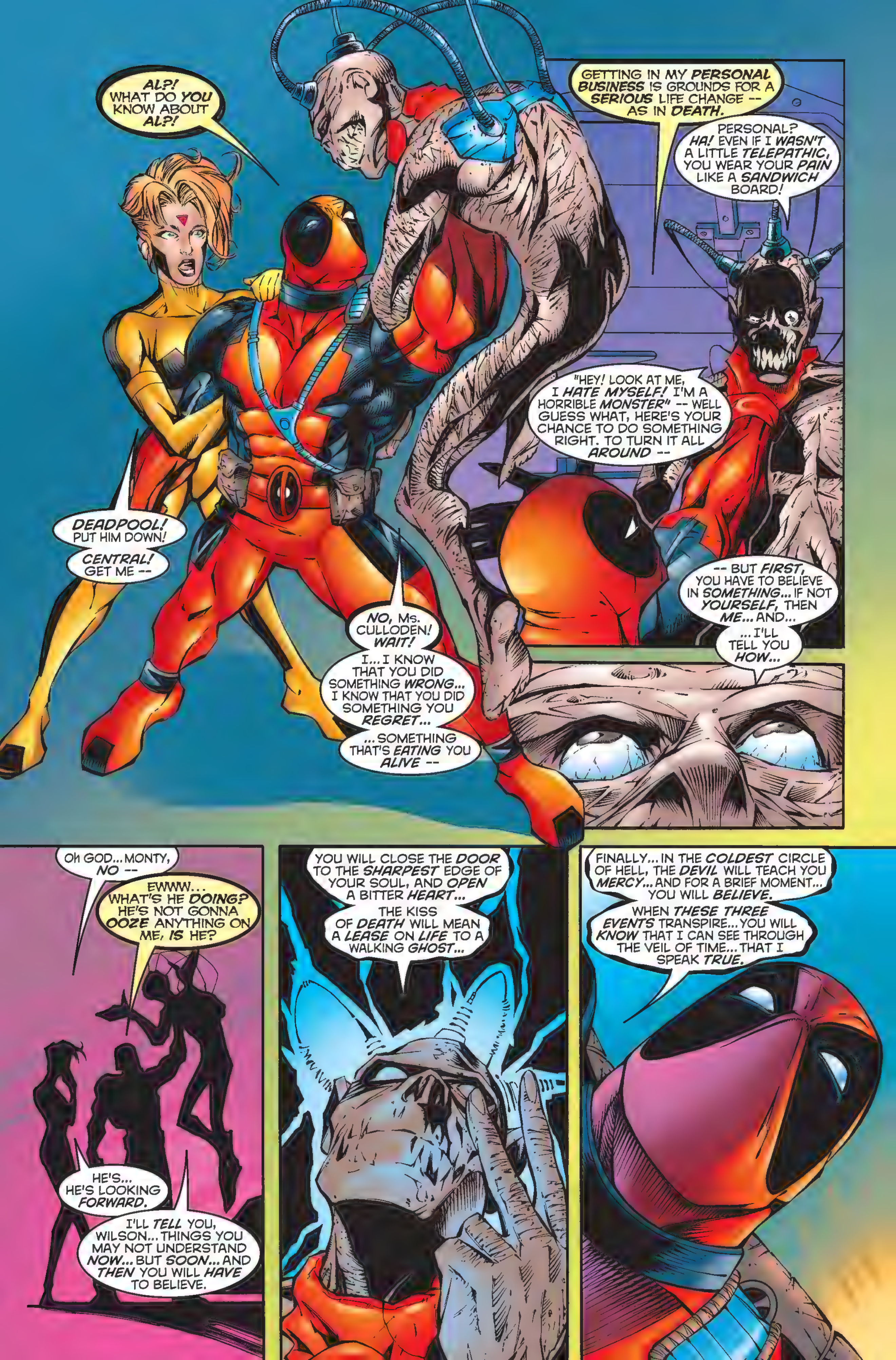

VIRTUAL WHOZIE-WHATZIS... OF COURSE. I KNEW THAT... SURE... I MEAN, I SAW TRON.
AS YOU ARE AWARE, WILSON, AN EVENT OF GREAT MAGNITUDE IS ABOUT TO OCCUR.☺ SOMETHING IS COMING TO EARTH... SOMETHING VITAL TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF ALL MANKIND...
...AND ACCORDING TO OUR PRECOGNICIANS, BY SOME COSMIC JOKE YOU ARE AN INTEGRAL COMPONENT OF ITS JOURNEY.
☺WHICH 'POOL LEARNE ABOUT IN ISSUE#1 SEE? WE DO KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING! --COMPETENT MATT.
THAT'S NOT A COSMIC JOKE... THE COVERAGE OF THE WINTER OLYMPICS... NOW THAT WAS A COSMIC JOKE.
WILSON, PLEASE... NOT NOW...
TAKE ALOOK AT THIS...
BDEEET
NICE EFFECTS. ISN'T THAT FROM "SPECIES II" --?
WHOA, DUDE... PLEASE TELL ME THAT IT'S MY DESTINY TO SCORE WITH NATASHA HENSTRIDGE --
IT'S AN ALIEN LIFEFORM, WILSON... UNLIKE ANYTHING IN THE KNOWN GALAXIES...
...AND WHEN IT REACHES EARTH... EVERYTHING CHANGES.
I FORESAW ITS ARRIVAL NEARLY TWENTY YEARS AGO, DEADPOOL... IN A MATTER OF WEEKS, IT WILL COME INTO RANGE OF EARTH'S OBSERVATORIES AND DEEP SPACE LISTENING DEVICES.☺
GEE, AND I THOUGHT I WAS THE WALRUS. KOO-KO-KA-CHOO!
YOU GUYS HAVE ALIENS OUT THE YING-YANG IN THIS JOINT. WHAT'S ONE MORE BRAIN SUCKER AT THE PARTY?
ALLOW ME TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION WITH A QUESTION... EVER BEEN TO NEW YORK?
THE BIG GRAPPLE? THE CITY THAT ALWAYS SEEPS? WHERE THERE'S SO MUCH VICE THEY ROB YOU TWICE?
I LOVE THE PLACE!
DEET
TAKE A GOOD LOOK. ONCE THE CREATURE COMES TO EARTH, THIS IS HOW THE BIG APPLE WILL BLOSSOM.
WE ARE AT THE DAWN OF SOMETHING GRAND HERE. THE CLOSER IT GETS... THE MORE MY PREMONITIONS CRYSTALLIZE...
...THE CLEARER YOUR ROLE IN THIS EVENT BECOMES... YOU ARE THE MITHRAS.
☺AND WE'LL SE WHAT THEY'RE GONNA DO ABOUT IT IN ISSUE #20 -- MATT

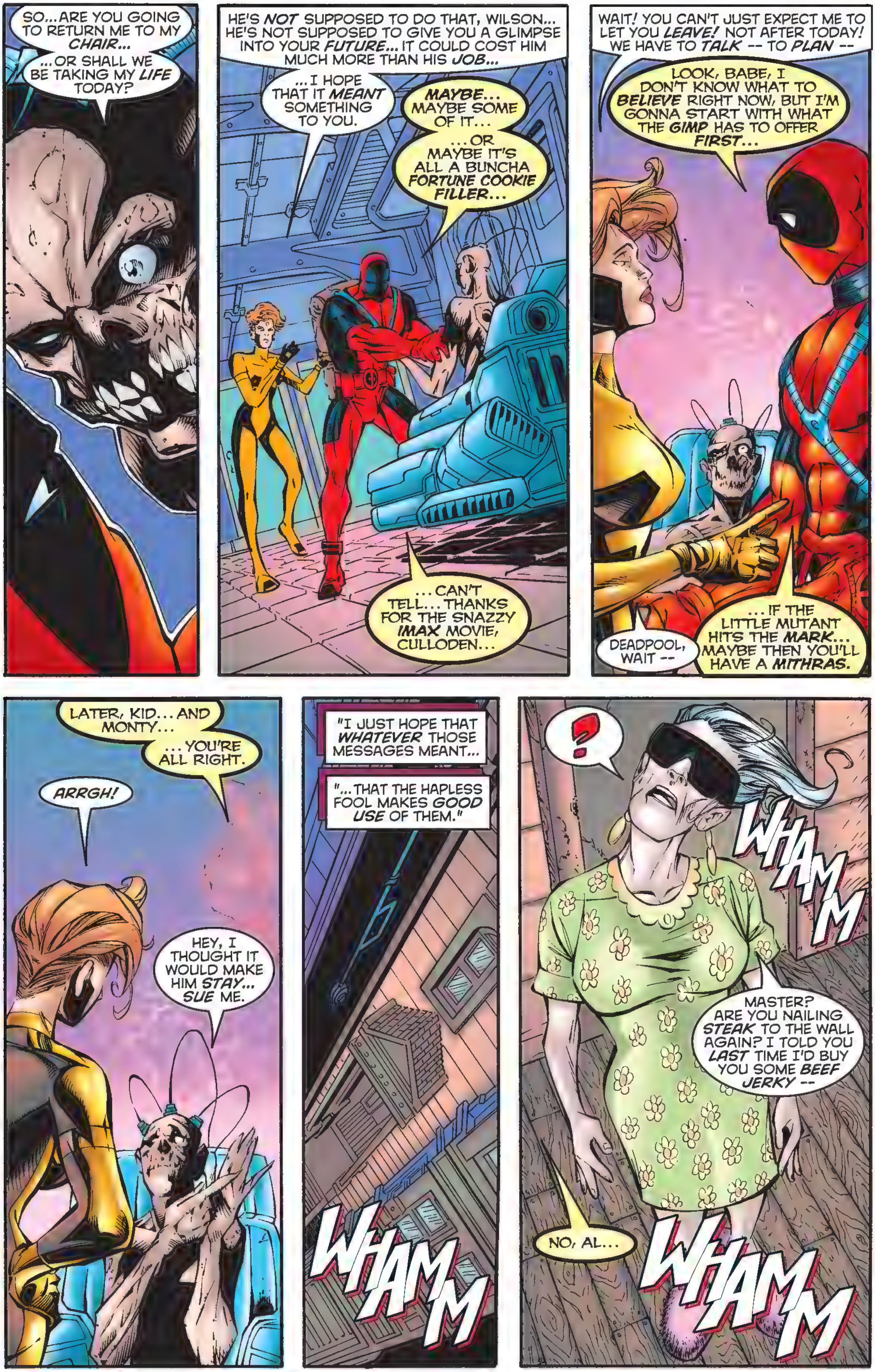

MY GOD... ...I GUESS GIULIANI'S QUALITY OF LIFE LAWS REALLY DID THE TRICK, HUH?
NO, WILSON... ALL OF THIS WILL BE POSSIBLE, BECAUSE OF THE ALIEN... AND THE MITHRAS...
"MITHRAS" IS THE NAME OF AN ANCIENT DEITY KNOWN AS "THE LIGHT BEFORE THE SUN"...
...DURING TIMES OF DARKNESS, HE IS THE DAWN THAT PAVES THE WAY FOR DIVINE INTERVENTION -- THE HERALD OF THE MESSIAH.
PUT IN THOSE TERMS, WADE WILSON... WE BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE THE MITHRAS.
GUYS? YOU ARE, LIKE, SERIOUSLY REACHING HERE... PUT DOWN THE PIPE AND CHECK INTO BETTY FORD --
GEEZ... WOULD YOU GET A LOAD OF THAT STATUE?
ARTISTS RENDERING: NEW YORK CITY CIRCA 2002
EXACTLY WHEN WAS A MONUMENT PROGRAMMED INTO THIS SIMULATION? I DIDN'T APPROVE THIS --
YOU'LL SEE. IT WILL APPEAL TO HIS JUVENILE NEED TO BE A HERO.
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THIS.
LOOK AT THE SIZE OF MY SWORD...
AS YOU CAN SEE IN THIS ARTIST'S INTERPRETATION OF MONTGOMERY'S VISIONS... THE WORLD WILL KNOW PROSPERITY AS NEVER BEFORE... AND THEY'LL HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR IT.
MY AGENTS HAVE SEARCHED THE WORLD OVER, MONITORING "WARDS" WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE MITHRAS.
EACH TIME, THEY'VE COME UP EMPTY-HANDED... UNTIL NOW.
THE BEING WILL HELP US TO TRANSCEND OUR FLAWED NATURE. GLOBAL ENLIGHTENMENT WILL RESULT... A RENAISSANCE WILL BEGIN...
THIS CREATURE MEANS AN END TO ALL WAR...
...ALL PREJUDICE AND ALL FORMS OF SUFFERING.
THERE ARE NO OTHER WARDS LEFT, WILSON... THE SEARCH HAS ENDED.
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO WILL HERALD THIS GOLDEN AGE...
...YOU ARE THE MITHRAS.

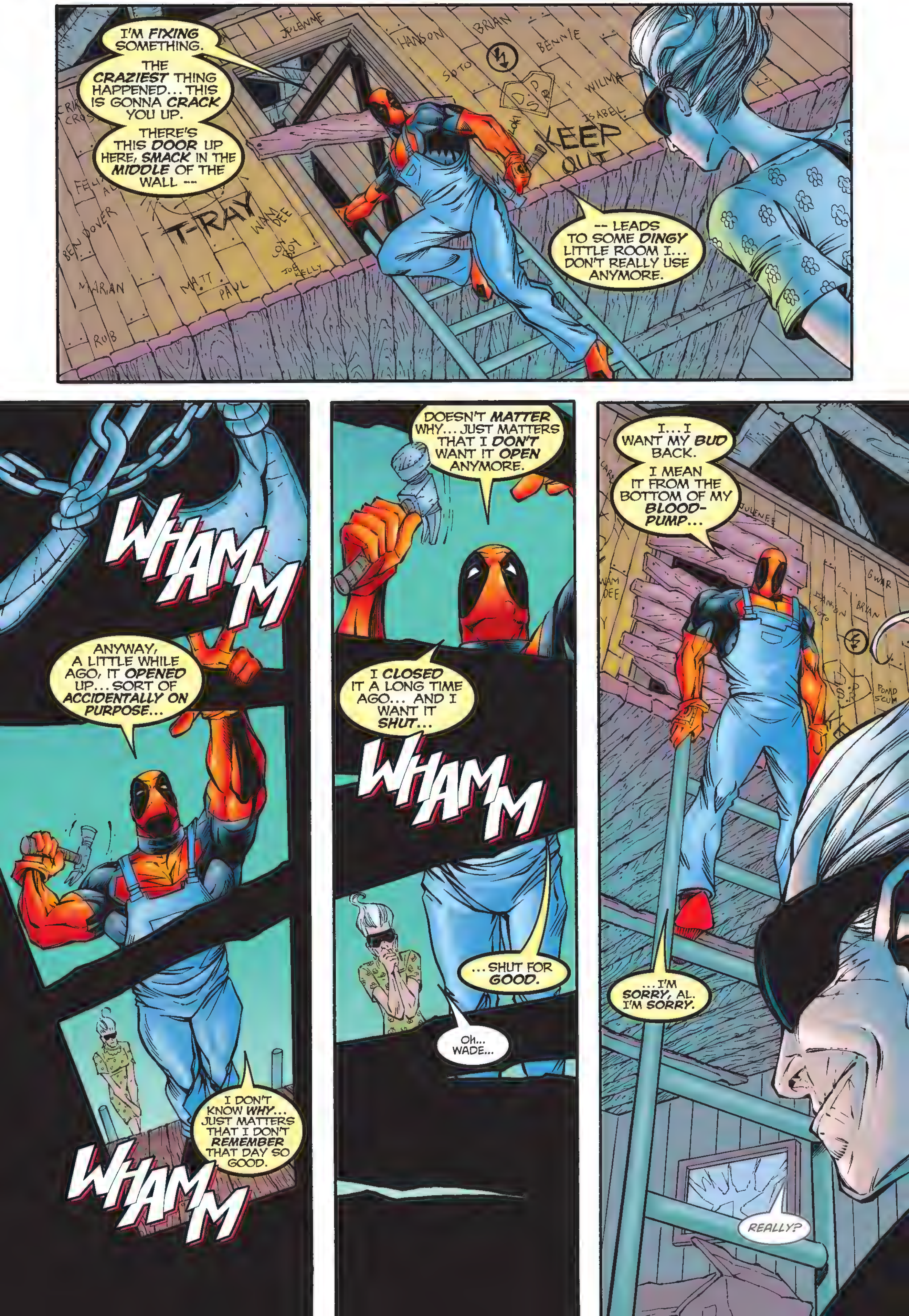

WELL... MITH-RAS BE MY LUCKY DAY, THEN... HEH HEH...
HEH.
I... UH... I THINK YOU CATS HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH SOMEONE ELSE. I'M NOT THE GUY YOU CALL FOR THIS SORT OF THING...
YOU WANT SOMEONE'S FINGERS BROKEN 'CAUSE HE GROPED YOUR WIFE... OR MAYBE A CAR BOMB PLANTED ON SOME UNSUSPECTING GOOMBAH... THAT'S MORE MY SPEED...
...BUT A GOLDEN AGE? I MEAN... FOR PITY'S SAKE...
I CAN'T EVEN MAKE NICE WITH ONE OLD LADY.
I...
...I...I GOTTA GO TAKE CARE OF SOME BUSINESS.
DEADPOOL! WAIT! DON'T TAKE OFF YOUR VISOR OR --
BZOOOP
OH, GOODY. DESTINY HAS GIVEN THE MAN DYSPEPSIA.
CERTIFIABLE, THE LOT OF THEM... I DON'T KNOW WHAT FROGS THEY'RE LICKIN', BUT I SURE WISH I HAD ONE --
THAT WENT RATHER WELL... ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.
RIGHT. SO GLAD THE STATUE DIDN'T OVERWHELM HIM OR ANYTHING... SIR.
MONTY, COME WITH ME --
SHOULD I FOLLOW THEM?
NO. I'VE MADE UP MY MIND... THE PRECOG IS WRONG. WILSON IS CLEARLY AN IDIOT.
IN SPITE OF MY PITCH TO WILSON, THERE ARE OTHER WARDS IN THE PROGRAM WHO STILL HAVE ACTIVE STATUS.
CONTACT THE NEXT IN LINE.
SIR -- BUT WHAT ABOUT DESTINY?

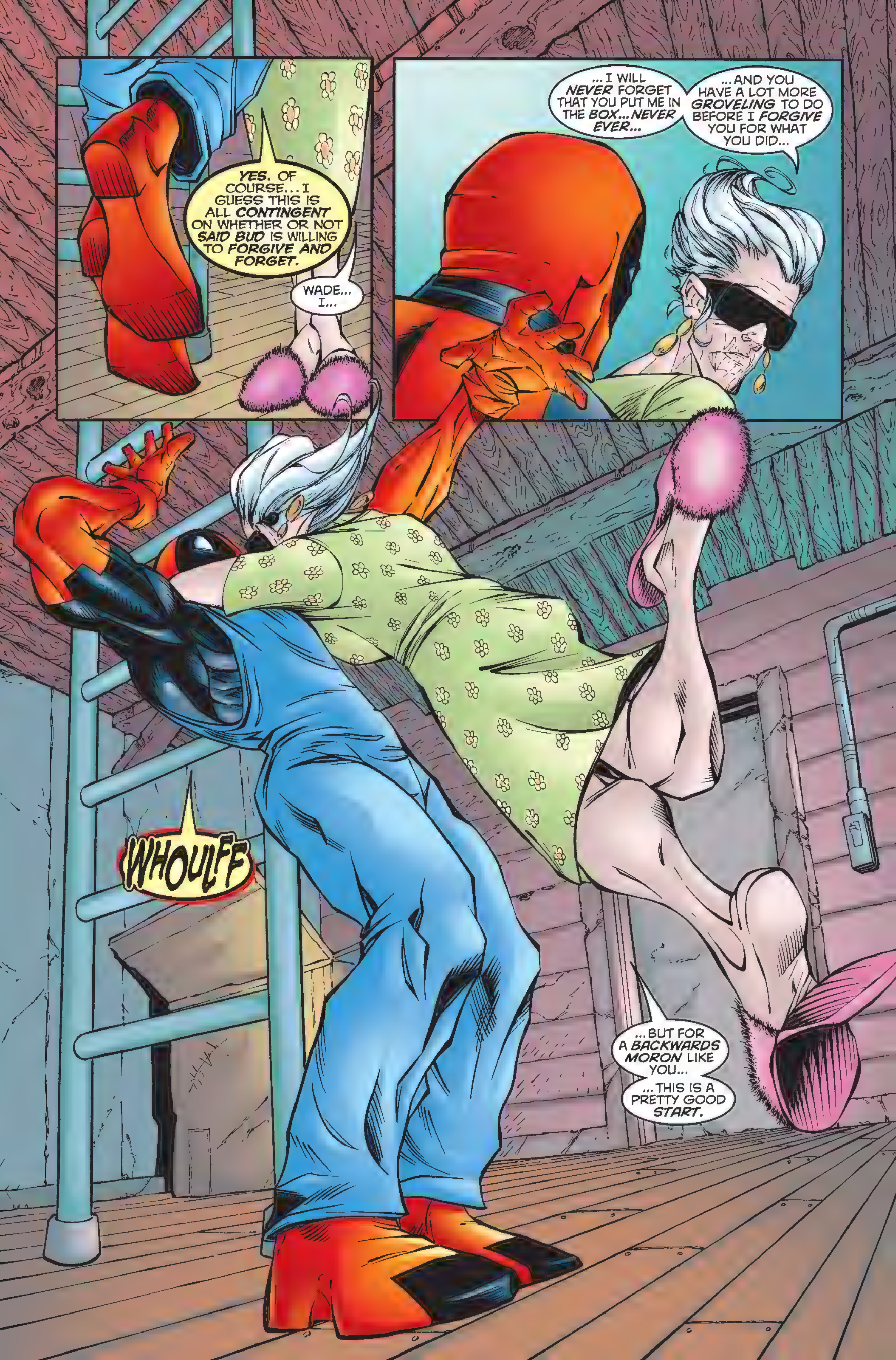

GREAT MEN FORGE THEIR OWN DESTINIES, NOAH... WE'LL USE DEADPOOL TO GET TO THE FLASHPOINT...
...THEN HE'S TOAST. CALL IN THE SECOND STRING.
THE ALPS...
CHECK.
UNGHH... K-KILL M-ME...
IRONIC, ISN'T IT, DOCTOR? HOW MANY TIMES DID YOU HEAR THOSE WORDS AS YOU SLIT OPEN A CONSCIOUS SUBJECT IN THE WORKSHOP?
AND HOW MANY TIMES DID YOU IGNORE THEM IN THE NAME OF "SCIENCE"?
FINISH THE GAME... PLEASE... FINISH ME...
I DON'T THINK SO, DOC... I THINK I'M GOING TO UNHOOK YOU FOR THE DAY, MAYBE DRAW YOU A NICE BATH, AND AFTER YOU'VE SLEPT IT OFF...
...WE'LL PLAY AGAIN. AND AGAIN. AND AGAIN. AND AGAIN. AND --
I -- NO...
...GOD HELP ME... DEADPOOL... HE HAS A TELEPORTER...
...THE COMPUTER... HAS INFORMATION... A SCAN... THE FREQUENCY...
THERE'S A GOOD COWARD.
REST NOW. REST AND DREAM OF JUDAS.
SMEK
SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE...
THIS IS BAD. THIS IS BAD. ALL THEIR "SAVE THE WORLD" HOOEY IS GETTIN' T'MY ULCER...
VACA
VACANCY
OCCUPIED
...ALMOST PULLED A TECHNICOLOR YAWN OVER THEIR NONSENSE... I GOTTA GO HOME. PUT MY FEET UP, WATCH SPRINGER...

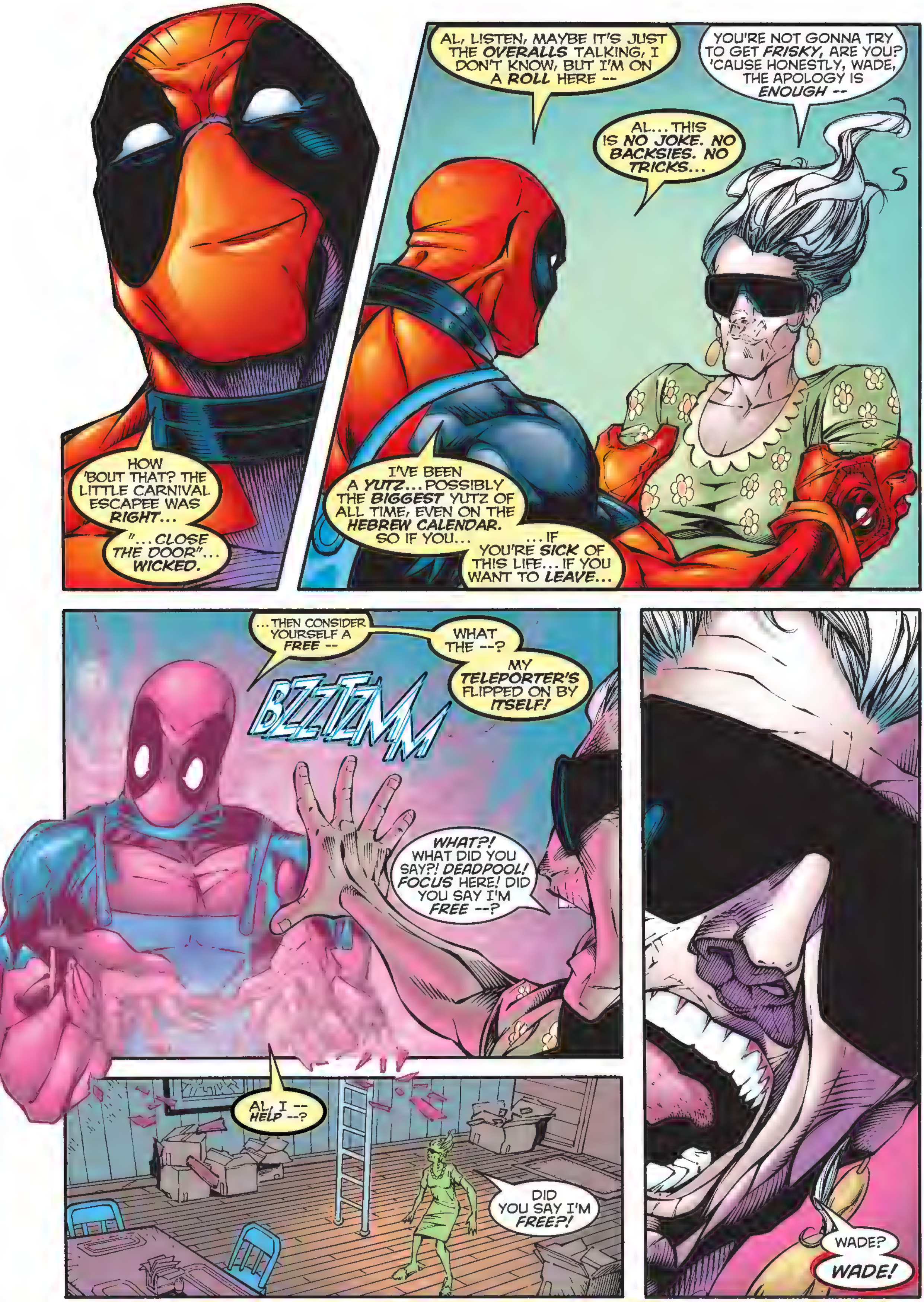

YEAH... A LITTLE SENSELESS VIOLENCE PERPETRATED BY TRAILER TYCOONS IS JUST WHAT I NEED...
SHOW'S OVER, PEOPLE. CLEAR OUT OR GET EXPEDITED. CENTRAL, GIVE ME A LEVEL TEN VID/AUD BLACKOUT ON THIS ROOM. WILSON --
WILSON DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE, TOOTS! NOW BACK OFF BEFORE I INSTALL A SKYLIGHT IN YOUR @*#%$*! SKULL!
TAKE IT EASY, DEADPOOL... NO NEED TO GET HOSTILE --
NO NEED TO GET HOSTILE?! EVERYONE AROUND ME HAS JUST TAKEN A LEAP INTO THE FREAKIN' TWILIGHT ZONE!
I JUST WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOME KID TURNS ME INTO A JACK-IN-THE-BOX OR SOME SICK JUNK LIKE THAT!
ALL THIS TIME YOU WERE YAPPIN' ON ABOUT SAVING THE WORLD, I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST HYPERBOLIZING... BUT YOU'RE FREAKIN' SERIOUS!
THEY SAY I'M A FEW LINCOLN LOGS SHORT OF A FULL CABIN, BUT YOU'RE WHACKED!
I MEAN... LOOK AT ME... I'M NOT YER LEADING MAN TYPE... A GUY LIKE ME ISN'T EVEN ALLOWED TO WALK ON THE SAME BLOCK AS AVENGERS MANSION.
I CAN'T EVEN KEEP MY OWN HOUSE IN ORDER. I TRIED THE "GOOD" THING ONCE...
GUESS WHAT, IT DIDN'T WORK OUT. BIG SURPRISE, RIGHT?
NO... NOT REALLY, Mr. WILSON...
BY ALL ACCOUNTS... YOU'RE A LOSER.
RIGHT, SEE? LISTEN TO SCAB-BOY.
A SELF-PITYING, SELF-CENTERED, SELF-DEFEATING LOSER...
...WHO CAN'T EVEN KEEP AN OLD LADY IN LINE.
YOU KNOW WHO I MEAN... THE VIVACIOUS ONE. I DON'T KNOW HER NAME... SOMETIMES THE DETAILS GET FUZZY --


AL?! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT AL?!
GETTING IN MY PERSONAL BUSINESS IS GROUNDS FOR A SERIOUS LIFE CHANGE -- AS IN DEATH.
PERSONAL? HA! EVEN IF I WASN'T A LITTLE TELEPATHIC, YOU WEAR YOUR PAIN LIKE A SANDWICH BOARD!
DEADPOOL! PUT HIM DOWN!
CENTRAL! GET ME --
NO, Ms. CULLODEN! WAIT!
I... I KNOW THAT YOU DID SOMETHING WRONG... I KNOW THAT YOU DID SOMETHING YOU REGRET...
...SOMETHING THAT'S EATING YOU ALIVE --
"HEY! LOOK AT ME, I HATE MYSELF! I'M A HORRIBLE MONSTER" -- WELL GUESS WHAT, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING RIGHT. TO TURN IT ALL AROUND --
-- BUT FIRST, YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING... IF NOT YOURSELF, THEN ME... AND...
...I'LL TELL YOU HOW...
Oh GOD... MONTY, NO --
EWWW... WHAT'S HE DOING? HE'S NOT GONNA OOZE ANYTHING ON ME, IS HE?
HE'S... HE'S LOOKING FORWARD.
I'LL TELL YOU, WILSON... THINGS YOU MAY NOT UNDERSTAND NOW... BUT SOON... AND THEN YOU WILL HAVE TO BELIEVE.
YOU WILL CLOSE THE DOOR TO THE SHARPEST EDGE OF YOUR SOUL, AND OPEN A BITTER HEART...
THE KISS OF DEATH WILL MEAN A LEASE ON LIFE TO A WALKING GHOST...
FINALLY... IN THE COLDEST CIRCLE OF HELL, THE DEVIL WILL TEACH YOU MERCY... AND FOR A BRIEF MOMENT... YOU WILL BELIEVE.
WHEN THESE THREE EVENTS TRANSPIRE... YOU WILL KNOW THAT I CAN SEE THROUGH THE VEIL OF TIME... THAT I SPEAK TRUE.

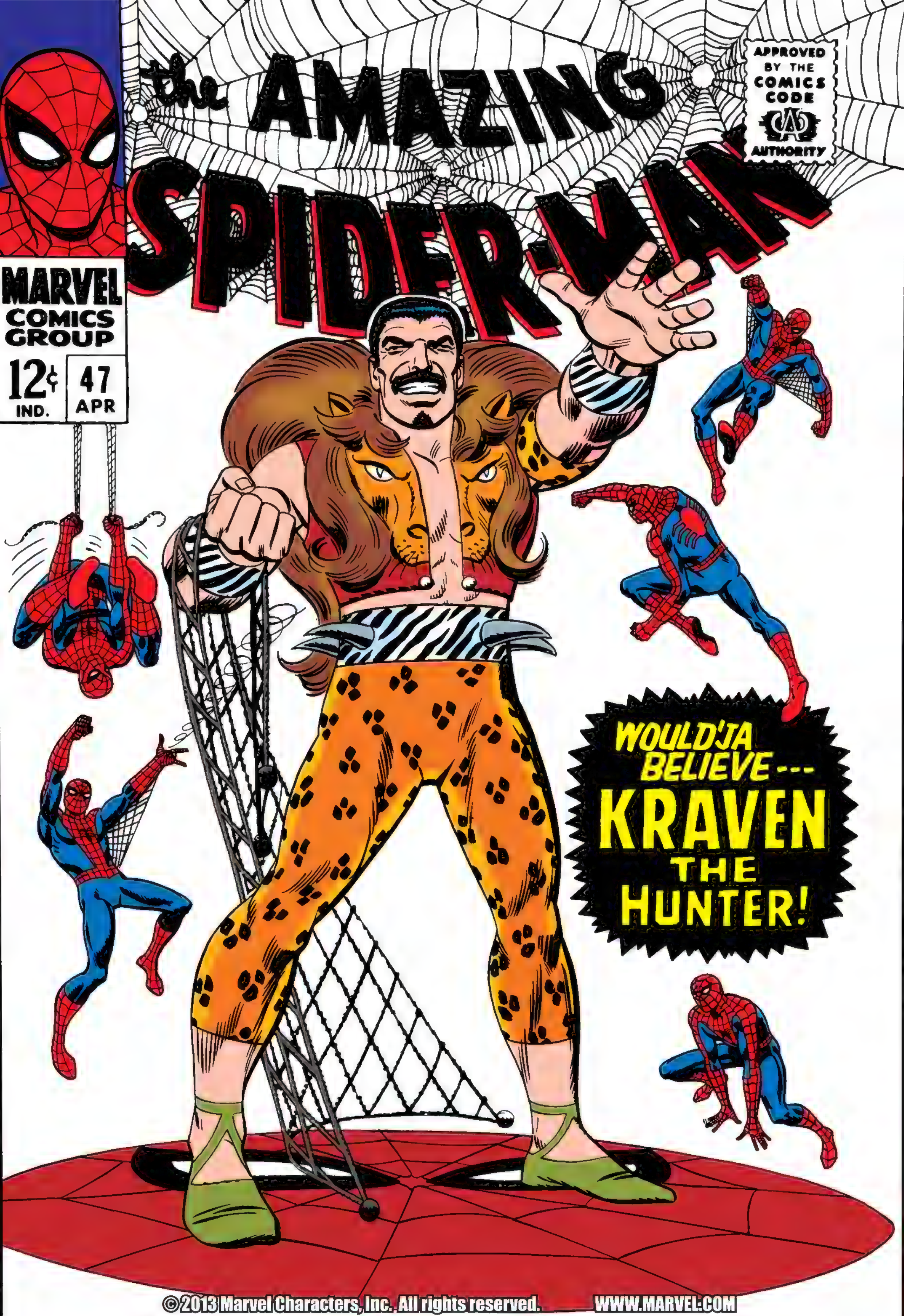

SO...ARE YOU GOING TO RETURN ME TO MY *CHAIR...*
...OR SHALL WE BE TAKING MY *LIFE* TODAY?
HE'S *NOT* SUPPOSED TO DO THAT, WILSON... HE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO GIVE YOU A GLIMPSE INTO YOUR *FUTURE...* IT COULD COST HIM MUCH MORE THAN HIS *JOB...*
...I HOPE THAT IT *MEANT* SOMETHING TO YOU.
MAYBE... MAYBE SOME OF IT...
...OR MAYBE IT'S ALL A BUNCHA *FORTUNE COOKIE FILLER...*
...CAN'T TELL... THANKS FOR THE SNAZZY *IMAX* MOVIE, CULLODEN...
WAIT! YOU CAN'T JUST EXPECT ME TO LET YOU *LEAVE!* NOT AFTER TODAY! WE HAVE TO *TALK* -- TO *PLAN* --
LOOK, BABE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO *BELIEVE* RIGHT NOW, BUT I'M GONNA START WITH WHAT THE *GIMP* HAS TO OFFER *FIRST...*
DEADPOOL, WAIT --
...IF THE LITTLE MUTANT HITS THE *MARK...* MAYBE THEN YOU'LL HAVE A *MITHRAS.*
LATER, KID... AND MONTY...
...YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.
ARRGH!
HEY, I THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE HIM *STAY... SUE* ME.
"I JUST HOPE THAT *WHATEVER* THOSE MESSAGES MEANT...
"...THAT THE HAPLESS FOOL MAKES *GOOD USE* OF THEM."
WHAMM
?
WHAMM
MASTER? ARE YOU NAILING *STEAK* TO THE WALL AGAIN? I TOLD YOU *LAST* TIME I'D BUY YOU SOME *BEEF JERKY* --
NO, AL...
WHAMM


I'M *FIXING* SOMETHING.
THE *CRAZIEST* THING HAPPENED... THIS IS GONNA *CRACK* YOU UP.
THERE'S THIS *DOOR* UP HERE, *SMACK* IN THE *MIDDLE* OF THE WALL --
KEEP OUT
-- LEADS TO SOME *DINGY* LITTLE ROOM I... DON'T REALLY USE ANYMORE.
WHAMM
ANYWAY, A LITTLE WHILE AGO, IT *OPENED* UP... SORT OF *ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE*...
I DON'T KNOW *WHY*... JUST MATTERS THAT I DON'T *REMEMBER* THAT DAY SO GOOD.
WHAMM
DOESN'T *MATTER* WHY... JUST MATTERS THAT I *DON'T* WANT IT *OPEN* ANYMORE.
I *CLOSED* IT A LONG TIME AGO... AND I WANT IT *SHUT*...
WHAMM
...SHUT FOR *GOOD.*
Oh... WADE...
I... I WANT MY *BUD* BACK.
I MEAN IT FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY *BLOOD-PUMP*...
...I'M *SORRY,* AL. I'M *SORRY.*
REALLY?


YES. OF COURSE... I GUESS THIS IS ALL CONTINGENT ON WHETHER OR NOT SAID BUD IS WILLING TO FORGIVE AND FORGET.
WADE... I...
...I WILL NEVER FORGET THAT YOU PUT ME IN THE BOX...NEVER EVER...
...AND YOU HAVE A LOT MORE GROVELING TO DO BEFORE I FORGIVE YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID...
WHOULFF
...BUT FOR A BACKWARDS MORON LIKE YOU...
...THIS IS A PRETTY GOOD START.


HOW 'BOUT THAT? THE LITTLE CARNIVAL ESCAPEE WAS RIGHT...
"...CLOSE THE DOOR"... WICKED.
AL, LISTEN, MAYBE IT'S JUST THE OVERALLS TALKING, I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M ON A ROLL HERE --
YOU'RE NOT GONNA TRY TO GET FRISKY, ARE YOU? 'CAUSE HONESTLY, WADE, THE APOLOGY IS ENOUGH --
AL... THIS IS NO JOKE. NO BACKSIES. NO TRICKS...
I'VE BEEN A YUTZ... POSSIBLY THE BIGGEST YUTZ OF ALL TIME, EVEN ON THE HEBREW CALENDAR. SO IF YOU...
...IF YOU'RE SICK OF THIS LIFE... IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE...
...THEN CONSIDER YOURSELF A FREE --
WHAT THE --?
MY TELEPORTER'S FLIPPED ON BY ITSELF!
BZZZMMM
WHAT?! WHAT DID YOU SAY?! DEADPOOL! FOCUS HERE! DID YOU SAY I'M FREE --?
AL, I -- HELP --?
DID YOU SAY I'M FREE?!
WADE?
WADE!

To Be Continued... in the DEADPOOL/DEATH '98 Annual! Learn Deadpool's fate! Unearth secrets about the past of Wade Wilson! And most shocking of all... WATCH DEADPOOL DIE!


the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
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47 APR
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE CA AUTHORITY
WOULD'JA BELIEVE--- KRAVEN THE HUNTER!

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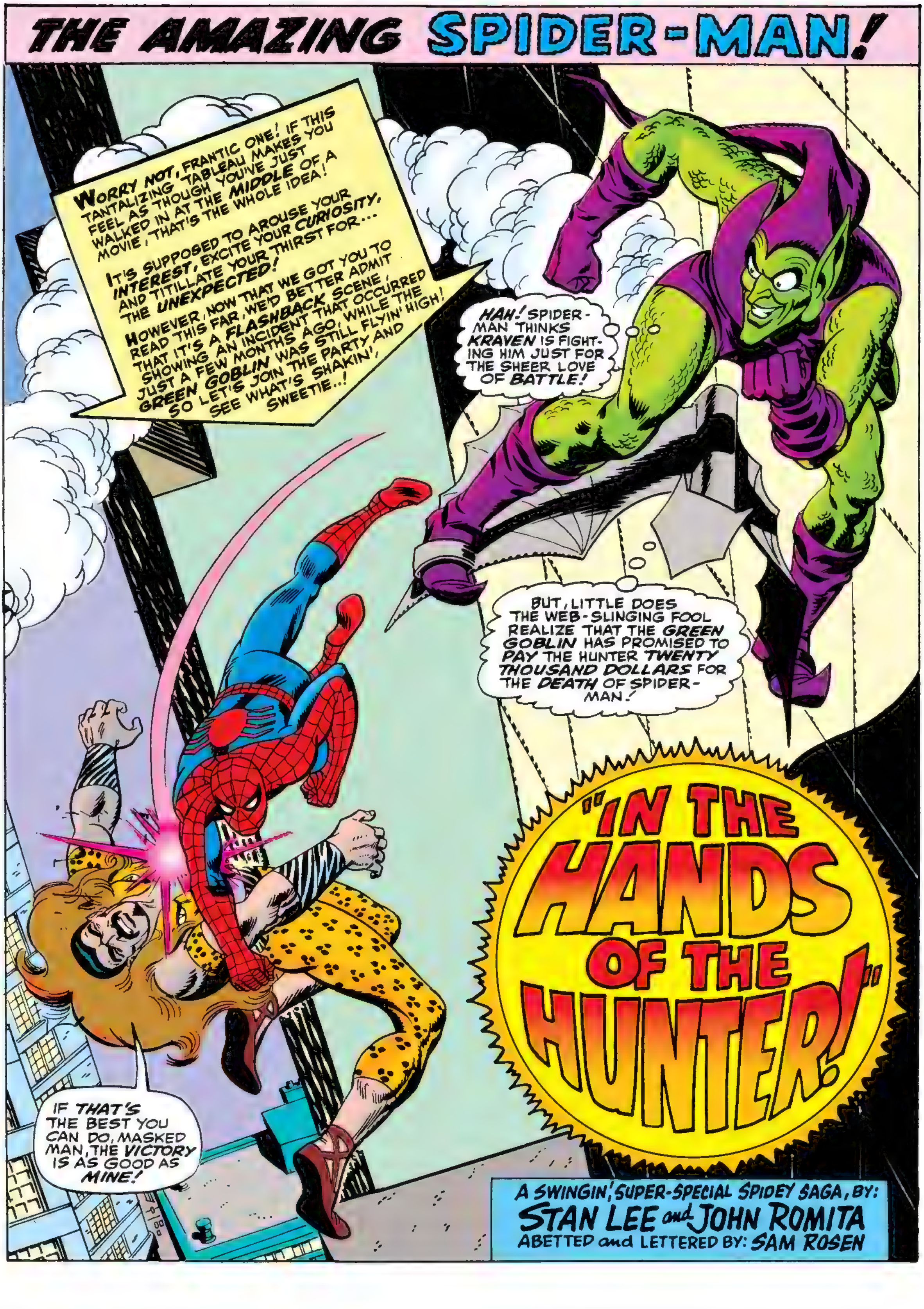
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN!
WORRY NOT, FRANTIC ONE! IF THIS TANTALIZING TABLEAU MAKES YOU FEEL AS THOUGH YOU'VE JUST WALKED IN AT THE MIDDLE OF A MOVIE, THAT'S THE WHOLE IDEA! IT'S SUPPOSED TO AROUSE YOUR INTEREST, EXCITE YOUR CURIOSITY, AND TITILLATE YOUR THIRST FOR... THE UNEXPECTED! HOWEVER, NOW THAT WE GOT YOU TO READ THIS FAR, WE'D BETTER ADMIT THAT IT'S A FLASHBACK SCENE, SHOWING AN INCIDENT THAT OCCURRED JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO, WHILE THE GREEN GOBLIN WAS STILL FLYIN' HIGH! SO LET'S JOIN THE PARTY AND SEE WHAT'S SHAKIN', SWEETIE..!
HAH! SPIDER-MAN THINKS KRAVEN IS FIGHTING HIM JUST FOR THE SHEER LOVE OF BATTLE!
BUT, LITTLE DOES THE WEB-SLINGING FOOL REALIZE THAT THE GREEN GOBLIN HAS PROMISED TO PAY THE HUNTER TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE DEATH OF SPIDER-MAN!
"IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNTER!"
IF THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN DO, MASKED MAN, THE VICTORY IS AS GOOD AS MINE!
A SWINGIN', SUPER-SPECIAL SPIDEY SAGA, BY: STAN LEE and JOHN ROMITA
ABETTED and LETTERED BY: SAM ROSEN

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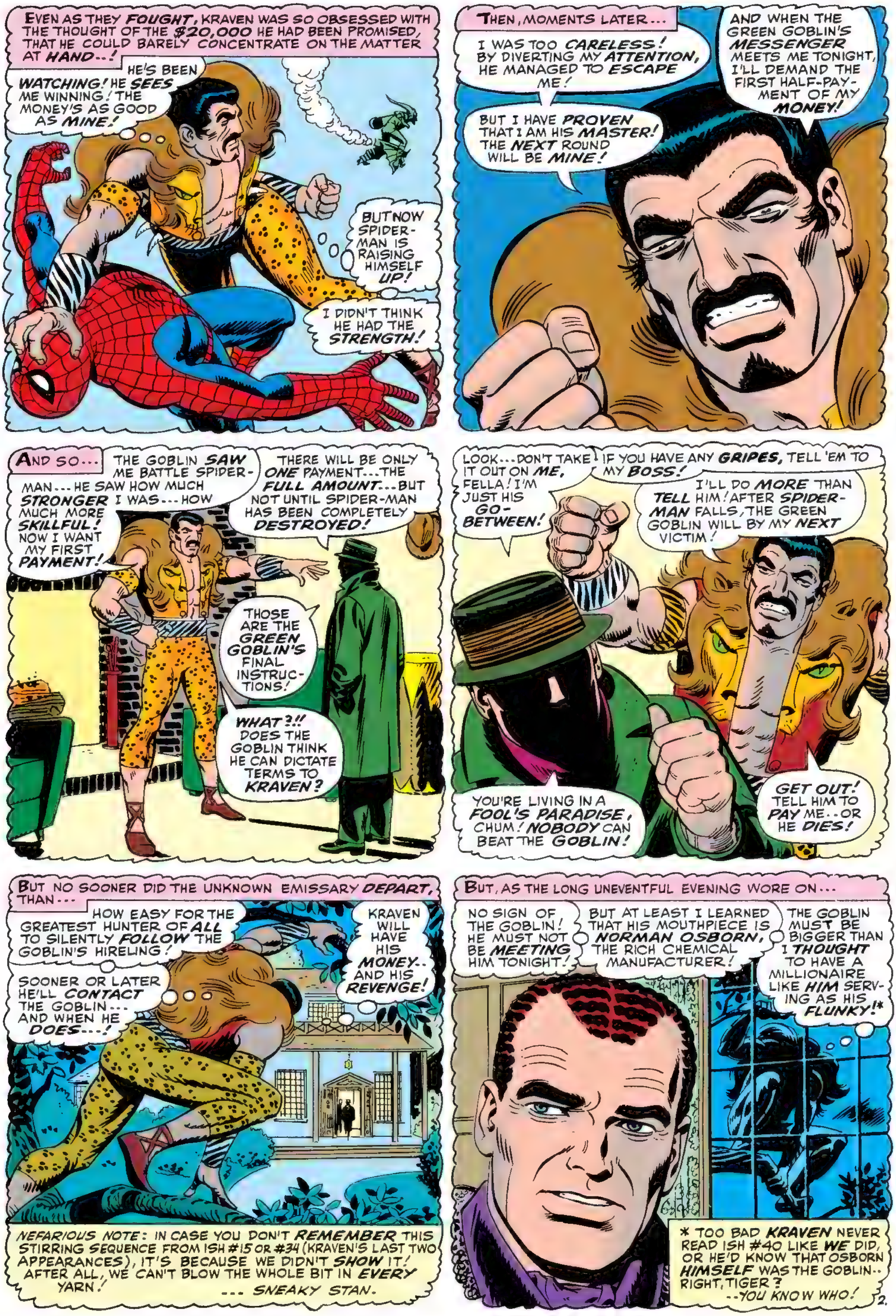
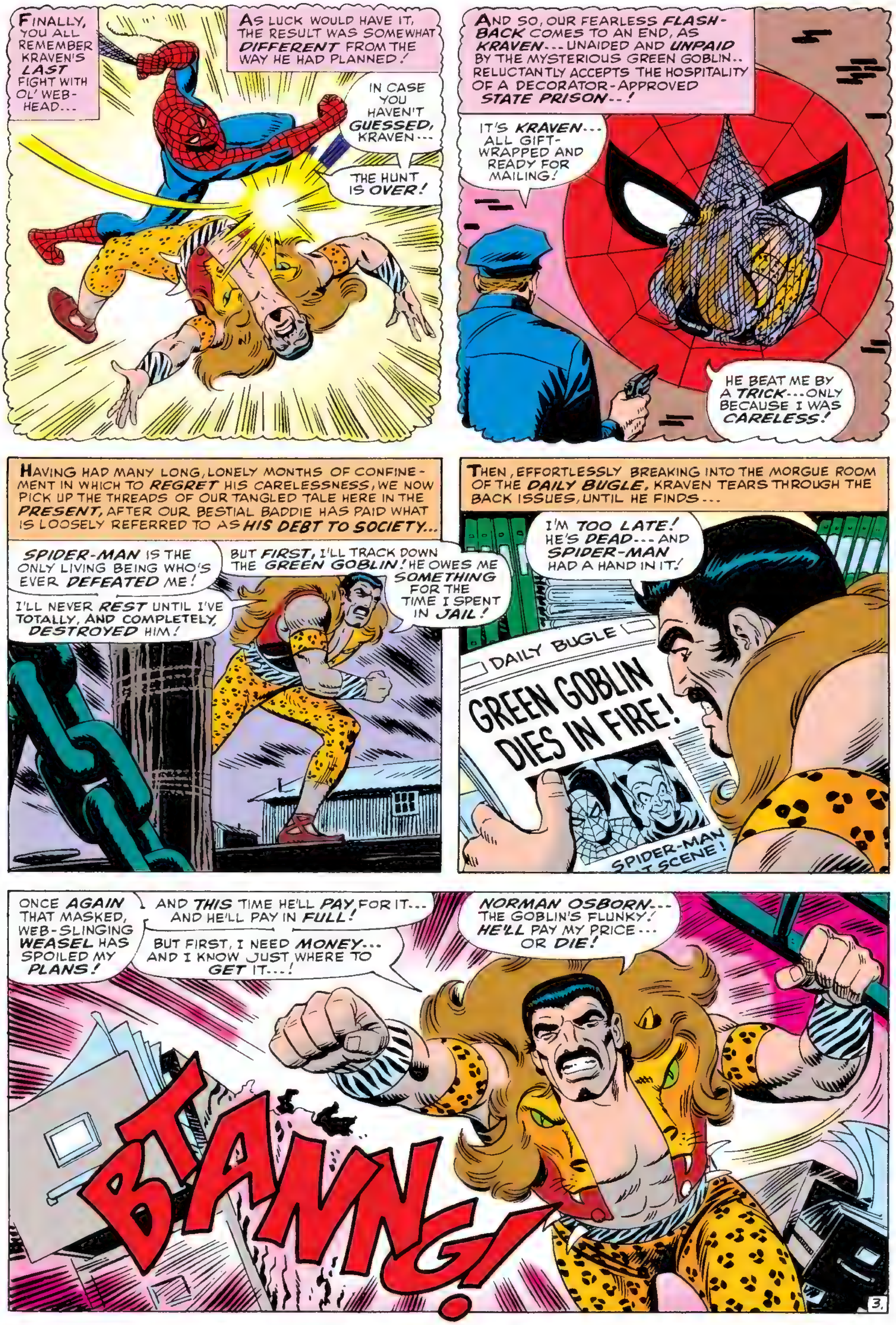
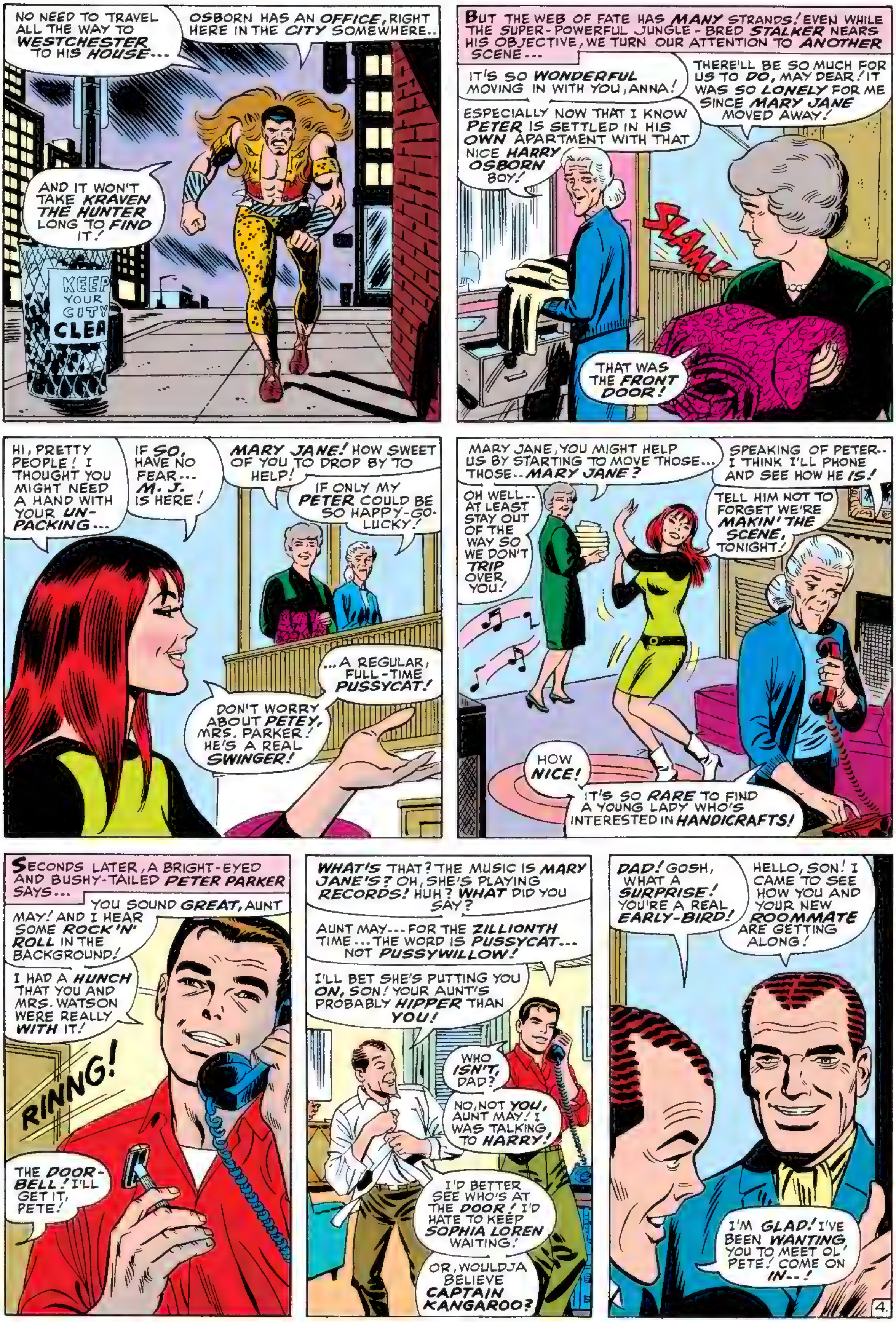
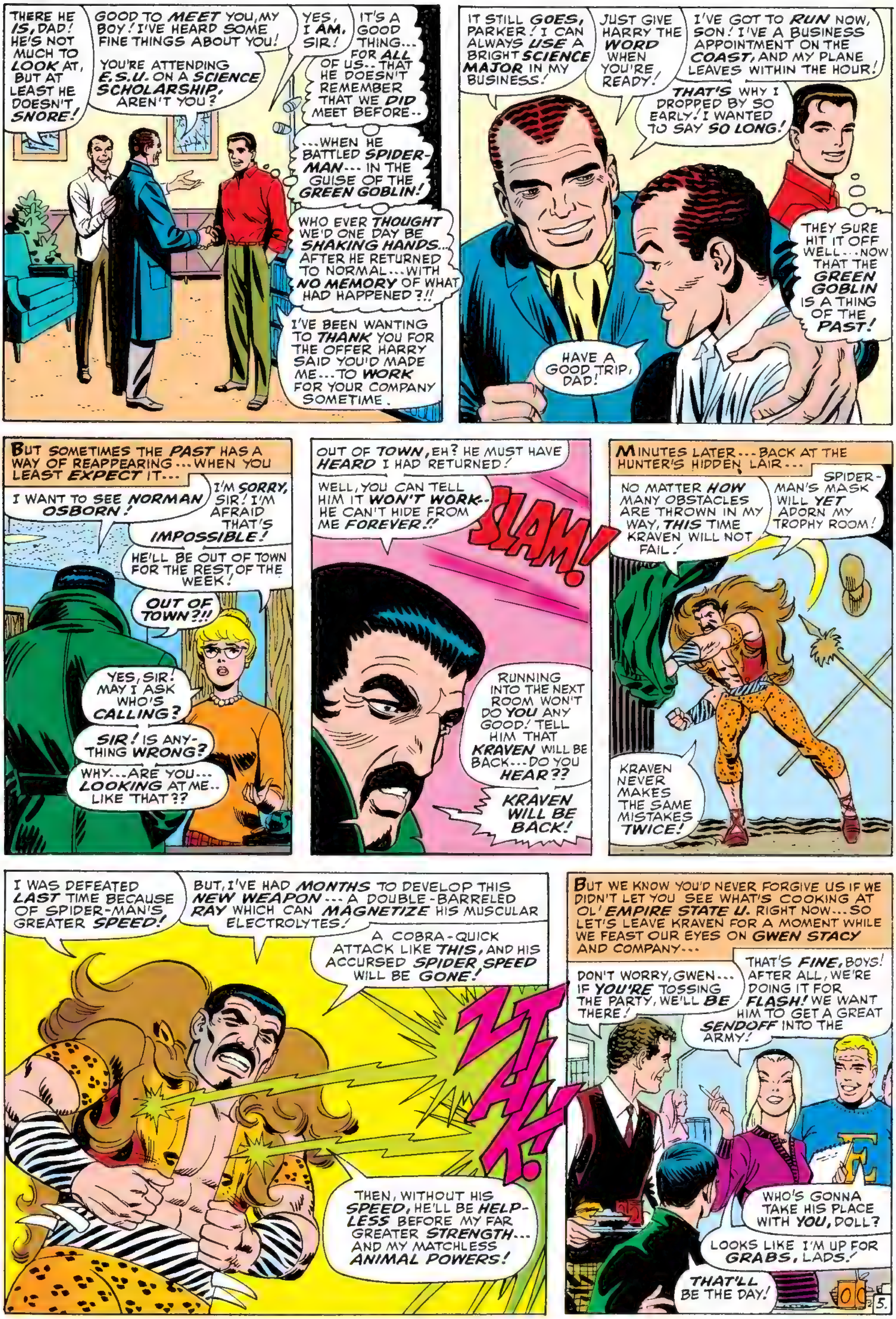
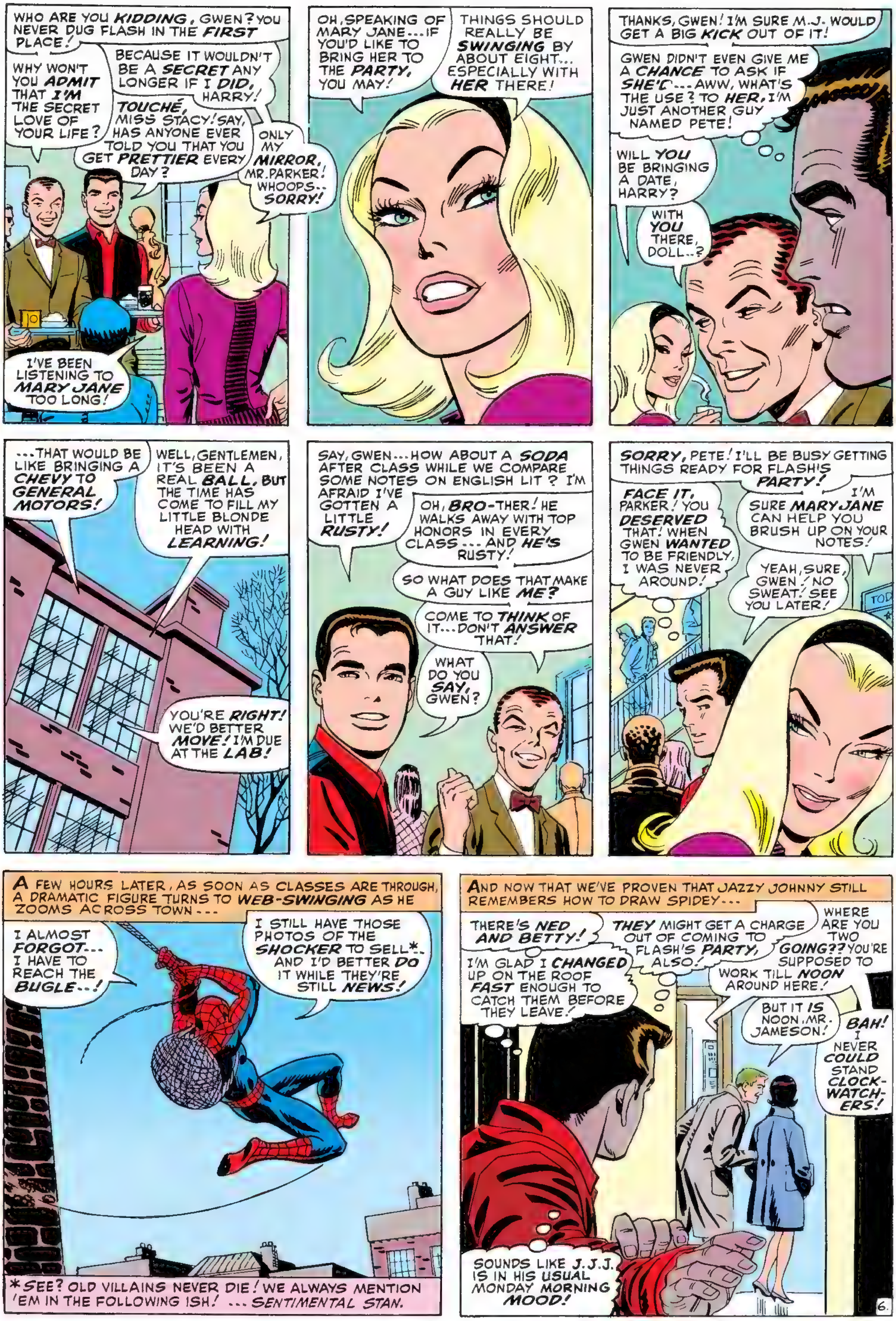
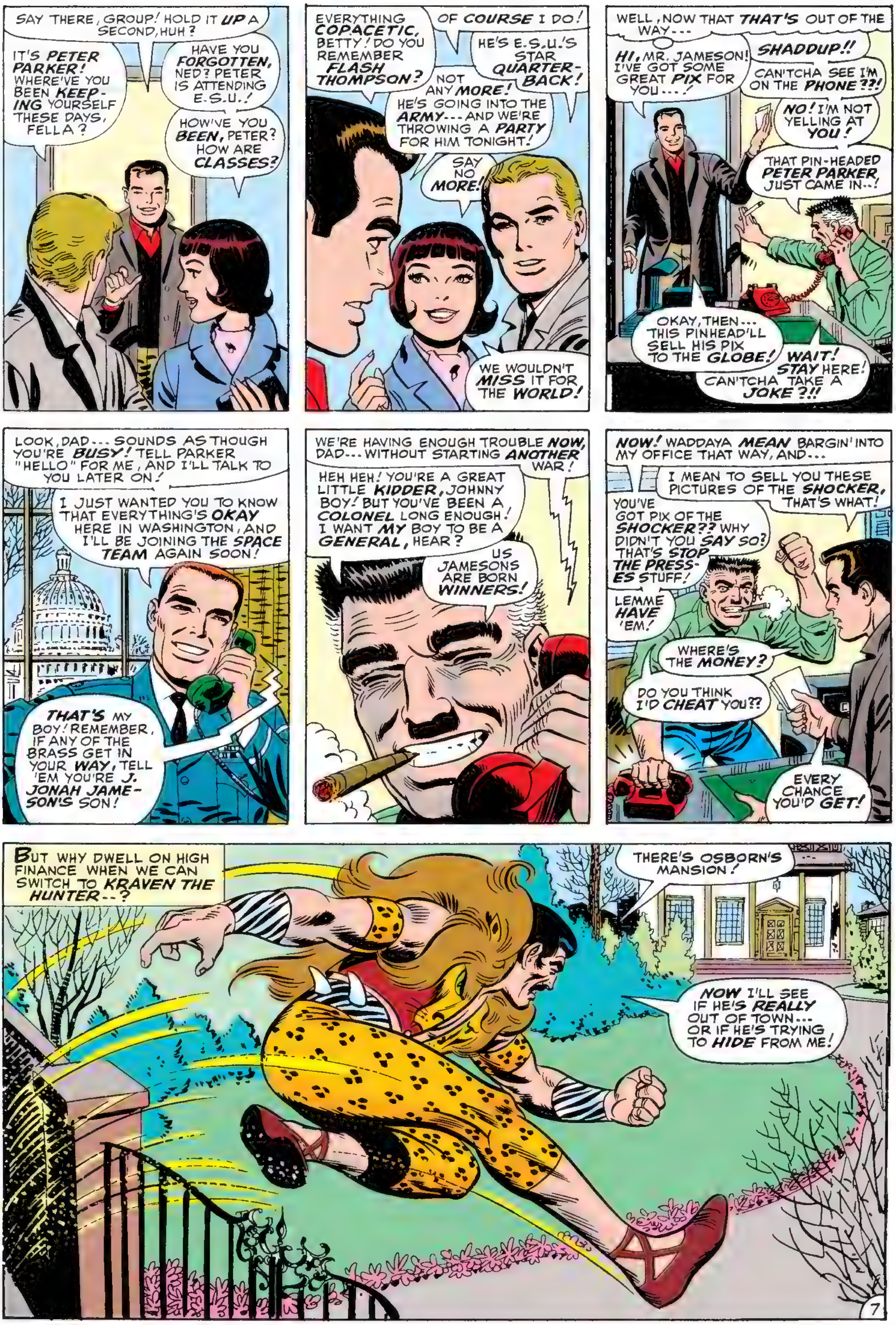

EVEN AS THEY **FOUGHT**, KRAVEN WAS SO OBSESSED WITH THE THOUGHT OF THE **$20,000** HE HAD BEEN PROMISED, THAT HE COULD BARELY CONCENTRATE ON THE MATTER AT **HAND**--!
HE'S BEEN **WATCHING!** HE **SEES** ME WINNING! THE MONEY'S AS GOOD AS **MINE!**
BUT NOW SPIDER-MAN IS RAISING HIMSELF **UP!**
I DIDN'T THINK HE HAD THE **STRENGTH!**
THEN, MOMENTS LATER...
I WAS TOO **CARELESS!** BY DIVERTING MY **ATTENTION**, HE MANAGED TO **ESCAPE** ME!
BUT I HAVE **PROVEN** THAT I AM HIS **MASTER!** THE **NEXT** ROUND WILL BE **MINE!**
AND WHEN THE GREEN GOBLIN'S **MESSENGER** MEETS ME TONIGHT, I'LL DEMAND THE FIRST HALF-PAYMENT OF MY **MONEY!**
AND SO...
THE GOBLIN **SAW** ME BATTLE SPIDER-MAN... HE SAW HOW MUCH **STRONGER** I WAS... HOW MUCH MORE **SKILLFUL!** NOW I WANT MY FIRST **PAYMENT!**
THERE WILL BE ONLY **ONE** PAYMENT... THE **FULL AMOUNT**... BUT NOT UNTIL SPIDER-MAN HAS BEEN COMPLETELY **DESTROYED!**
THOSE ARE THE **GREEN GOBLIN'S** FINAL INSTRUCTIONS!
WHAT?!! DOES THE GOBLIN THINK HE CAN DICTATE TERMS TO **KRAVEN?**
LOOK... DON'T TAKE IT OUT ON **ME**, FELLA! I'M JUST HIS **GO-BETWEEN!**
IF YOU HAVE ANY **GRIPES**, TELL 'EM TO MY **BOSS!**
I'LL DO **MORE** THAN **TELL** HIM! AFTER **SPIDER-MAN** FALLS, THE GREEN GOBLIN WILL BY MY **NEXT** VICTIM!
YOU'RE LIVING IN A **FOOL'S PARADISE**, CHUM! **NOBODY** CAN BEAT THE **GOBLIN!**
GET OUT! TELL HIM TO **PAY** ME.. OR HE **DIES!**
BUT NO SOONER DID THE UNKNOWN EMISSARY **DEPART**, THAN...
HOW EASY FOR THE GREATEST HUNTER OF **ALL** TO SILENTLY **FOLLOW** THE GOBLIN'S HIRELING!
SOONER OR LATER HE'LL **CONTACT** THE GOBLIN... AND WHEN HE **DOES**...!
KRAVEN WILL HAVE HIS **MONEY**.. AND HIS **REVENGE!**
NEFARIOUS NOTE: IN CASE YOU DON'T **REMEMBER** THIS STIRRING SEQUENCE FROM ISH #15 OR #34 (KRAVEN'S LAST TWO APPEARANCES), IT'S BECAUSE WE DIDN'T **SHOW** IT! AFTER ALL, WE CAN'T BLOW THE WHOLE BIT IN **EVERY** YARN! --- *SNEAKY STAN.*
BUT, AS THE LONG UNEVENTFUL EVENING WORE ON...
NO SIGN OF THE GOBLIN! HE MUST NOT BE **MEETING** HIM TONIGHT!
BUT AT LEAST I LEARNED THAT HIS MOUTHPIECE IS **NORMAN OSBORN**, THE RICH CHEMICAL MANUFACTURER!
THE GOBLIN MUST BE BIGGER THAN I **THOUGHT** TO HAVE A MILLIONAIRE LIKE **HIM** SERVING AS HIS **FLUNKY!***
* TOO BAD **KRAVEN** NEVER READ ISH #40 LIKE **WE** DID, OR HE'D KNOW THAT OSBORN **HIMSELF** WAS THE GOBLIN.. RIGHT, TIGER? *--YOU KNOW WHO!*

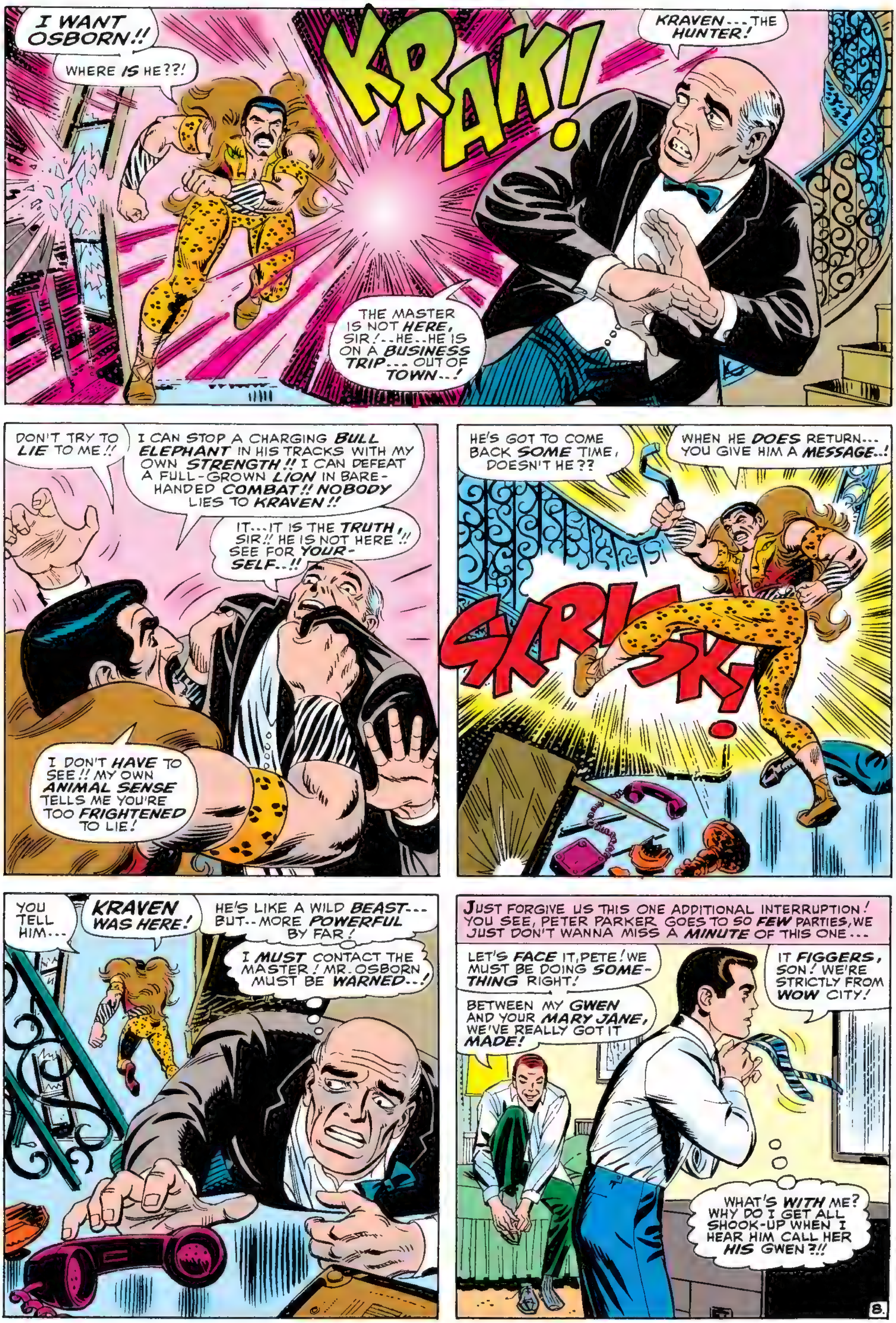

FINALLY, YOU ALL REMEMBER KRAVEN'S *LAST* FIGHT WITH OL' WEB-HEAD...
AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, THE RESULT WAS SOMEWHAT *DIFFERENT* FROM THE WAY HE HAD PLANNED!
IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T *GUESSED,* KRAVEN---
THE HUNT IS *OVER!*
AND SO, OUR FEARLESS *FLASH-BACK* COMES TO AN END, AS *KRAVEN*--- UNAIDED AND *UNPAID* BY THE MYSTERIOUS GREEN GOBLIN.. RELUCTANTLY ACCEPTS THE HOSPITALITY OF A DECORATOR-APPROVED *STATE PRISON*--!
IT'S *KRAVEN*--- ALL GIFT-WRAPPED AND READY FOR MAILING!
HE BEAT ME BY A *TRICK*---ONLY BECAUSE I WAS *CARELESS!*
HAVING HAD MANY LONG, LONELY MONTHS OF CONFINEMENT IN WHICH TO *REGRET* HIS CARELESSNESS, WE NOW PICK UP THE THREADS OF OUR TANGLED TALE HERE IN THE *PRESENT,* AFTER OUR BESTIAL BADDIE HAS PAID WHAT IS LOOSELY REFERRED TO AS *HIS DEBT TO SOCIETY...*
SPIDER-MAN IS THE ONLY LIVING BEING WHO'S EVER *DEFEATED* ME!
I'LL NEVER *REST* UNTIL I'VE TOTALLY, AND COMPLETELY, *DESTROYED* HIM!
BUT *FIRST,* I'LL TRACK DOWN THE *GREEN GOBLIN!* HE OWES ME *SOMETHING* FOR THE TIME I SPENT IN *JAIL!*
THEN, EFFORTLESSLY BREAKING INTO THE MORGUE ROOM OF THE *DAILY BUGLE,* KRAVEN TEARS THROUGH THE BACK ISSUES, UNTIL HE FINDS...
I'M *TOO LATE!* HE'S *DEAD*--- AND *SPIDER-MAN* HAD A HAND IN IT!
DAILY BUGLE
GREEN GOBLIN DIES IN FIRE!
SPIDER-MAN AT SCENE!
ONCE *AGAIN* THAT MASKED, WEB-SLINGING *WEASEL* HAS SPOILED MY *PLANS!*
AND *THIS* TIME HE'LL *PAY* FOR IT--- AND HE'LL PAY IN *FULL!*
BUT FIRST, I NEED *MONEY*--- AND I KNOW JUST WHERE TO *GET* IT---!
NORMAN OSBORN--- THE GOBLIN'S FLUNKY! *HE'LL* PAY MY PRICE--- OR *DIE!*
BTANNG!

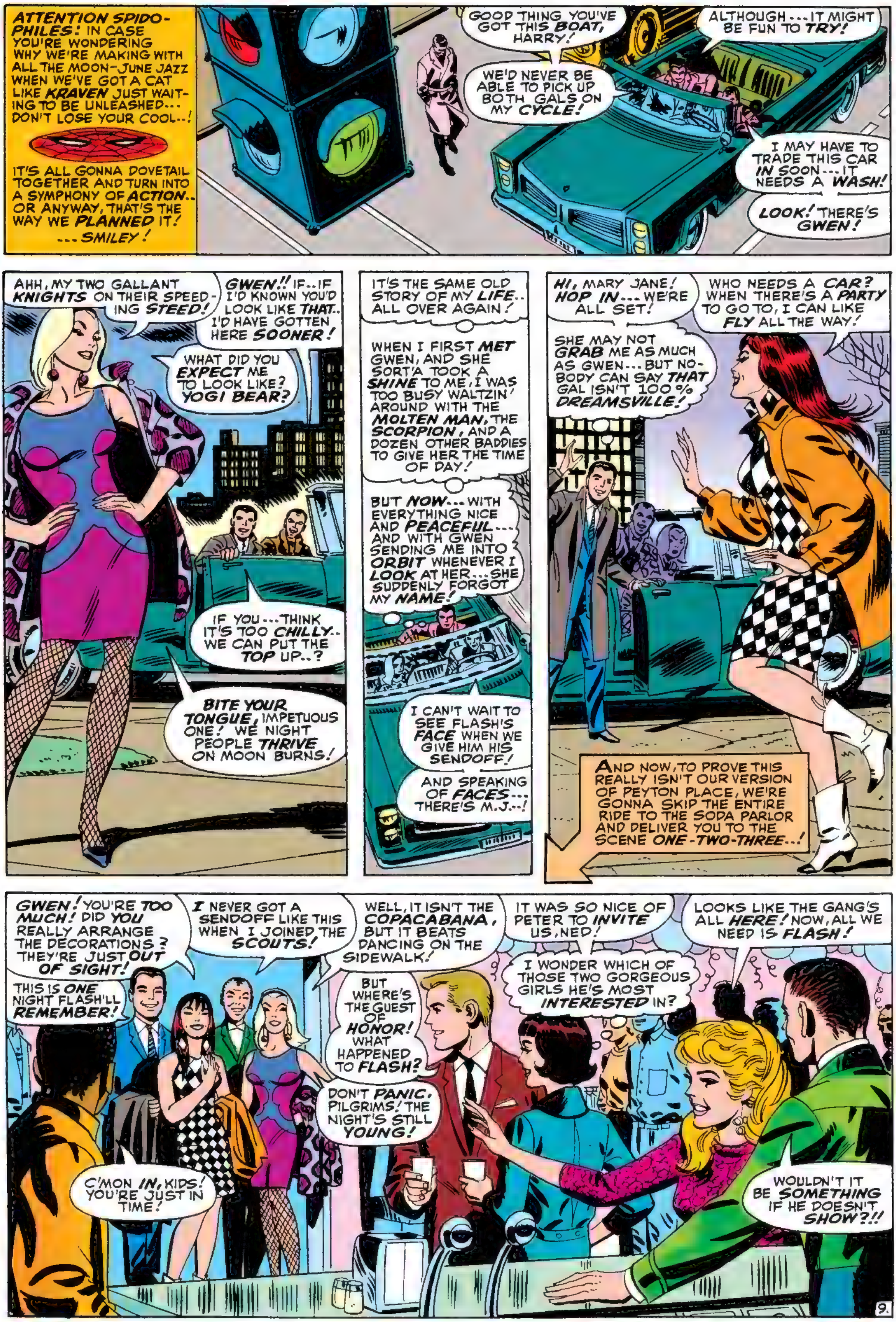

NO NEED TO TRAVEL ALL THE WAY TO WESTCHESTER TO HIS HOUSE...
OSBORN HAS AN OFFICE, RIGHT HERE IN THE CITY SOMEWHERE..
AND IT WON'T TAKE KRAVEN THE HUNTER LONG TO FIND IT!
KEEP YOUR CITY CLEA
BUT THE WEB OF FATE HAS MANY STRANDS! EVEN WHILE THE SUPER-POWERFUL JUNGLE-BRED STALKER NEARS HIS OBJECTIVE, WE TURN OUR ATTENTION TO ANOTHER SCENE...
IT'S SO WONDERFUL MOVING IN WITH YOU, ANNA!
ESPECIALLY NOW THAT I KNOW PETER IS SETTLED IN HIS OWN APARTMENT WITH THAT NICE HARRY OSBORN BOY!
THERE'LL BE SO MUCH FOR US TO DO, MAY DEAR! IT WAS SO LONELY FOR ME SINCE MARY JANE MOVED AWAY!
SLAM!
THAT WAS THE FRONT DOOR!
HI, PRETTY PEOPLE! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED A HAND WITH YOUR UNPACKING...
IF SO, HAVE NO FEAR... M. J. IS HERE!
MARY JANE! HOW SWEET OF YOU TO DROP BY TO HELP!
IF ONLY MY PETER COULD BE SO HAPPY-GO-LUCKY!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT PETEY, MRS. PARKER! HE'S A REAL SWINGER!
...A REGULAR, FULL-TIME PUSSYCAT!
MARY JANE, YOU MIGHT HELP US BY STARTING TO MOVE THOSE... THOSE.. MARY JANE?
OH WELL.. AT LEAST STAY OUT OF THE WAY SO WE DON'T TRIP OVER YOU!
SPEAKING OF PETER.. I THINK I'LL PHONE AND SEE HOW HE IS!
TELL HIM NOT TO FORGET WE'RE MAKIN' THE SCENE, TONIGHT!
HOW NICE!
IT'S SO RARE TO FIND A YOUNG LADY WHO'S INTERESTED IN HANDICRAFTS!
SECONDS LATER, A BRIGHT-EYED AND BUSHY-TAILED PETER PARKER SAYS...
YOU SOUND GREAT, AUNT MAY! AND I HEAR SOME ROCK 'N' ROLL IN THE BACKGROUND!
I HAD A HUNCH THAT YOU AND MRS. WATSON WERE REALLY WITH IT!
RINNG!
THE DOORBELL! I'LL GET IT, PETE!
WHAT'S THAT? THE MUSIC IS MARY JANE'S? OH, SHE'S PLAYING RECORDS! HUH? WHAT DID YOU SAY?
AUNT MAY... FOR THE ZILLIONTH TIME... THE WORD IS PUSSYCAT... NOT PUSSYWILLOW!
I'LL BET SHE'S PUTTING YOU ON, SON! YOUR AUNT'S PROBABLY HIPPER THAN YOU!
WHO ISN'T, DAD?
NO, NOT YOU, AUNT MAY! I WAS TALKING TO HARRY!
I'D BETTER SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR! I'D HATE TO KEEP SOPHIA LOREN WAITING!
OR, WOULDJA BELIEVE CAPTAIN KANGAROO?
DAD! GOSH, WHAT A SURPRISE! YOU'RE A REAL EARLY-BIRD!
HELLO, SON! I CAME TO SEE HOW YOU AND YOUR NEW ROOMMATE ARE GETTING ALONG!
I'M GLAD! I'VE BEEN WANTING YOU TO MEET OL' PETE! COME ON IN--!

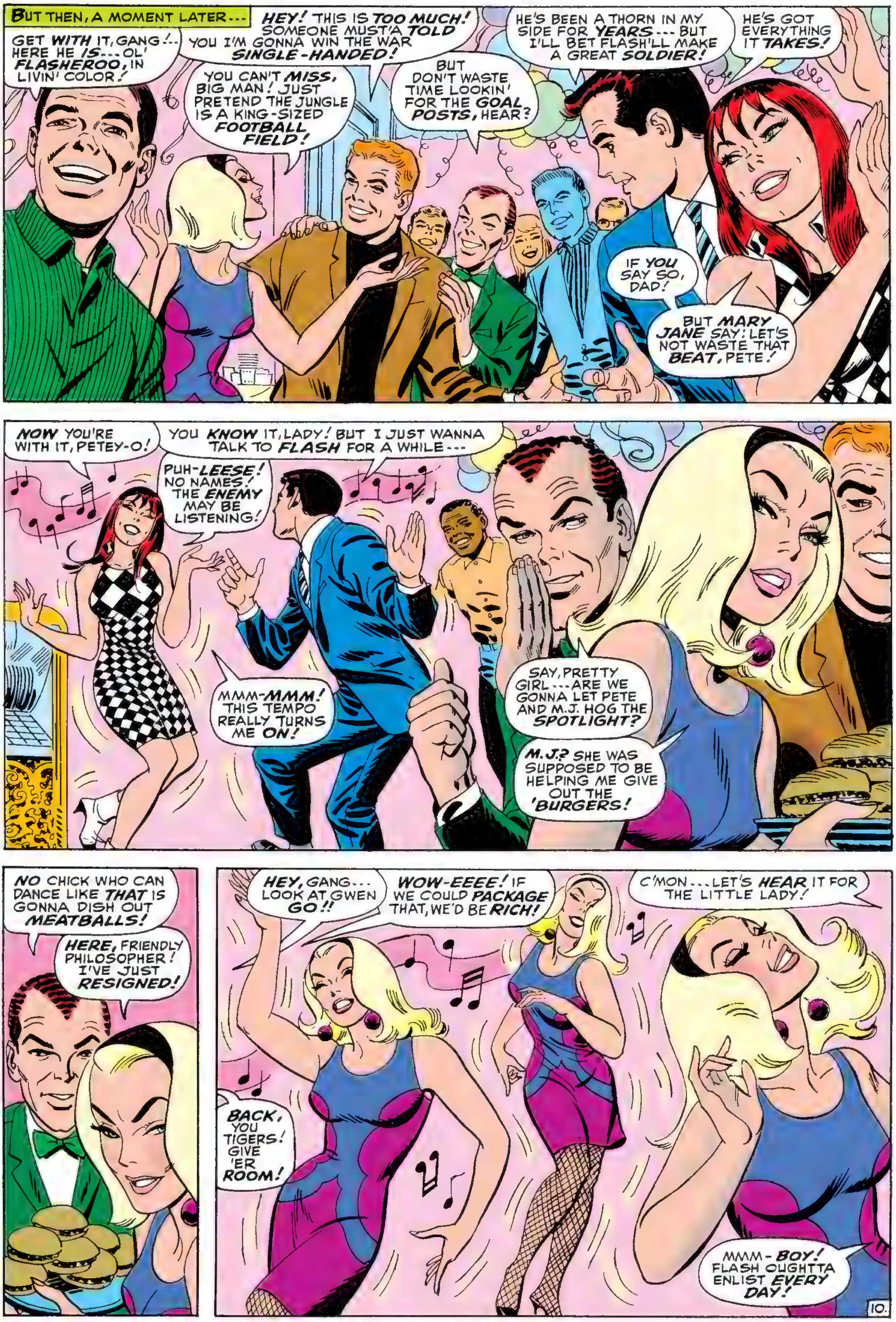

THERE HE IS, DAD! HE'S NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT, BUT AT LEAST HE DOESN'T SNORE!
GOOD TO MEET YOU, MY BOY! I'VE HEARD SOME FINE THINGS ABOUT YOU!
YOU'RE ATTENDING E.S.U. ON A SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIP, AREN'T YOU?
YES, I AM, SIR!
IT'S A GOOD THING... FOR ALL OF US.. THAT HE DOESN'T REMEMBER THAT WE DID MEET BEFORE..
...WHEN HE BATTLED SPIDER-MAN... IN THE GUISE OF THE GREEN GOBLIN!
WHO EVER THOUGHT WE'D ONE DAY BE SHAKING HANDS... AFTER HE RETURNED TO NORMAL... WITH NO MEMORY OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED?!!
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO THANK YOU FOR THE OFFER HARRY SAID YOU'D MADE ME... TO WORK FOR YOUR COMPANY SOMETIME.
IT STILL GOES, PARKER! I CAN ALWAYS USE A BRIGHT SCIENCE MAJOR IN MY BUSINESS!
JUST GIVE HARRY THE WORD WHEN YOU'RE READY!
I'VE GOT TO RUN NOW, SON! I'VE A BUSINESS APPOINTMENT ON THE COAST, AND MY PLANE LEAVES WITHIN THE HOUR!
THAT'S WHY I DROPPED BY SO EARLY! I WANTED TO SAY SO LONG!
THEY SURE HIT IT OFF WELL... NOW THAT THE GREEN GOBLIN IS A THING OF THE PAST!
HAVE A GOOD TRIP, DAD!
BUT SOMETIMES THE PAST HAS A WAY OF REAPPEARING... WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT...
I WANT TO SEE NORMAN OSBORN!
I'M SORRY, SIR! I'M AFRAID THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HE'LL BE OUT OF TOWN FOR THE REST OF THE WEEK!
OUT OF TOWN?!!
YES, SIR! MAY I ASK WHO'S CALLING?
SIR! IS ANYTHING WRONG?
WHY... ARE YOU... LOOKING AT ME.. LIKE THAT??
OUT OF TOWN, EH? HE MUST HAVE HEARD I HAD RETURNED!
WELL, YOU CAN TELL HIM IT WON'T WORK.. HE CAN'T HIDE FROM ME FOREVER!!
SLAM!
RUNNING INTO THE NEXT ROOM WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! TELL HIM THAT KRAVEN WILL BE BACK... DO YOU HEAR??
KRAVEN WILL BE BACK!
MINUTES LATER... BACK AT THE HUNTER'S HIDDEN LAIR...
NO MATTER HOW MANY OBSTACLES ARE THROWN IN MY WAY, THIS TIME KRAVEN WILL NOT FAIL!
SPIDER-MAN'S MASK WILL YET ADORN MY TROPHY ROOM!
KRAVEN NEVER MAKES THE SAME MISTAKES TWICE!
I WAS DEFEATED LAST TIME BECAUSE OF SPIDER-MAN'S GREATER SPEED!
BUT, I'VE HAD MONTHS TO DEVELOP THIS NEW WEAPON... A DOUBLE-BARRELED RAY WHICH CAN MAGNETIZE HIS MUSCULAR ELECTROLYTES!
A COBRA-QUICK ATTACK LIKE THIS, AND HIS ACCURSED SPIDER SPEED WILL BE GONE!
ZZAK!
THEN, WITHOUT HIS SPEED, HE'LL BE HELPLESS BEFORE MY FAR GREATER STRENGTH... AND MY MATCHLESS ANIMAL POWERS!
BUT WE KNOW YOU'D NEVER FORGIVE US IF WE DIDN'T LET YOU SEE WHAT'S COOKING AT OL' EMPIRE STATE U. RIGHT NOW... SO LET'S LEAVE KRAVEN FOR A MOMENT WHILE WE FEAST OUR EYES ON GWEN STACY AND COMPANY...
DON'T WORRY, GWEN... IF YOU'RE TOSSING THE PARTY, WE'LL BE THERE!
THAT'S FINE, BOYS! AFTER ALL, WE'RE DOING IT FOR FLASH! WE WANT HIM TO GET A GREAT SENDOFF INTO THE ARMY!
WHO'S GONNA TAKE HIS PLACE WITH YOU, DOLL?
LOOKS LIKE I'M UP FOR GRABS, LADS!
THAT'LL BE THE DAY!

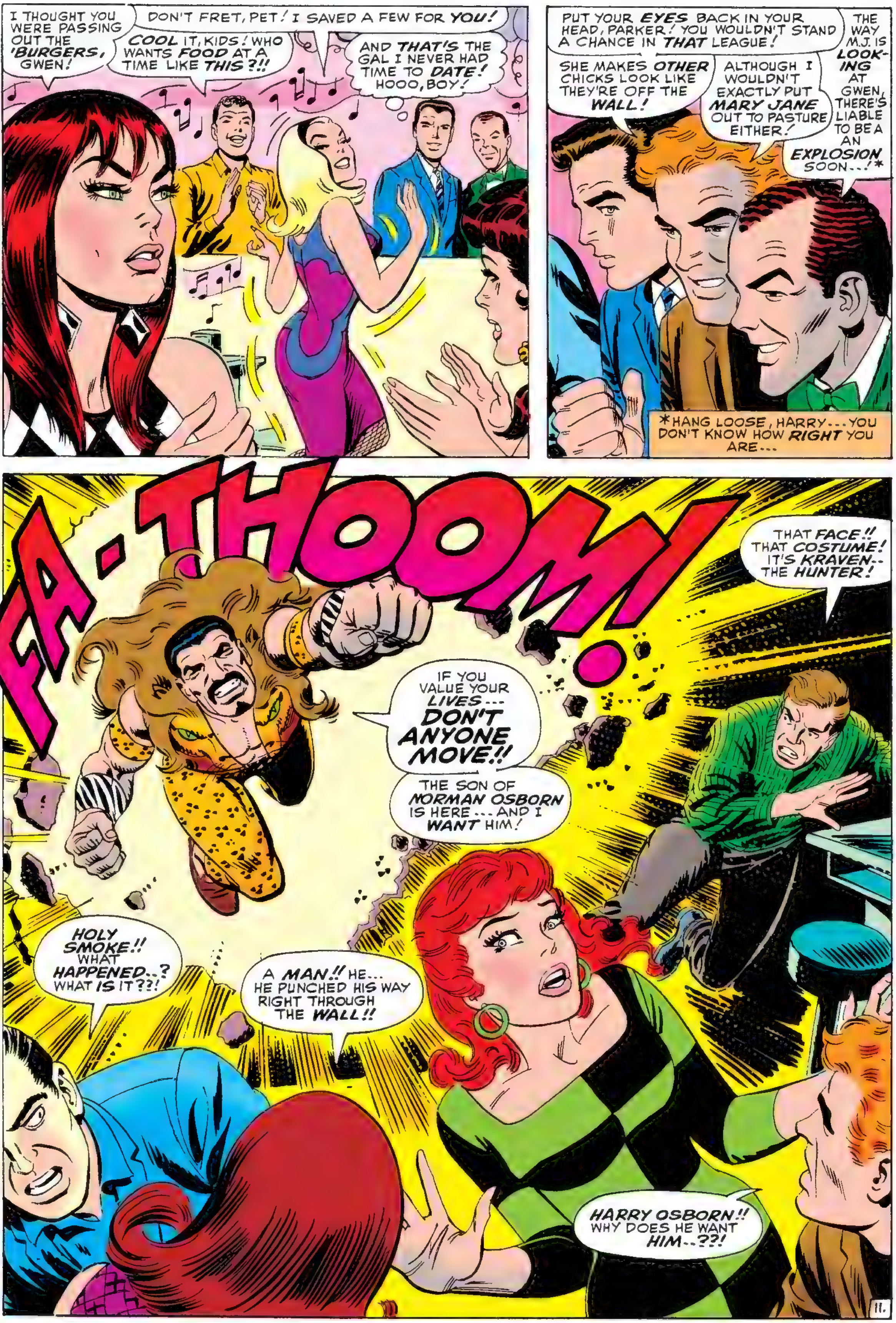

WHO ARE YOU KIDDING, GWEN? YOU NEVER DUG FLASH IN THE FIRST PLACE!
WHY WON'T YOU ADMIT THAT I'M THE SECRET LOVE OF YOUR LIFE?
BECAUSE IT WOULDN'T BE A SECRET ANY LONGER IF I DID, HARRY!
TOUCHÉ, MISS STACY! SAY, HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU THAT YOU GET PRETTIER EVERY DAY?
ONLY MY MIRROR, MR. PARKER! WHOOPS.. SORRY!
I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO MARY JANE TOO LONG!
OH, SPEAKING OF MARY JANE...IF YOU'D LIKE TO BRING HER TO THE PARTY, YOU MAY!
THINGS SHOULD REALLY BE SWINGING BY ABOUT EIGHT... ESPECIALLY WITH HER THERE!
THANKS, GWEN! I'M SURE M.J. WOULD GET A BIG KICK OUT OF IT!
GWEN DIDN'T EVEN GIVE ME A CHANCE TO ASK IF SHE'D... AWW, WHAT'S THE USE? TO HER, I'M JUST ANOTHER GUY NAMED PETE!
WILL YOU BE BRINGING A DATE, HARRY?
WITH YOU THERE, DOLL..?
...THAT WOULD BE LIKE BRINGING A CHEVY TO GENERAL MOTORS!
WELL, GENTLEMEN, IT'S BEEN A REAL BALL, BUT THE TIME HAS COME TO FILL MY LITTLE BLONDE HEAD WITH LEARNING!
YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'D BETTER MOVE! I'M DUE AT THE LAB!
SAY, GWEN...HOW ABOUT A SODA AFTER CLASS WHILE WE COMPARE SOME NOTES ON ENGLISH LIT? I'M AFRAID I'VE GOTTEN A LITTLE RUSTY!
OH, BRO-THER! HE WALKS AWAY WITH TOP HONORS IN EVERY CLASS... AND HE'S RUSTY!
SO WHAT DOES THAT MAKE A GUY LIKE ME?
COME TO THINK OF IT...DON'T ANSWER THAT!
WHAT DO YOU SAY, GWEN?
SORRY, PETE! I'LL BE BUSY GETTING THINGS READY FOR FLASH'S PARTY!
FACE IT, PARKER! YOU DESERVED THAT! WHEN GWEN WANTED TO BE FRIENDLY, I WAS NEVER AROUND!
I'M SURE MARY JANE CAN HELP YOU BRUSH UP ON YOUR NOTES!
YEAH, SURE, GWEN! NO SWEAT! SEE YOU LATER!
TOD
A FEW HOURS LATER, AS SOON AS CLASSES ARE THROUGH, A DRAMATIC FIGURE TURNS TO WEB-SWINGING AS HE ZOOMS ACROSS TOWN...
I ALMOST FORGOT... I HAVE TO REACH THE BUGLE..!
I STILL HAVE THOSE PHOTOS OF THE SHOCKER TO SELL*.. AND I'D BETTER DO IT WHILE THEY'RE STILL NEWS!
*SEE? OLD VILLAINS NEVER DIE! WE ALWAYS MENTION 'EM IN THE FOLLOWING ISH! ...SENTIMENTAL STAN.
AND NOW THAT WE'VE PROVEN THAT JAZZY JOHNNY STILL REMEMBERS HOW TO DRAW SPIDEY...
THERE'S NED AND BETTY!
THEY MIGHT GET A CHARGE OUT OF COMING TO FLASH'S PARTY, ALSO!
I'M GLAD I CHANGED UP ON THE ROOF FAST ENOUGH TO CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY LEAVE!
WHERE ARE YOU TWO GOING?? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO WORK TILL NOON AROUND HERE!
BUT IT IS NOON, MR. JAMESON!
BAH! I NEVER COULD STAND CLOCK-WATCHERS!
SOUNDS LIKE J.J.J. IS IN HIS USUAL MONDAY MORNING MOOD!
6.

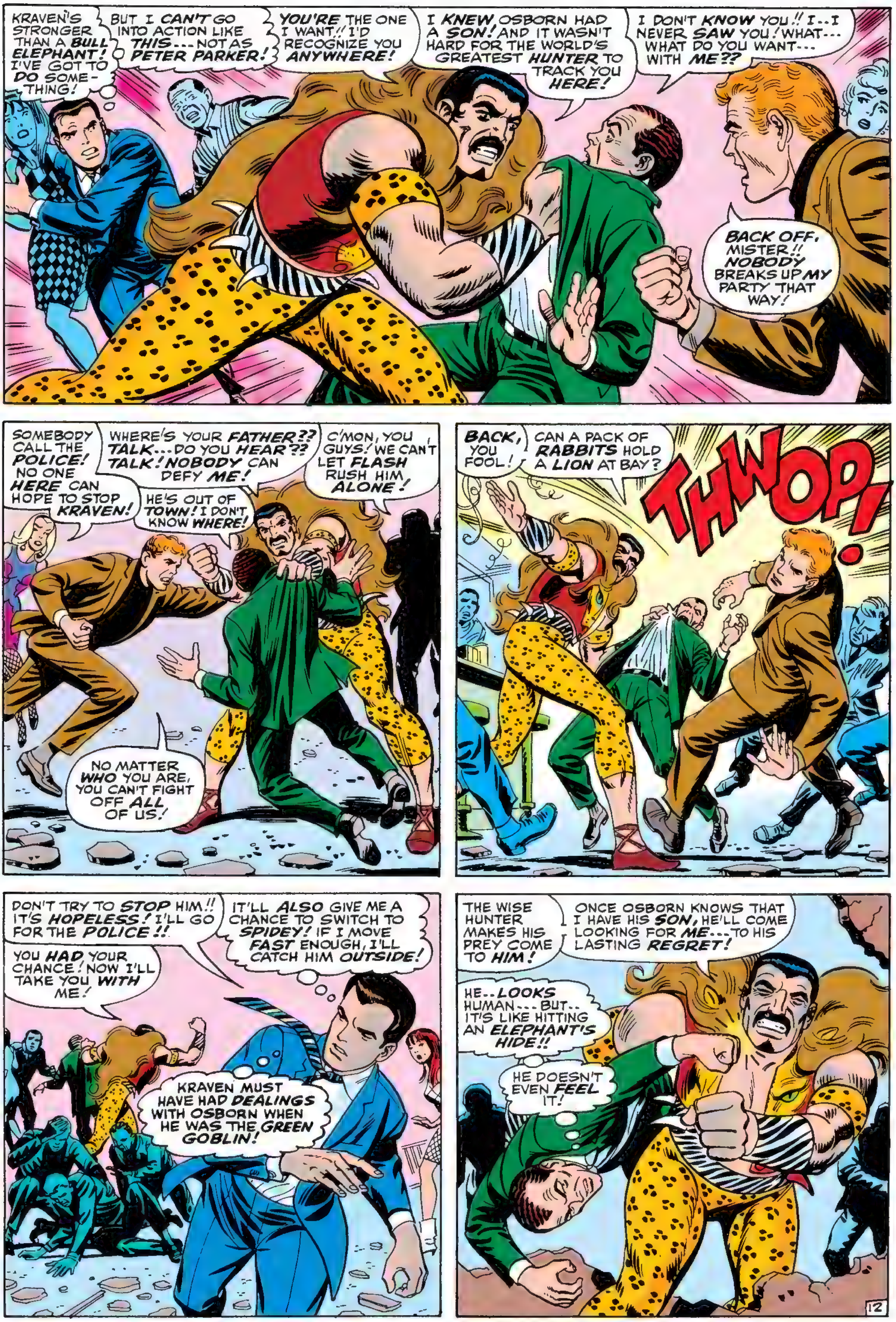

SAY THERE, GROUP! HOLD IT UP A SECOND, HUH?
IT'S PETER PARKER! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF THESE DAYS, FELLA?
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, NED? PETER IS ATTENDING E.S.U.!
HOW'VE YOU BEEN, PETER? HOW ARE CLASSES?
EVERYTHING COPACETIC, BETTY! DO YOU REMEMBER FLASH THOMPSON?
OF COURSE I DO!
HE'S E.S.U.'S STAR QUARTER-BACK!
NOT ANY MORE! HE'S GOING INTO THE ARMY--- AND WE'RE THROWING A PARTY FOR HIM TONIGHT!
SAY NO MORE!
WE WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!
WELL, NOW THAT THAT'S OUT OF THE WAY---
HI, MR. JAMESON! I'VE GOT SOME GREAT PIX FOR YOU...!
SHADDUP!! CAN'TCHA SEE I'M ON THE PHONE??!
NO! I'M NOT YELLING AT YOU!
THAT PIN-HEADED PETER PARKER JUST CAME IN--!
OKAY, THEN--- THIS PINHEAD'LL SELL HIS PIX TO THE GLOBE!
WAIT! STAY HERE! CAN'TCHA TAKE A JOKE?!!
LOOK, DAD--- SOUNDS AS THOUGH YOU'RE BUSY! TELL PARKER "HELLO" FOR ME, AND I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER ON!
I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT EVERYTHING'S OKAY HERE IN WASHINGTON, AND I'LL BE JOINING THE SPACE TEAM AGAIN SOON!
THAT'S MY BOY! REMEMBER, IF ANY OF THE BRASS GET IN YOUR WAY, TELL 'EM YOU'RE J. JONAH JAMESON'S SON!
WE'RE HAVING ENOUGH TROUBLE NOW, DAD--- WITHOUT STARTING ANOTHER WAR!
HEH HEH! YOU'RE A GREAT LITTLE KIDDER, JOHNNY BOY! BUT YOU'VE BEEN A COLONEL LONG ENOUGH! I WANT MY BOY TO BE A GENERAL, HEAR?
US JAMESONS ARE BORN WINNERS!
NOW! WADDAYA MEAN BARGIN' INTO MY OFFICE THAT WAY, AND---
I MEAN TO SELL YOU THESE PICTURES OF THE SHOCKER, THAT'S WHAT!
YOU'VE GOT PIX OF THE SHOCKER?? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?! THAT'S STOP THE PRESSES STUFF!
LEMME HAVE 'EM!
WHERE'S THE MONEY?
DO YOU THINK I'D CHEAT YOU??
EVERY CHANCE YOU'D GET!
BUT WHY DWELL ON HIGH FINANCE WHEN WE CAN SWITCH TO KRAVEN THE HUNTER--?
THERE'S OSBORN'S MANSION!
NOW I'LL SEE IF HE'S REALLY OUT OF TOWN--- OR IF HE'S TRYING TO HIDE FROM ME!

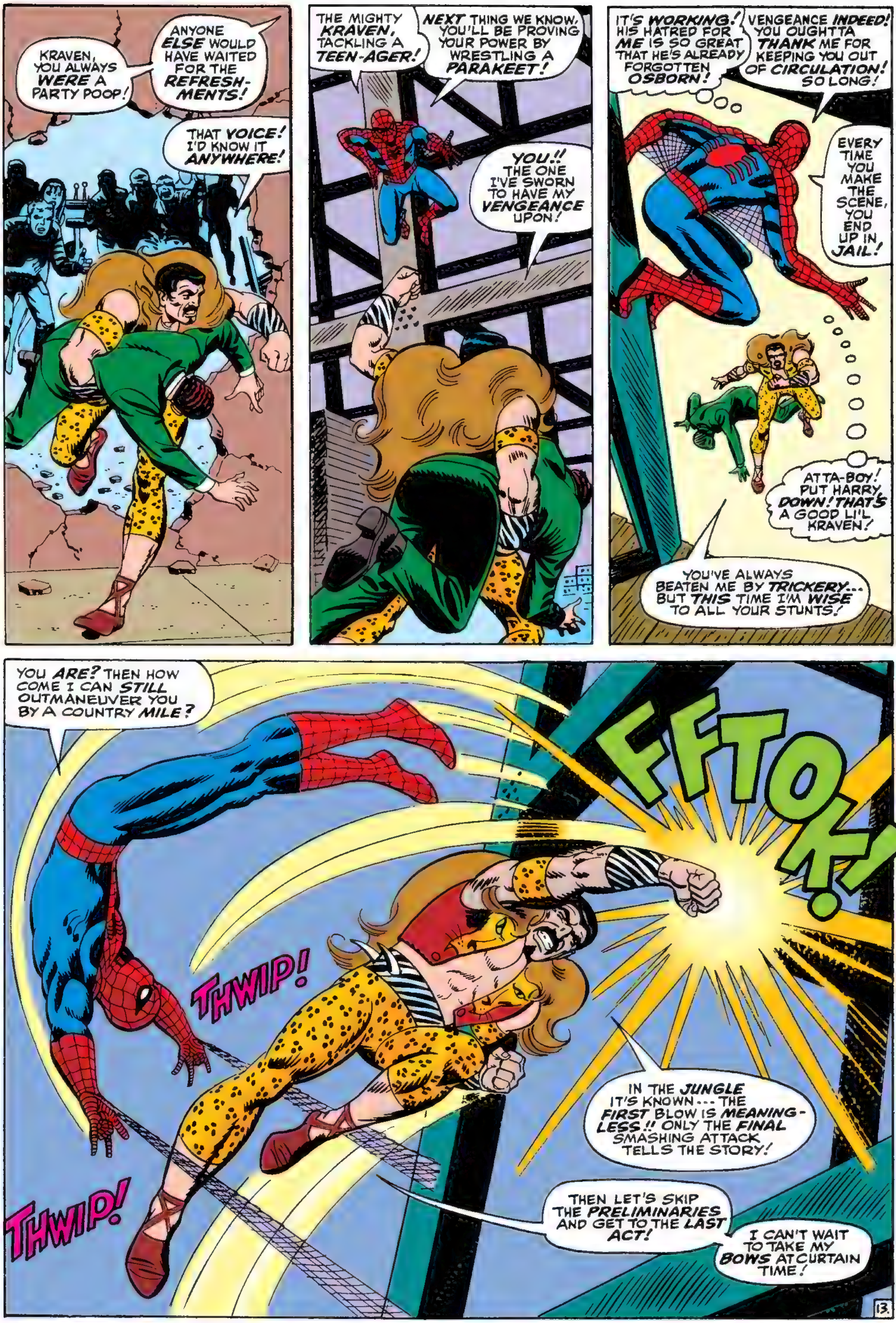

I WANT OSBORN!!
WHERE *IS* HE??!
KRAK!
KRAVEN--- THE *HUNTER!*
THE MASTER IS NOT *HERE,* SIR!--HE--HE IS ON A *BUSINESS TRIP*--- OUT OF *TOWN*--!
DON'T TRY TO *LIE* TO ME!!
I CAN STOP A CHARGING *BULL ELEPHANT* IN HIS TRACKS WITH MY OWN *STRENGTH!!* I CAN DEFEAT A FULL-GROWN *LION* IN BARE-HANDED *COMBAT!! NOBODY* LIES TO *KRAVEN!!*
IT--- IT IS THE *TRUTH,* SIR!! HE IS NOT HERE!! SEE FOR *YOURSELF*--!!
I DON'T *HAVE* TO SEE!! MY OWN *ANIMAL SENSE* TELLS ME YOU'RE TOO *FRIGHTENED* TO LIE!
HE'S GOT TO COME BACK *SOME* TIME, DOESN'T HE??
WHEN HE *DOES* RETURN--- YOU GIVE HIM A *MESSAGE*--!
SKRISSK!
YOU TELL HIM---
KRAVEN WAS HERE!
HE'S LIKE A WILD *BEAST*--- BUT-- MORE *POWERFUL* BY FAR!
I *MUST* CONTACT THE MASTER! MR. OSBORN MUST BE *WARNED*--!
JUST FORGIVE US THIS ONE ADDITIONAL INTERRUPTION! YOU SEE, PETER PARKER GOES TO SO *FEW* PARTIES, WE JUST DON'T WANNA MISS A *MINUTE* OF THIS ONE---
LET'S *FACE* IT, PETE! WE MUST BE DOING *SOMETHING* RIGHT!
BETWEEN MY *GWEN* AND YOUR *MARY JANE,* WE'VE REALLY GOT IT *MADE!*
IT *FIGGERS,* SON! WE'RE STRICTLY FROM *WOW* CITY!
WHAT'S *WITH* ME? WHY DO I GET ALL SHOOK-UP WHEN I HEAR HIM CALL HER *HIS* GWEN?!!

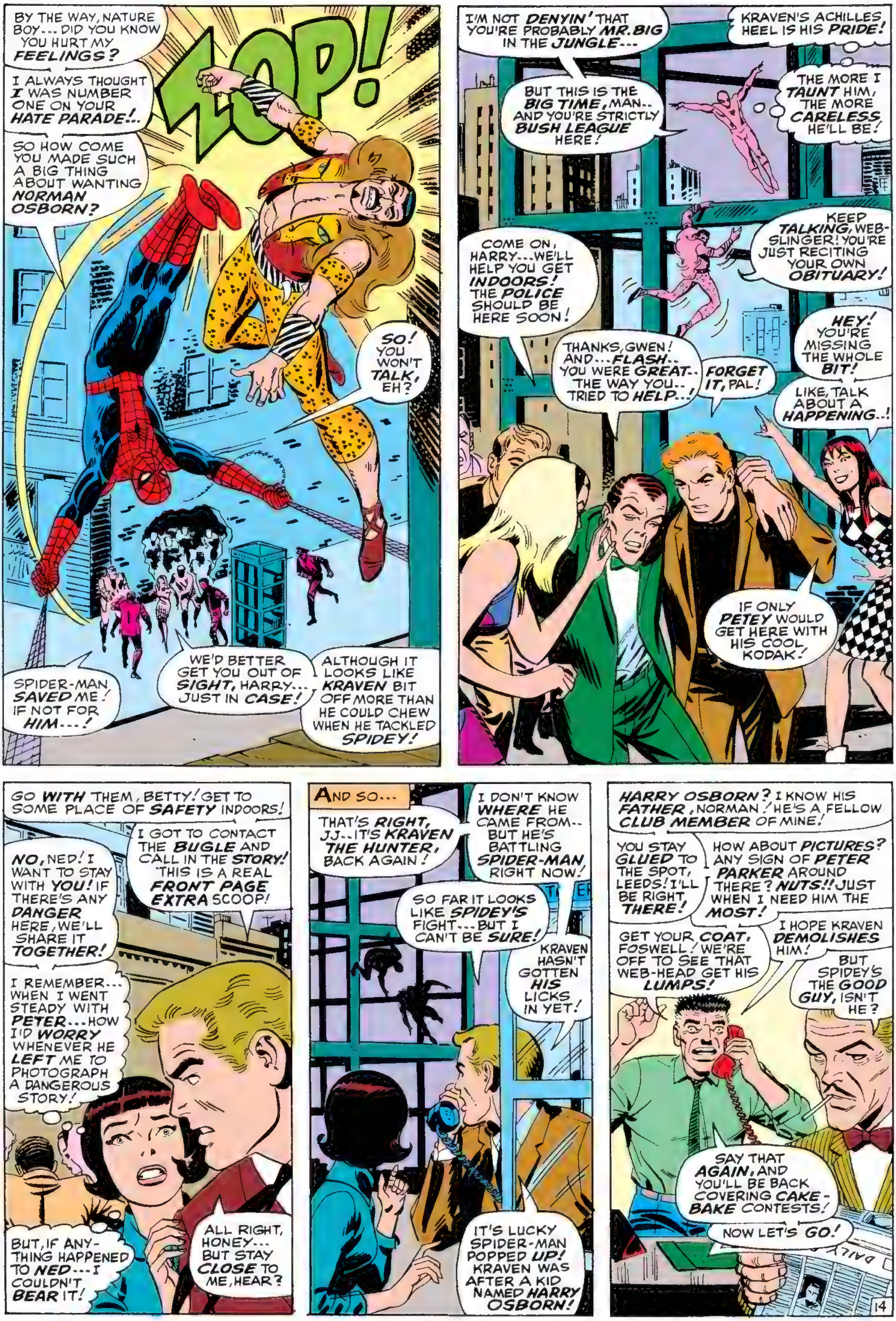

ATTENTION SPIDOPHILES: IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY WE'RE MAKING WITH ALL THE MOON-JUNE JAZZ WHEN WE'VE GOT A CAT LIKE KRAVEN JUST WAITING TO BE UNLEASHED... DON'T LOSE YOUR COOL..!
IT'S ALL GONNA DOVETAIL TOGETHER AND TURN INTO A SYMPHONY OF ACTION.. OR ANYWAY, THAT'S THE WAY WE PLANNED IT! ...SMILEY!
GOOD THING YOU'VE GOT THIS BOAT, HARRY!
WE'D NEVER BE ABLE TO PICK UP BOTH GALS ON MY CYCLE!
ALTHOUGH... IT MIGHT BE FUN TO TRY!
I MAY HAVE TO TRADE THIS CAR IN SOON... IT NEEDS A WASH!
LOOK! THERE'S GWEN!
AHH, MY TWO GALLANT KNIGHTS ON THEIR SPEEDING STEED!
GWEN!! IF..IF I'D KNOWN YOU'D LOOK LIKE THAT.. I'D HAVE GOTTEN HERE SOONER!
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT ME TO LOOK LIKE? YOGI BEAR?
IF YOU... THINK IT'S TOO CHILLY.. WE CAN PUT THE TOP UP..?
BITE YOUR TONGUE, IMPETUOUS ONE! WE NIGHT PEOPLE THRIVE ON MOON BURNS!
IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY OF MY LIFE.. ALL OVER AGAIN!
WHEN I FIRST MET GWEN, AND SHE SORT'A TOOK A SHINE TO ME, I WAS TOO BUSY WALTZIN' AROUND WITH THE MOLTEN MAN, THE SCORPION, AND A DOZEN OTHER BADDIES TO GIVE HER THE TIME OF DAY!
BUT NOW... WITH EVERYTHING NICE AND PEACEFUL... AND WITH GWEN SENDING ME INTO ORBIT WHENEVER I LOOK AT HER... SHE SUDDENLY FORGOT MY NAME!
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE FLASH'S FACE WHEN WE GIVE HIM HIS SENDOFF!
AND SPEAKING OF FACES... THERE'S M.J.--!
HI, MARY JANE! HOP IN... WE'RE ALL SET!
WHO NEEDS A CAR? WHEN THERE'S A PARTY TO GO TO, I CAN LIKE FLY ALL THE WAY!
SHE MAY NOT GRAB ME AS MUCH AS GWEN... BUT NOBODY CAN SAY THAT GAL ISN'T 100% DREAMSVILLE!
AND NOW, TO PROVE THIS REALLY ISN'T OUR VERSION OF PEYTON PLACE, WE'RE GONNA SKIP THE ENTIRE RIDE TO THE SODA PARLOR AND DELIVER YOU TO THE SCENE ONE-TWO-THREE..!
GWEN! YOU'RE TOO MUCH! DID YOU REALLY ARRANGE THE DECORATIONS? THEY'RE JUST OUT OF SIGHT!
THIS IS ONE NIGHT FLASH'LL REMEMBER!
I NEVER GOT A SENDOFF LIKE THIS WHEN I JOINED THE SCOUTS!
WELL, IT ISN'T THE COPACABANA, BUT IT BEATS DANCING ON THE SIDEWALK!
BUT WHERE'S THE GUEST OF HONOR! WHAT HAPPENED TO FLASH?
DON'T PANIC, PILGRIMS! THE NIGHT'S STILL YOUNG!
IT WAS SO NICE OF PETER TO INVITE US, NED!
I WONDER WHICH OF THOSE TWO GORGEOUS GIRLS HE'S MOST INTERESTED IN?
LOOKS LIKE THE GANG'S ALL HERE! NOW, ALL WE NEED IS FLASH!
C'MON IN, KIDS! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!
WOULDN'T IT BE SOMETHING IF HE DOESN'T SHOW?!!

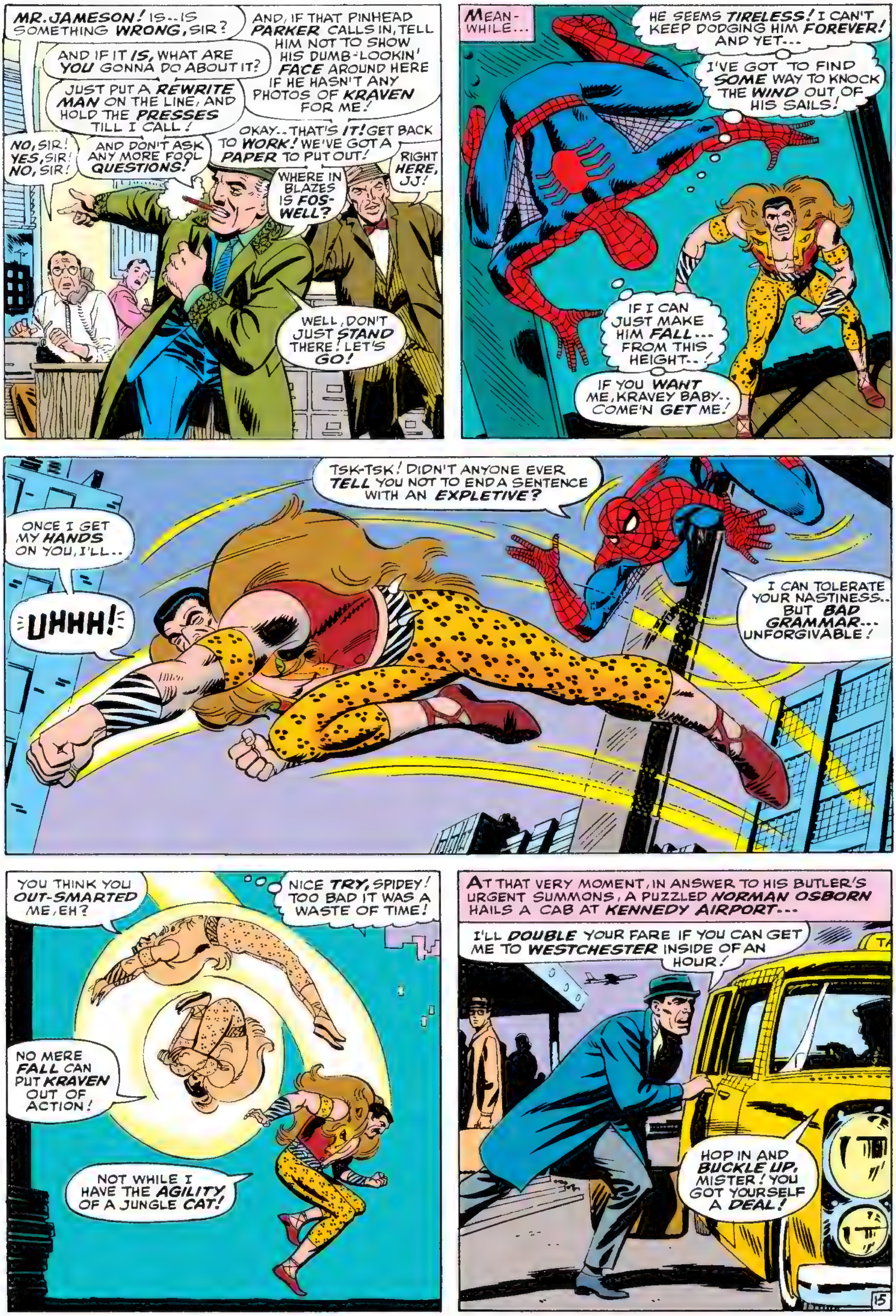

BUT THEN, A MOMENT LATER...
GET WITH IT, GANG!.. HERE HE IS... OL' FLASHEROO, IN LIVIN' COLOR!
HEY! THIS IS TOO MUCH! SOMEONE MUST'A TOLD YOU I'M GONNA WIN THE WAR SINGLE-HANDED!
YOU CAN'T MISS, BIG MAN! JUST PRETEND THE JUNGLE IS A KING-SIZED FOOTBALL FIELD!
BUT DON'T WASTE TIME LOOKIN' FOR THE GOAL POSTS, HEAR?
HE'S BEEN A THORN IN MY SIDE FOR YEARS --- BUT I'LL BET FLASH'LL MAKE A GREAT SOLDIER!
HE'S GOT EVERYTHING IT TAKES!
IF YOU SAY SO, DAD!
BUT MARY JANE SAY: LET'S NOT WASTE THAT BEAT, PETE!
NOW YOU'RE WITH IT, PETEY-O!
YOU KNOW IT, LADY! BUT I JUST WANNA TALK TO FLASH FOR A WHILE ---
PUH-LEESE! NO NAMES! THE ENEMY MAY BE LISTENING!
MMM-MMM! THIS TEMPO REALLY TURNS ME ON!
SAY, PRETTY GIRL --- ARE WE GONNA LET PETE AND M.J. HOG THE SPOTLIGHT?
M.J.? SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING ME GIVE OUT THE 'BURGERS!
NO CHICK WHO CAN DANCE LIKE THAT IS GONNA DISH OUT MEATBALLS!
HERE, FRIENDLY PHILOSOPHER! I'VE JUST RESIGNED!
HEY, GANG... LOOK AT GWEN GO!!
WOW-EEEE! IF WE COULD PACKAGE THAT, WE'D BE RICH!
C'MON... LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE LITTLE LADY!
BACK, YOU TIGERS! GIVE 'ER ROOM!
MMM-BOY! FLASH OUGHTTA ENLIST EVERY DAY!

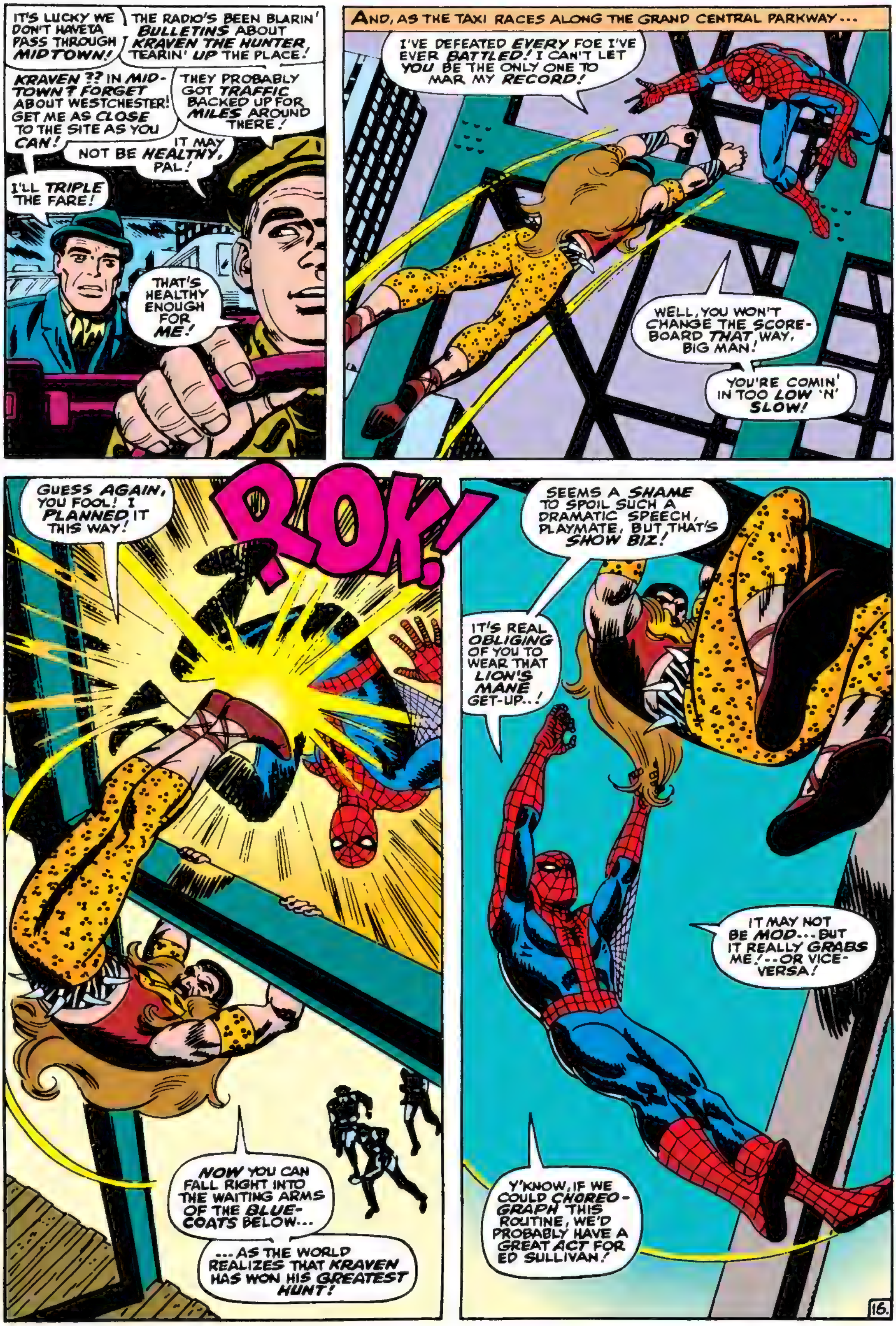

I THOUGHT YOU WERE PASSING OUT THE 'BURGERS, GWEN!
DON'T FRET, PET! I SAVED A FEW FOR YOU!
COOL IT, KIDS! WHO WANTS FOOD AT A TIME LIKE THIS?!!
AND THAT'S THE GAL I NEVER HAD TIME TO DATE! HOOO, BOY!
PUT YOUR EYES BACK IN YOUR HEAD, PARKER! YOU WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE IN THAT LEAGUE!
SHE MAKES OTHER CHICKS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE OFF THE WALL!
ALTHOUGH I WOULDN'T EXACTLY PUT MARY JANE OUT TO PASTURE EITHER!
THE WAY M.J. IS LOOKING AT GWEN, THERE'S LIABLE TO BE A AN EXPLOSION SOON...!*
*HANG LOOSE, HARRY... YOU DON'T KNOW HOW RIGHT YOU ARE...
FA-THOOM!
THAT FACE!! THAT COSTUME! IT'S KRAVEN.. THE HUNTER!
IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES... DON'T ANYONE MOVE!!
THE SON OF NORMAN OSBORN IS HERE... AND I WANT HIM!
HOLY SMOKE!! WHAT HAPPENED..? WHAT IS IT??!
A MAN!! HE... HE PUNCHED HIS WAY RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!!
HARRY OSBORN!! WHY DOES HE WANT HIM..??!

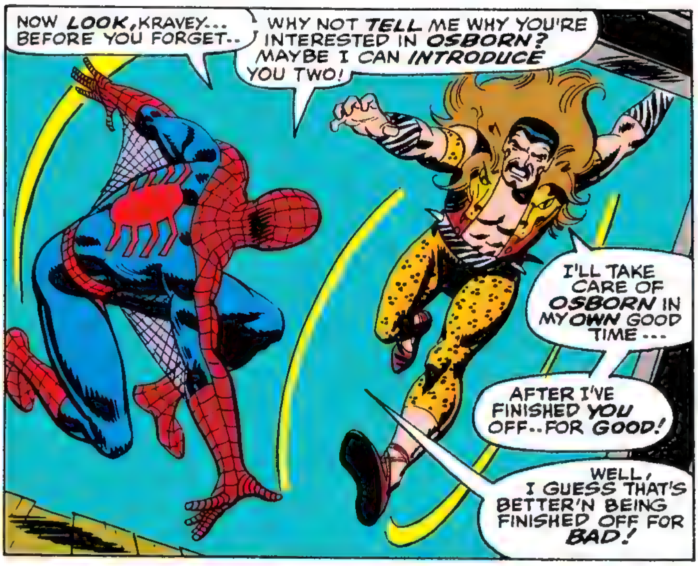

KRAVEN'S STRONGER THAN A BULL ELEPHANT! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
BUT I CAN'T GO INTO ACTION LIKE THIS... NOT AS PETER PARKER!
YOU'RE THE ONE I WANT!! I'D RECOGNIZE YOU ANYWHERE!
I KNEW OSBORN HAD A SON! AND IT WASN'T HARD FOR THE WORLD'S GREATEST HUNTER TO TRACK YOU HERE!
I DON'T KNOW YOU!! I..I NEVER SAW YOU! WHAT--- WHAT DO YOU WANT--- WITH ME??
BACK OFF, MISTER!! NOBODY BREAKS UP MY PARTY THAT WAY!
SOMEBODY CALL THE POLICE! NO ONE HERE CAN HOPE TO STOP KRAVEN!
WHERE'S YOUR FATHER?? TALK... DO YOU HEAR?? TALK! NOBODY CAN DEFY ME!
HE'S OUT OF TOWN! I DON'T KNOW WHERE!
C'MON, YOU GUYS! WE CAN'T LET FLASH RUSH HIM ALONE!
NO MATTER WHO YOU ARE, YOU CAN'T FIGHT OFF ALL OF US!
BACK, YOU FOOL!
CAN A PACK OF RABBITS HOLD A LION AT BAY?
THWOP!
DON'T TRY TO STOP HIM!! IT'S HOPELESS! I'LL GO FOR THE POLICE!!
IT'LL ALSO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SWITCH TO SPIDEY! IF I MOVE FAST ENOUGH, I'LL CATCH HIM OUTSIDE!
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE! NOW I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME!
KRAVEN MUST HAVE HAD DEALINGS WITH OSBORN WHEN HE WAS THE GREEN GOBLIN!
THE WISE HUNTER MAKES HIS PREY COME TO HIM!
ONCE OSBORN KNOWS THAT I HAVE HIS SON, HE'LL COME LOOKING FOR ME---TO HIS LASTING REGRET!
HE..LOOKS HUMAN--- BUT.. IT'S LIKE HITTING AN ELEPHANT'S HIDE!!
HE DOESN'T EVEN FEEL IT!

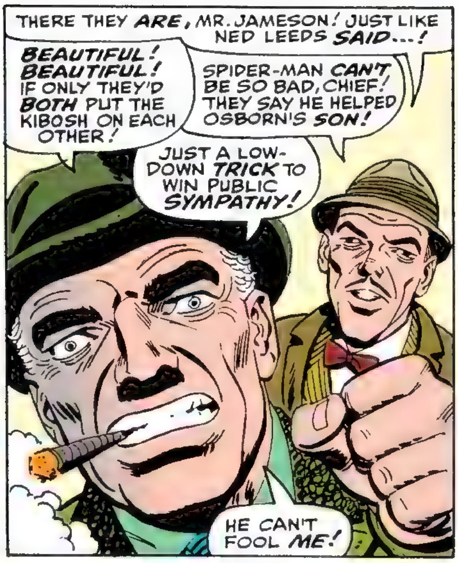

KRAVEN, YOU ALWAYS WERE A PARTY POOP!
ANYONE ELSE WOULD HAVE WAITED FOR THE REFRESHMENTS!
THAT VOICE! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE!
THE MIGHTY KRAVEN, TACKLING A TEEN-AGER!
NEXT THING WE KNOW, YOU'LL BE PROVING YOUR POWER BY WRESTLING A PARAKEET!
YOU!! THE ONE I'VE SWORN TO HAVE MY VENGEANCE UPON!
IT'S WORKING! HIS HATRED FOR ME IS SO GREAT THAT HE'S ALREADY FORGOTTEN OSBORN!
VENGEANCE INDEED! YOU OUGHTTA THANK ME FOR KEEPING YOU OUT OF CIRCULATION! SO LONG!
EVERY TIME YOU MAKE THE SCENE, YOU END UP IN JAIL!
ATTA-BOY! PUT HARRY DOWN! THAT'S A GOOD LI'L KRAVEN!
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEATEN ME BY TRICKERY... BUT THIS TIME I'M WISE TO ALL YOUR STUNTS!
YOU ARE? THEN HOW COME I CAN STILL OUTMANEUVER YOU BY A COUNTRY MILE?
FFTOK!
THWIP!
THWIP!
IN THE JUNGLE IT'S KNOWN --- THE FIRST BLOW IS MEANINGLESS!! ONLY THE FINAL SMASHING ATTACK TELLS THE STORY!
THEN LET'S SKIP THE PRELIMINARIES AND GET TO THE LAST ACT!
I CAN'T WAIT TO TAKE MY BOWS AT CURTAIN TIME!

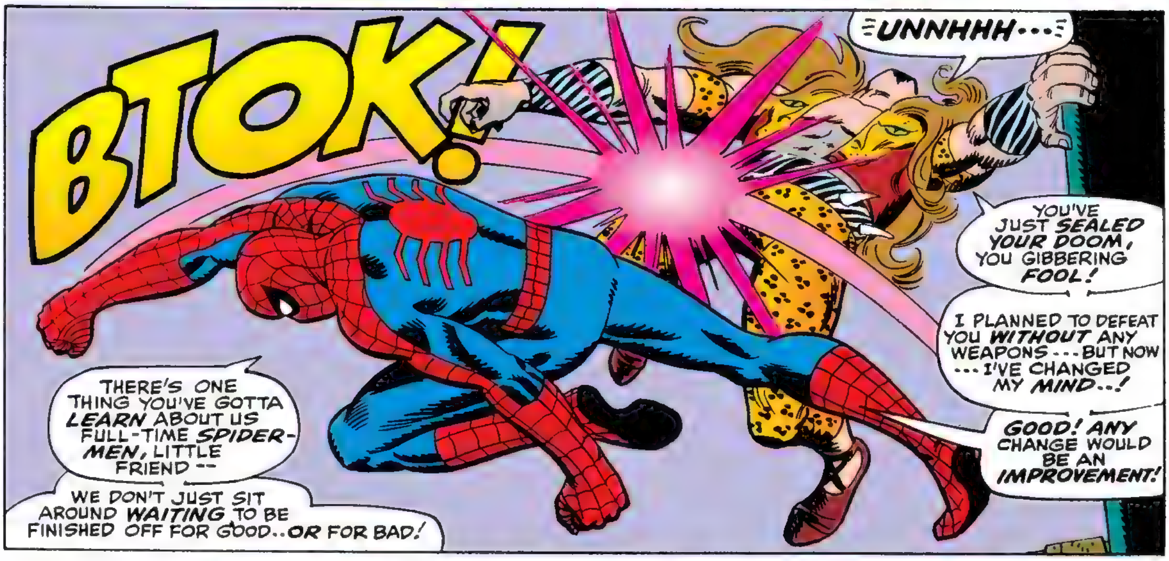

BY THE WAY, NATURE BOY... DID YOU KNOW YOU HURT MY FEELINGS?
ZOP!
I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS NUMBER ONE ON YOUR HATE PARADE!..
SO HOW COME YOU MADE SUCH A BIG THING ABOUT WANTING NORMAN OSBORN?
SO! YOU WON'T TALK, EH?
SPIDER-MAN SAVED ME! IF NOT FOR HIM---!
WE'D BETTER GET YOU OUT OF SIGHT, HARRY... JUST IN CASE!
ALTHOUGH IT LOOKS LIKE KRAVEN BIT OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW WHEN HE TACKLED SPIDEY!
I'M NOT DENYIN' THAT YOU'RE PROBABLY MR. BIG IN THE JUNGLE---
KRAVEN'S ACHILLES HEEL IS HIS PRIDE!
BUT THIS IS THE BIG TIME, MAN.. AND YOU'RE STRICTLY BUSH LEAGUE HERE!
THE MORE I TAUNT HIM, THE MORE CARELESS HE'LL BE!
COME ON, HARRY... WE'LL HELP YOU GET INDOORS! THE POLICE SHOULD BE HERE SOON!
KEEP TALKING, WEB-SLINGER! YOU'RE JUST RECITING YOUR OWN OBITUARY!
THANKS, GWEN! AND...FLASH.. YOU WERE GREAT.. THE WAY YOU.. TRIED TO HELP..!
FORGET IT, PAL!
HEY! YOU'RE MISSING THE WHOLE BIT!
LIKE, TALK ABOUT A HAPPENING..!
IF ONLY PETEY WOULD GET HERE WITH HIS COOL KODAK!
GO WITH THEM, BETTY! GET TO SOME PLACE OF SAFETY INDOORS!
I GOT TO CONTACT THE BUGLE AND CALL IN THE STORY! THIS IS A REAL FRONT PAGE EXTRA SCOOP!
NO, NED! I WANT TO STAY WITH YOU! IF THERE'S ANY DANGER HERE, WE'LL SHARE IT TOGETHER!
I REMEMBER... WHEN I WENT STEADY WITH PETER... HOW I'D WORRY WHENEVER HE LEFT ME TO PHOTOGRAPH A DANGEROUS STORY!
BUT, IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO NED---I COULDN'T BEAR IT!
ALL RIGHT, HONEY... BUT STAY CLOSE TO ME, HEAR?
AND SO...
THAT'S RIGHT, JJ..IT'S KRAVEN THE HUNTER, BACK AGAIN!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE CAME FROM.. BUT HE'S BATTLING SPIDER-MAN RIGHT NOW!
SO FAR IT LOOKS LIKE SPIDEY'S FIGHT... BUT I CAN'T BE SURE!
KRAVEN HASN'T GOTTEN HIS LICKS IN YET!
IT'S LUCKY SPIDER-MAN POPPED UP! KRAVEN WAS AFTER A KID NAMED HARRY OSBORN!
HARRY OSBORN? I KNOW HIS FATHER, NORMAN! HE'S A FELLOW CLUB MEMBER OF MINE!
YOU STAY GLUED TO THE SPOT, LEEDS! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
HOW ABOUT PICTURES? ANY SIGN OF PETER PARKER AROUND THERE? NUTS!! JUST WHEN I NEED HIM THE MOST!
GET YOUR COAT, FOSWELL! WE'RE OFF TO SEE THAT WEB-HEAD GET HIS LUMPS!
I HOPE KRAVEN DEMOLISHES HIM!
BUT SPIDEY'S THE GOOD GUY, ISN'T HE?
SAY THAT AGAIN, AND YOU'LL BE BACK COVERING CAKE-BAKE CONTESTS!
NOW LET'S GO!
DAILY

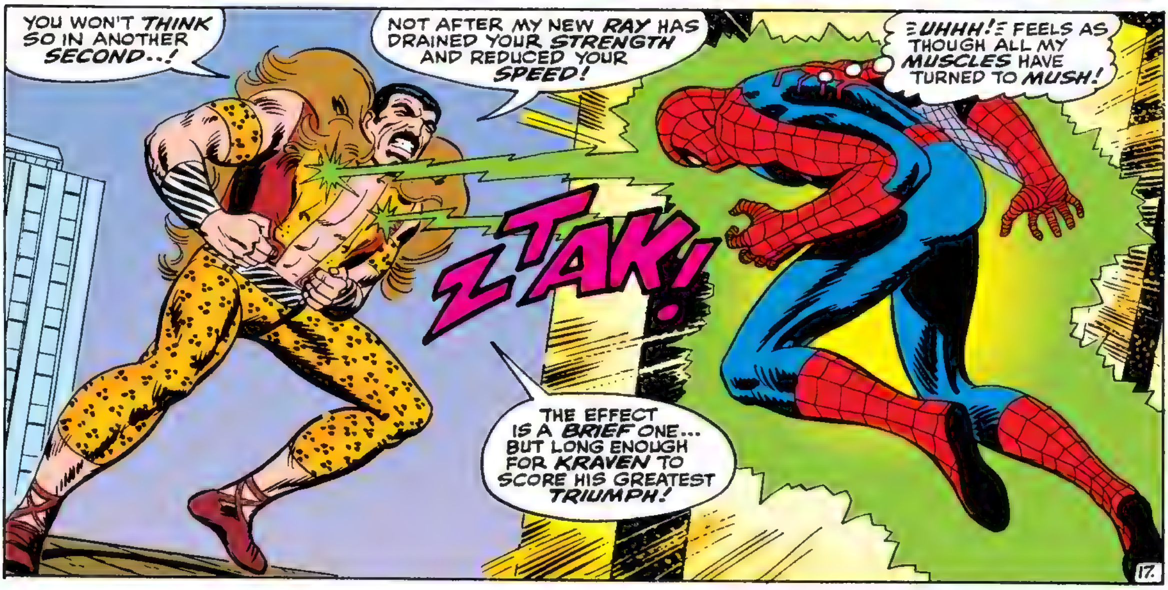

MR. JAMESON! IS..IS SOMETHING WRONG, SIR?
AND IF IT IS, WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?
JUST PUT A REWRITE MAN ON THE LINE, AND HOLD THE PRESSES TILL I CALL!
NO, SIR! YES, SIR! NO, SIR!
AND DON'T ASK ANY MORE FOOL QUESTIONS!
AND, IF THAT PINHEAD PARKER CALLS IN, TELL HIM NOT TO SHOW HIS DUMB-LOOKIN' FACE AROUND HERE IF HE HASN'T ANY PHOTOS OF KRAVEN FOR ME!
OKAY.. THAT'S IT! GET BACK TO WORK! WE'VE GOT A PAPER TO PUT OUT!
WHERE IN BLAZES IS FOSWELL?
RIGHT HERE, JJ!
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! LET'S GO!
MEANWHILE...
HE SEEMS TIRELESS! I CAN'T KEEP DODGING HIM FOREVER! AND YET...
I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO KNOCK THE WIND OUT OF HIS SAILS!
IF I CAN JUST MAKE HIM FALL... FROM THIS HEIGHT..!
IF YOU WANT ME, KRAVEY BABY.. COME'N GET ME!
ONCE I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, I'LL..
UHHH!
TSK-TSK! DIDN'T ANYONE EVER TELL YOU NOT TO END A SENTENCE WITH AN EXPLETIVE?
I CAN TOLERATE YOUR NASTINESS.. BUT BAD GRAMMAR... UNFORGIVABLE!
YOU THINK YOU OUT-SMARTED ME, EH?
NICE TRY, SPIDEY! TOO BAD IT WAS A WASTE OF TIME!
NO MERE FALL CAN PUT KRAVEN OUT OF ACTION!
NOT WHILE I HAVE THE AGILITY OF A JUNGLE CAT!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN ANSWER TO HIS BUTLER'S URGENT SUMMONS, A PUZZLED NORMAN OSBORN HAILS A CAB AT KENNEDY AIRPORT...
I'LL DOUBLE YOUR FARE IF YOU CAN GET ME TO WESTCHESTER INSIDE OF AN HOUR!
HOP IN AND BUCKLE UP, MISTER! YOU GOT YOURSELF A DEAL!

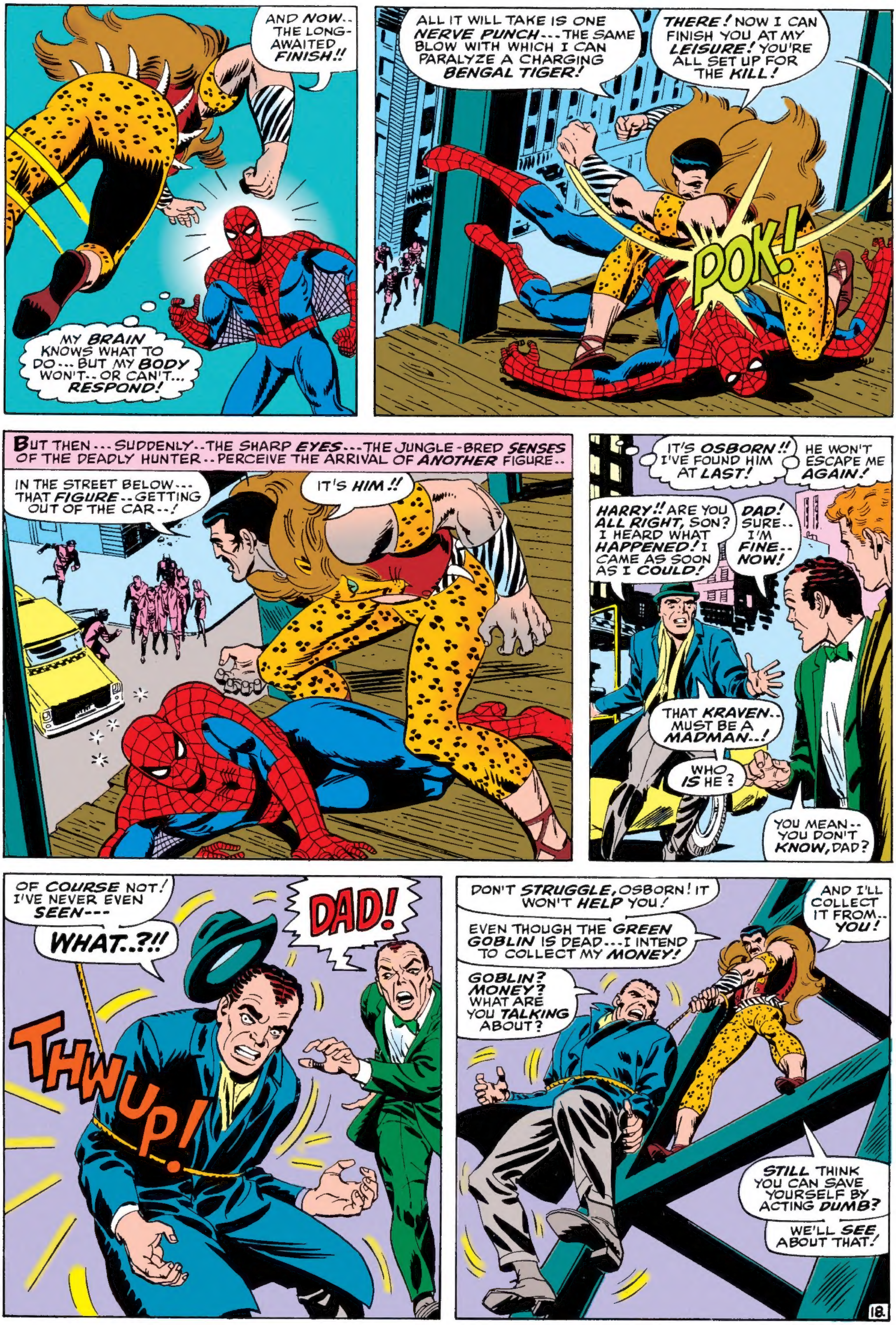

IT'S LUCKY WE DON'T HAVETA PASS THROUGH MIDTOWN!
THE RADIO'S BEEN BLARIN' BULLETINS ABOUT KRAVEN THE HUNTER TEARIN' UP THE PLACE!
KRAVEN ?? IN MIDTOWN? FORGET ABOUT WESTCHESTER! GET ME AS CLOSE TO THE SITE AS YOU CAN!
THEY PROBABLY GOT TRAFFIC BACKED UP FOR MILES AROUND THERE!
IT MAY NOT BE HEALTHY, PAL!
I'LL TRIPLE THE FARE!
THAT'S HEALTHY ENOUGH FOR ME!
AND, AS THE TAXI RACES ALONG THE GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY...
I'VE DEFEATED EVERY FOE I'VE EVER BATTLED! I CAN'T LET YOU BE THE ONLY ONE TO MAR MY RECORD!
WELL, YOU WON'T CHANGE THE SCOREBOARD THAT WAY, BIG MAN!
YOU'RE COMIN' IN TOO LOW 'N' SLOW!
GUESS AGAIN, YOU FOOL! I PLANNED IT THIS WAY!
ROK!
NOW YOU CAN FALL RIGHT INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF THE BLUE-COATS BELOW...
...AS THE WORLD REALIZES THAT KRAVEN HAS WON HIS GREATEST HUNT!
SEEMS A SHAME TO SPOIL SUCH A DRAMATIC SPEECH, PLAYMATE, BUT THAT'S SHOW BIZ!
IT'S REAL OBLIGING OF YOU TO WEAR THAT LION'S MANE GET-UP..!
IT MAY NOT BE MOD... BUT IT REALLY GRABS ME!--OR VICE-VERSA!
Y'KNOW, IF WE COULD CHOREOGRAPH THIS ROUTINE, WE'D PROBABLY HAVE A GREAT ACT FOR ED SULLIVAN!

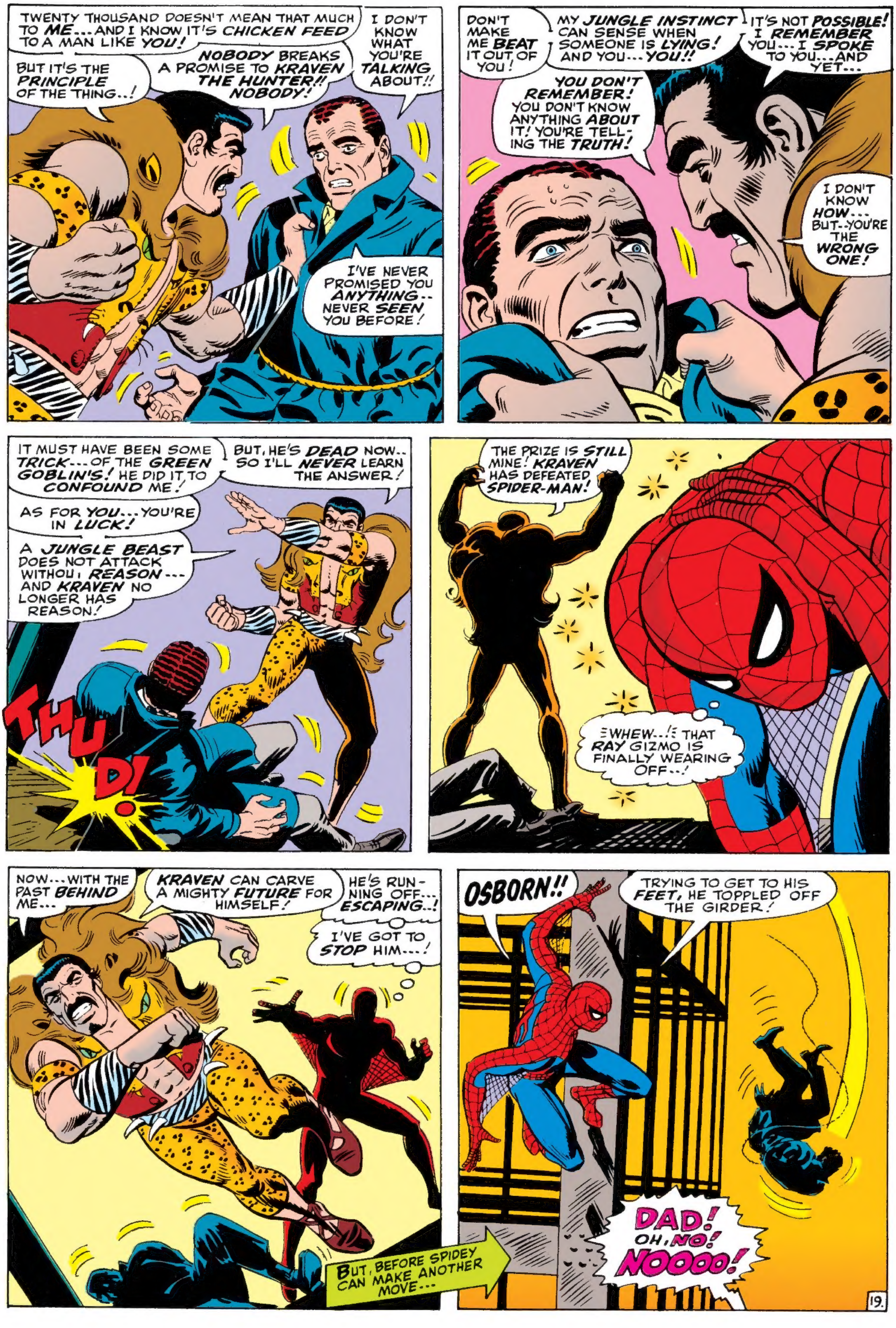

NOW LOOK, KRAVEY... BEFORE YOU FORGET..
WHY NOT TELL ME WHY YOU'RE INTERESTED IN OSBORN? MAYBE I CAN INTRODUCE YOU TWO!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF OSBORN IN MY OWN GOOD TIME ...
AFTER I'VE FINISHED YOU OFF..FOR GOOD!
WELL, I GUESS THAT'S BETTER'N BEING FINISHED OFF FOR BAD!

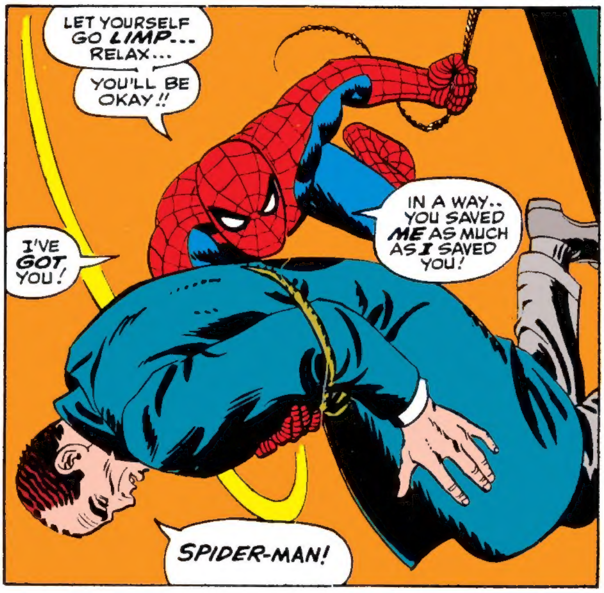

THERE THEY ARE, MR. JAMESON! JUST LIKE NED LEEDS SAID...!
BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! IF ONLY THEY'D BOTH PUT THE KIBOSH ON EACH OTHER!
SPIDER-MAN CAN'T BE SO BAD, CHIEF! THEY SAY HE HELPED OSBORN'S SON!
JUST A LOW-DOWN TRICK TO WIN PUBLIC SYMPATHY!
HE CAN'T FOOL ME!

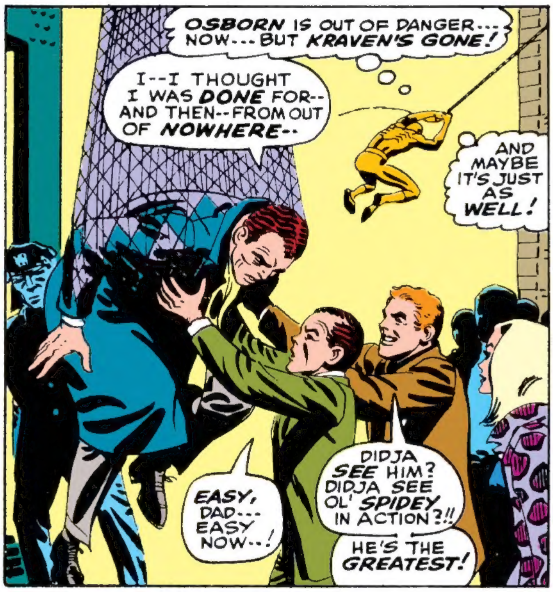

BTOK!
UNNHHH...
YOU'VE JUST SEALED YOUR DOOM, YOU GIBBERING FOOL!
I PLANNED TO DEFEAT YOU WITHOUT ANY WEAPONS...BUT NOW...I'VE CHANGED MY MIND..!
GOOD! ANY CHANGE WOULD BE AN IMPROVEMENT!
THERE'S ONE THING YOU'VE GOTTA LEARN ABOUT US FULL-TIME SPIDER-MEN, LITTLE FRIEND --
WE DON'T JUST SIT AROUND WAITING TO BE FINISHED OFF FOR GOOD..OR FOR BAD!

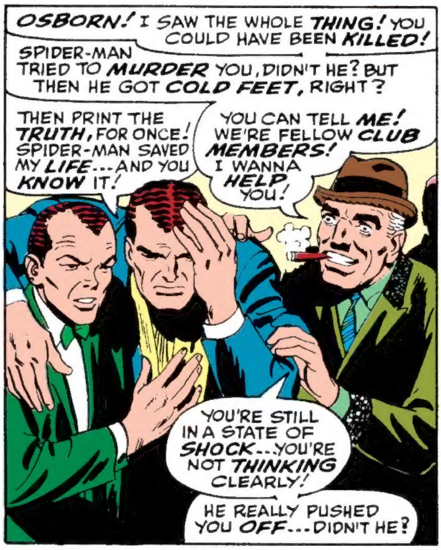

YOU WON'T THINK SO IN ANOTHER SECOND..!
NOT AFTER MY NEW RAY HAS DRAINED YOUR STRENGTH AND REDUCED YOUR SPEED!
UHHH! FEELS AS THOUGH ALL MY MUSCLES HAVE TURNED TO MUSH!
ZZTAK!
THE EFFECT IS A BRIEF ONE... BUT LONG ENOUGH FOR KRAVEN TO SCORE HIS GREATEST TRIUMPH!

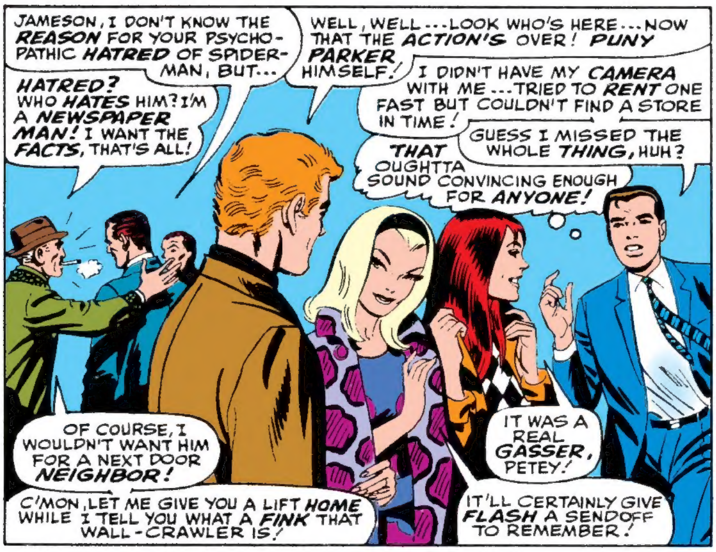

AND NOW.. THE LONG-AWAITED FINISH!!
MY BRAIN KNOWS WHAT TO DO... BUT MY BODY WON'T.. OR CAN'T... RESPOND!
ALL IT WILL TAKE IS ONE NERVE PUNCH--- THE SAME BLOW WITH WHICH I CAN PARALYZE A CHARGING BENGAL TIGER!
THERE! NOW I CAN FINISH YOU AT MY LEISURE! YOU'RE ALL SET UP FOR THE KILL!
POK!
BUT THEN... SUDDENLY.. THE SHARP EYES... THE JUNGLE-BRED SENSES OF THE DEADLY HUNTER.. PERCEIVE THE ARRIVAL OF ANOTHER FIGURE..
IN THE STREET BELOW... THAT FIGURE.. GETTING OUT OF THE CAR--!
IT'S HIM!!
IT'S OSBORN!! I'VE FOUND HIM AT LAST!
HE WON'T ESCAPE ME AGAIN!
HARRY!! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SON? I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED! I CAME AS SOON AS I COULD!
DAD! SURE.. I'M FINE.. NOW!
THAT KRAVEN.. MUST BE A MADMAN..!
WHO IS HE?
YOU MEAN.. YOU DON'T KNOW, DAD?
OF COURSE NOT! I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN---
WHAT..?!!
DAD!
THWUP!
DON'T STRUGGLE, OSBORN! IT WON'T HELP YOU!
EVEN THOUGH THE GREEN GOBLIN IS DEAD... I INTEND TO COLLECT MY MONEY!
AND I'LL COLLECT IT FROM.. YOU!
GOBLIN? MONEY? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
STILL THINK YOU CAN SAVE YOURSELF BY ACTING DUMB?
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

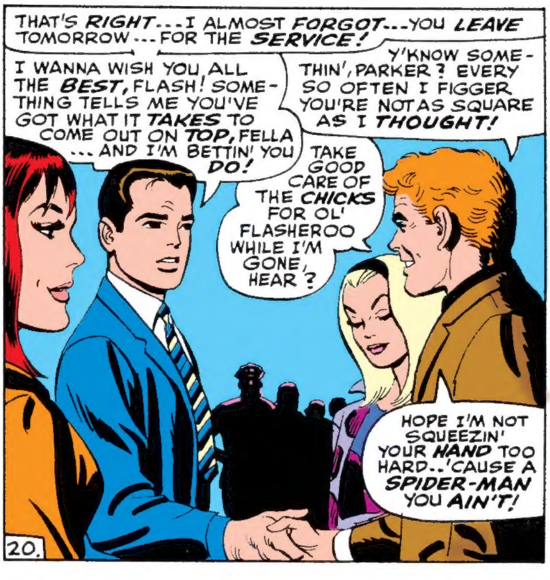

TWENTY THOUSAND DOESN'T MEAN THAT MUCH TO ME... AND I KNOW IT'S CHICKEN FEED TO A MAN LIKE YOU!
BUT IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING..!
NOBODY BREAKS A PROMISE TO KRAVEN THE HUNTER!! NOBODY!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!!
I'VE NEVER PROMISED YOU ANYTHING.. NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE!
DON'T MAKE ME BEAT IT OUT OF YOU!
MY JUNGLE INSTINCT CAN SENSE WHEN SOMEONE IS LYING! AND YOU... YOU!!
YOU DON'T REMEMBER! YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT! YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH!
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! I REMEMBER YOU... I SPOKE TO YOU...AND YET...
I DON'T KNOW HOW... BUT--YOU'RE THE WRONG ONE!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME TRICK... OF THE GREEN GOBLIN'S! HE DID IT TO CONFOUND ME!
BUT, HE'S DEAD NOW.. SO I'LL NEVER LEARN THE ANSWER!
AS FOR YOU... YOU'RE IN LUCK!
A JUNGLE BEAST DOES NOT ATTACK WITHOUT REASON--- AND KRAVEN NO LONGER HAS REASON!
THUD!
THE PRIZE IS STILL MINE! KRAVEN HAS DEFEATED SPIDER-MAN!
WHEW..! THAT RAY GIZMO IS FINALLY WEARING OFF..!
NOW... WITH THE PAST BEHIND ME...
KRAVEN CAN CARVE A MIGHTY FUTURE FOR HIMSELF!
HE'S RUNNING OFF... ESCAPING..!
I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM...!
BUT, BEFORE SPIDEY CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE...
OSBORN!!
TRYING TO GET TO HIS FEET, HE TOPPLED OFF THE GIRDER!
DAD! OH, NO! NOOOO!

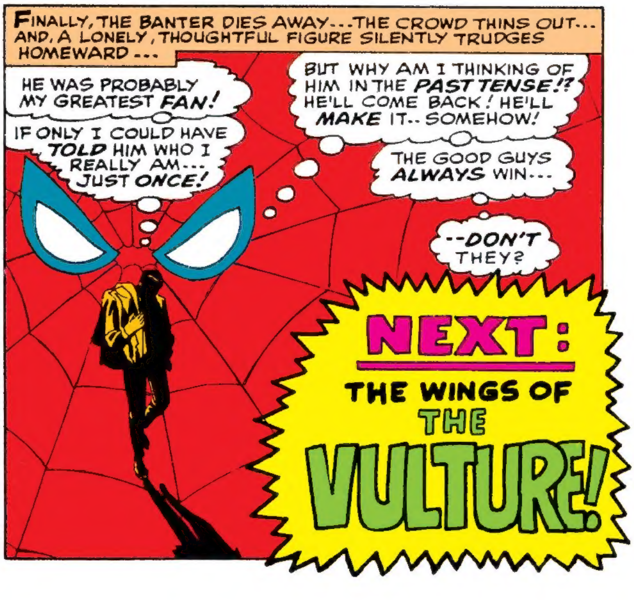

LET YOURSELF GO LIMP... RELAX...
YOU'LL BE OKAY!!
I'VE GOT YOU!
IN A WAY.. YOU SAVED ME AS MUCH AS I SAVED YOU!
SPIDER-MAN!


OSBORN IS OUT OF DANGER... NOW... BUT KRAVEN'S GONE!
I--I THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR-- AND THEN--FROM OUT OF NOWHERE--
AND MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL!
EASY, DAD--- EASY NOW--!
DIDJA SEE HIM? DIDJA SEE OL' SPIDEY IN ACTION?!!
HE'S THE GREATEST!


OSBORN! I SAW THE WHOLE THING! YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!
SPIDER-MAN TRIED TO MURDER YOU, DIDN'T HE? BUT THEN HE GOT COLD FEET, RIGHT?
THEN PRINT THE TRUTH, FOR ONCE! SPIDER-MAN SAVED MY LIFE---AND YOU KNOW IT!
YOU CAN TELL ME! WE'RE FELLOW CLUB MEMBERS! I WANNA HELP YOU!
YOU'RE STILL IN A STATE OF SHOCK...YOU'RE NOT THINKING CLEARLY!
HE REALLY PUSHED YOU OFF...DIDN'T HE?


JAMESON, I DON'T KNOW THE REASON FOR YOUR PSYCHOPATHIC HATRED OF SPIDER-MAN, BUT...
HATRED? WHO HATES HIM? I'M A NEWSPAPER MAN! I WANT THE FACTS, THAT'S ALL!
WELL, WELL---LOOK WHO'S HERE---NOW THAT THE ACTION'S OVER! PUNY PARKER HIMSELF!
I DIDN'T HAVE MY CAMERA WITH ME---TRIED TO RENT ONE FAST BUT COULDN'T FIND A STORE IN TIME!
GUESS I MISSED THE WHOLE THING, HUH?
THAT OUGHTTA SOUND CONVINCING ENOUGH FOR ANYONE!
OF COURSE, I WOULDN'T WANT HIM FOR A NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR!
C'MON, LET ME GIVE YOU A LIFT HOME WHILE I TELL YOU WHAT A FINK THAT WALL-CRAWLER IS!
IT WAS A REAL GASSER, PETEY!
IT'LL CERTAINLY GIVE FLASH A SENDOFF TO REMEMBER!


THAT'S RIGHT---I ALMOST FORGOT---YOU LEAVE TOMORROW---FOR THE SERVICE!
I WANNA WISH YOU ALL THE BEST, FLASH! SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO COME OUT ON TOP, FELLA ...AND I'M BETTIN' YOU DO!
Y'KNOW SOMETHIN', PARKER? EVERY SO OFTEN I FIGGER YOU'RE NOT AS SQUARE AS I THOUGHT!
TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE CHICKS FOR OL' FLASHEROO WHILE I'M GONE, HEAR?
HOPE I'M NOT SQUEEZIN' YOUR HAND TOO HARD..'CAUSE A SPIDER-MAN YOU AIN'T!
20.


FINALLY, THE BANTER DIES AWAY---THE CROWD THINS OUT--- AND, A LONELY, THOUGHTFUL FIGURE SILENTLY TRUDGES HOMEWARD---
HE WAS PROBABLY MY GREATEST FAN!
IF ONLY I COULD HAVE TOLD HIM WHO I REALLY AM--- JUST ONCE!
BUT WHY AM I THINKING OF HIM IN THE PAST TENSE!? HE'LL COME BACK! HE'LL MAKE IT.. SOMEHOW!
THE GOOD GUYS ALWAYS WIN---
--DON'T THEY?
NEXT:
THE WINGS OF THE VULTURE!

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